

OCT.
1926

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



THE CHANGING WINDS of TRADE

By
Konrad
Bercovici

Also Norman Hapgood - Zack Cartwright - Austin
Parker - William Dudley Pelley - Norman Reilly Raine &c

What! John—Why I had lunch with him last week



But it isn't John he's thinking about— IT'S HIS OWN FAMILY!

No better provided for than the little flock that John left behind

The name staring up at him from the morning paper is almost as familiar as his own. Social acquaintance—business friend—lunch companion—golf partner—each knew the other's hopes and plans, dreams and problems, almost as well as his own. And now John's gone.

John was successful—adequate income—nice home—good car—and an interesting family. But he hadn't figured on this and he hadn't prepared for it.

And neither has his thunderstruck friend!

The time to think about your own family—its preservation and protection for all the future—is not when some shock brings home to you the terrible error of delay. It's now—today—when conditions are undisturbed; when every factor of business is promising; when your future is still ahead of you.

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policy in any old-line company to take one here. The man who lapses an insurance policy, loses thereby. The whole purpose of ACACIA is to help you save.

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MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

OCTOBER, 1926

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay—

but only men with imagination can take it

About one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a Course is a Course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way. An automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will go to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him, and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience. He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business. You will not leave these bankers until you have a thorough understanding of our great banking system.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guides thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two



years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of \$50,000, \$100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere?

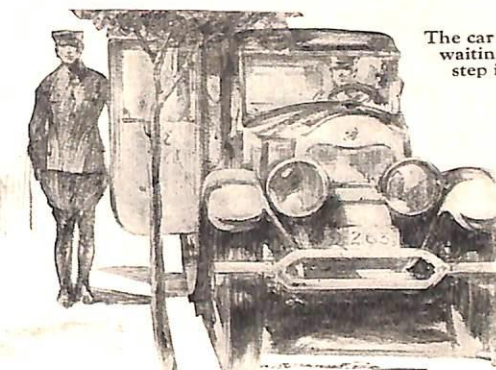
This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander

Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you do receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

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If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business." It is sent without charge; it costs you nothing, yet it is permanently valuable.

If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.



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In the NOVEMBER ISSUE

HOW would you feel if you were a small town business man, and a professional surveyor went snooping around your town asking a lot of personal questions about you—and then laid the recorded answers before you, so that you couldn't help knowing what the folks thought about you? That is what happened in Illinois in an attempt to discover what ails the small town. Read "What Ails the Small Town?" by Earl Chapin May, in November.

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OCTOBER, 1926

Wanted: Men—Women!

Make \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year as Real Estate Specialists. I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn the secret of my success. Use my scientific system. Start at home in your spare time. No capital or experience needed. Write for free book and positive proof of big success.

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It is an opportunity to get started in one of the biggest profit-making professions there is. And you can start right at home—in your spare time—without capital or previous experience—and build up a permanent, independent business of your own. Real estate is a business of wonderful possibilities. It is a business in which up-and-doing men

and women are making \$5,000—\$10,000—\$15,000—a year. I started in the real estate business with no experience and less than \$5 capital, and in less than five years I made over one hundred thousand dollars.

And I have started others in the business—men and women—from 19 to 65—taught them my successful system—gave them my counsel and advice—helped them make money my way.

And what I have done for others, I will do for you—provided you are

in earnest in your desire to get ahead. To learn just how I began—to learn the secret of my success—to learn how I started others—to break away from the rut of routine work and establish yourself in a high-class business—sign and mail the Coupon at the bottom of this page. You will then receive—without cost or obligation—my new, illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist," which contains my history and your opportunity. American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-J, 18 East 18 St., New York.

Get Your Share Of These Big Profits

\$200 a Week



"Working on a salary of \$35 a week, my savings were few and my worries many. Now in less than seven weeks from the day I opened my office, I have made in excess of \$1,200. To no other agency do I owe the ability to carry on this business other than your system. Without it I would still be making my \$35 per week instead of around \$200 as a starter." E. K. McLendon, Oregon.

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"I have been helped a great deal with your System. I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenographer and a dandy office, and money in the bank, all through my own efforts and without any capital to start with." Alice Moore, Connecticut.

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\$500 a Month



"Your System opened my eyes to the possibilities in Real Estate. Since starting eight months ago, I have specialized in selling vacant lots and have earned four thousand dollars." W. H. Robinson, Illinois.

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WHAT other business in the world, that you have ever heard of, offers you all the advantages and opportunities that real estate does? Here are a few of them:

- (1) Real estate is the biggest thing there is. More than half the wealth of the nation is invested in it.
- (2) It is an easy business to learn. It does not take years of study like medicine, law, dentistry, pharmacy, architecture, engineering, etc.
- (3) You can get started with little or no capital. I started with less than five

dollars. Others have started with small sums and made big money.

- (4) The real estate business is as permanent as the earth itself. It is not affected by changes in style, by human whims or caprices.
- (5) Real estate is a pleasant business. No hard, laborious work requiring unusual health or strength.
- (6) It is a business open to young and old of both sexes.
- (7) It pays bigger money than anything else I know of. Experienced men sometimes make \$1,000—\$5,000—in single deals

—more than the average man makes in a year of hard work.

- (8) There is practically no limit to the business. It is said that there are at least ten million properties for sale or exchange at all times.
- (9) It is a great small-town business. One user of my system said he made more than \$1,000 a month last year in a town of only 3,000 people.

If you want to get into a business having all these advantages and opportunities, write at once for my free book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

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Send me—without cost or obligation—your new, free, illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

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Afraid of My Own Voice But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

SUDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spell-bound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I had been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence, and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy

method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet just the right words. And any emergency with this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

What 15 Minutes A Day Will Show You

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How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

small, unimportant territory to a salesmanager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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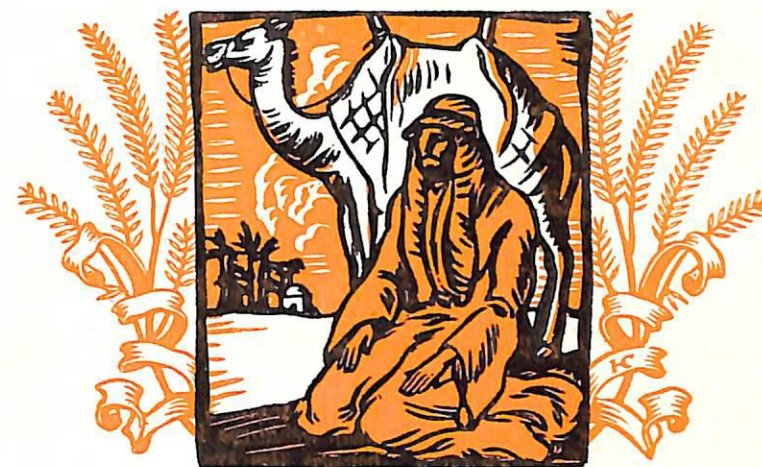
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1926



THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Temples and the Nobility:

All reports show that Shrine work for the year is going forward smoothly, that we are steadily gaining momentum. But in good times it is just as well to take stock. The wise man is never satisfied with his progress; he is always looking ahead and around about him to see if a better job can be done. It is easy to be lulled into carelessness by success.

Laws are often inconvenient, although they are the careful conclusions of those who have given long study and discussion to their just and proper framing for the general good of all. Obedience to law sometimes seems to work a hardship. Yet obedience is nowhere more cheerfully practiced than among the good fellows and splendid citizens who compose the Shrine.

Permit me then to refresh your memory in regard to one or two of our laws, knowing that if you are reminded there will be no violations.

It has been said that woman's place is in the home, but women have successfully demonstrated their ability and usefulness in other fields and universally put to flight those who would confine their activities to the terms of the old rule. I shall not snatch at the lion's beard by approving the dictum of a past age, but it may not endanger my safety to remind you that woman's place is not in parades or in public affairs of Shrine Temples or their uniformed bodies. They should be honored with places on the side lines. It is unlawful for them to participate in our parades.

Let us consider the novice. He is to furnish entertainment, but only for the Nobility behind the tiled doors of the Temple and at the proper time and place. He should not be subjected to any part of the ordeal of initiation in public parades on the street.

The Uniformed Bodies—glorious organizations of active, enthusiastic workers—all Temples are proud of them and show their pride by sending them abroad to spread the fame of the local Temple. They are the advertising branch of our body; the branch which holds multitudes on the sidewalks for hours to view their magnificence, applaud the perfection of their drill, the harmony of their melodies and enjoy their playfulness.

Appreciating their loyal efforts, no one can feel other than that they want to do everything in their power to promote the best interests of their Temple and the Order as a whole.

To secure their obedience to our laws and their enthusiastic compliance with the wishes of the Potentate of the Temple it is only necessary to remind these organizations of the fact that they exist for the glory of the Temple and the Order as a whole. It is the Potentate of the Temple who is responsible for them and the laws make them subject to his orders. They owe their very existence and continuance to him. Realization of this must result in willing, cheerful obedience and unwavering loyalty to him.

The Shrine Club, the working force of the Temple in outside territory, is valuable only so long as it acknowledges the suzerainty of its parent body and is governed by the wishes of its head. Its functions are not legislative but social, and these clubs are a tremendous factor for good so long as they confine their activities to the prescribed limits.

Forgetting is the easiest thing we do. There is a sign "Have you forgotten anything?" on many doors and yet we all forget. As a matter of self-discipline we must deny ourselves the pleasure of attending a Shrine gathering when we have forgotten our card, rather than try to get in without it. A telegram from your Recorder is not a card, and it can not take the place of a card; neither can another Noble vouch for you. Produce your card at the door of the Temple or avoid that portal. It is unlawful to do otherwise. Get a pass case and carry it with you. Do not embarrass your friends and officials who are trying to live up to the law and yet who wish to be kindly and courteous in its administration.

Preaching? No! Just a little reminder. A reminder is all the Nobility of Shrinedom requires.

Yours in the Faith,

Alfred C. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

JEAN BAPTISTE MACDOUGALL

By Zack Cartwright

Illustrated by
Frank B. Hoffman

*The Story of a Lion Hearted Man of
the Northlands and a Little Moccasin*

JEAN BAPTISTE MACDOUGALL was named for his father. 'Tis not an unusual thing that I should be making mention of it, since many a man has been done the same. But from having no knowledge whatever of his father and the great respect and confidence he held, Jean Baptiste had come into manhood with a growing inclination to follow the bent of his own desires. Discipline, respect for the grand traditions of her service, even a dignified pride in the noble clan whose name he bore were small considerations in any choice of conduct.

Now the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Peace River Landing was fully responsible for Jean Baptiste in the discharge of his duties. He was worried and anxious since Jean Baptiste was absent; it being near sundown, you understand, in the short winter days of the North. There was the mail to go out in the morning for Fort Vermilion, a sacred Company contract. How could it go now with the constable just remarking he had met Jean Baptiste at Hart River, long-trotting it hell-bent for Grouard, and it after midday? And the dogs in their shed fighting and howling their insides out and no one daring to give them their taste of fish. Now to a dance in Grouard 'twas a matter of seventy miles and the return at least a full hundred. Fine training indeed for a man who should have been storing his strength for the sixty-mile length of his trip next day!

And all the doings of Jean Baptiste lay as a direct liability

on the factor's peace of mind. It had been a matter of his own weakness in which he greatly surprised himself; he had broken the traditions of habit and race by yielding to an impulse. The fact that he noticed the speech of Jean Baptiste, buying food in the Company's store some months before, had begun it. The young man had stated his wants in the high nasals of the habitat French. Commenting on the prices he had spoken the Cree of the local tribes, with a few clear phrases of the far Northern Beavers thrown in for the sake of a perfect understanding. At the moment of leaving he had requested the factor to say, if anyone asked after a man of his description, that he was gone. For this he spoke English, freely and undiluted by accent. 'Twas most curious to the factor.

"Just a moment!" he called. "What nationality would you be now?"

Jean Baptiste favored him with a bit of a glint in his eye. "I am MacDougall as well as yourself," he said broadly. "What else than a Scot?"

Later the story was heard of the constable searching the length of the Dunvegan trail and beyond for a man wanted in Grouard over the head of a girl scrape. He found a man after much loss of his patience among the hardy autumn mosquitoes and much fat worn off his horse. But 'twas merely a man of such description he found, wearing the dress of Jean Baptiste 'tis true, and being somewhat of the build of him. The man was able to explain however that he had a homestead in Beaver Lodge and had traded clothes in Peace River Landing at the instance of Jean Baptiste, receiving money into the bargain.

It was when he was told of the splendid insolence of Jean Baptiste in entering the constable's snug barracks through an unlocked back door during the search, that the factor began trifling with his impulse. Making free with the constable's bed and comforting himself with such light reading as he found in the place, Jean Baptiste, the factor felt, was displaying a bold strategy. Aye, and a correct example of the natural wits of his race! Now whether he fancied he saw a man fit to carry on the great wisdom he had acquired with his years, or if it was the call of the clan stirring in him, since they both were MacDougall, who can say? Then too he was well into his years and growing lonely maybe with no one of his own about him.

He interested himself in the affairs of Jean Baptiste for whatever reason, through his influence and friendships in Grouard. 'Twas easily done since the elopement and attempted marriage of the young couple had been defeated by the youth of the girl. The Police were persuaded to drop the charge of



She was of the Chipewas, beautiful and serene as a trim young spruce alone in the winter snows.



Jean Baptiste, half-Scot, half-Indian, had come into manhood, a strange mixture of guile and sagacity, with the ways of a devil in handling a delicate errand among the fur traders.



abduction against Jean Baptiste on the factor pledging his future good conduct. The girl's father took his own insurance against a recurrence of the matter. With the girl he disappeared from Grouard and from all knowledge of anyone at the place.

True to his kind, Jean Baptiste had made no gesture of gratitude for all this, but had taken hold of the job of driving the winter mail down the river and wasted no wind in talk. And till now the factor had found no cause to regret his impulsiveness.

But all that was of course the length of a young man's lifetime after the baby Jean Baptiste MacDougall was named for his father. And I am ahead of my story as is an old man's right, dreaming before the fire.

She was of the Chippewas, the young girl-mother was, and beautiful and serene as a trim young spruce alone in the winter snows. By whatever accident or misdeed of her parents she had lived her life at Lac LaBische I do not know. For she was full-blooded and among the stolid half-Mongol Crees and Beavers thereabouts she was the like of a bright red coal amid

a heap of dead ashes. And she was smiling bravely through the age-old wisdom of her brown eyes when she lifted the babe for his christening before the mission priest. For with all the love in her heart and the bonny wee babe there in her arms, she had no husband at all to stand in the father's place for the christening.

But at this the old priest showed no surprise, since who could know better the way of the land except he be factor? And it is well to give some praise to the Irish. For though they be given to overmuch lightness and high feeling, they learn as they go, very quick-like and easy. So this Father Kelly he gave not a sign when she said: "Let him be named for his father, Jean Baptiste MacDougall."

As indeed why should he smile, though he knew that Revillon Frères kept a man Jean Baptiste at their post? Or that the clan MacDougall was making its name in the Hudson's Bay service there in the person of an earnest young factor's assistant, born to the feel of close trading? Or who are you that you smile, from your living in temperate climes with your temperate passions? Wild pea vine grows with the lush of the



tropics far beyond the Great Slave Lake when the summer sun is there. So do the young, overlong dormant in the chill of those lands, burst from the bud into blossom when the season of life is upon them. In any case, do you not comprehend that for a young factor's assistant, fidelity alone turns the key to the Company's favor? And that by volunteering for a delicate mission into the far Mackenzie Country a man could be caught in an early spring and be late by a year for his wedding?

At least you could guess at the broken, empty heart of him, to meet but a cross in the chapel ground on his returning. And a nun of the mission in tears, telling the tale of the maiden's death through the ice while spear-fishing. This token she had kept for him who was to return, said the nun, putting a moccasin into his hand. 'Twas dainty small, of doe-skin and beaded in the marriage design of a maid of the Chippewas. He stared at it dumb-like and not comprehending, while she mentioned that the other moccasin was gone with the babe to the Sisters' Home in Montreal.

It was far in the night when the devilish noise in the dog-

[The factor's heart was full of bitter disappointment in Jean Baptiste. Entangling himself in another girl scrape and thinking to bring her into the factor's house. "Stop!" he ordered. "You cannot enter here!"]

shed was stopped and the whole of Peace River Landing knew that Jean Baptiste had returned.

"So you are back, are you now?" the factor demanded when Jean Baptiste blew in the cloud of his breath from the cold doorway. "And do you think I've no better to do than be thinking up plausible lies for the mail report while you go running the woods like a he-fox? A fine start you make in the Company's service!"

"Damn the Company," said Jean Baptiste. "I will hear no more of it." He stood there staring coldly down at the factor while stripping off short coat and mittens, and so hard and blue were his eyes under the peak of his cap that the factor was stayed from denouncing the abominable sacrilege he had uttered. He said:

"I want, first of all, a drink. Let it [Continued on page 65]



POLAND

The Poles have a monopoly of the wrecking trade in America, not because they work for lower wages, but because they are abler at this kind of work than any other nationality. They are faster and they handle this second-hand material more carefully.

THE shifting of trades from one nationality to another is one of the most interesting phenomena in the United States. A nationality will for years have what amounts to almost a monopoly of a trade or profession and then another nationality will take that trade or profession as its own and hold it for a time.

The hold on a trade is temporary—it lasts only until the newly-arrived people move up a degree higher to better paid labor, to work demanding more skill. When the immigrant has learned a sufficient number of English words to make himself understood, he begins to climb the ladder. The kind of work he does changes with the acquisition of each new hundred words.

Observers from foreign countries have remarked that one of the reasons that work is done in a more or less slipshod manner in this country is because of the continual turnover of personnel. In Germany, France, or England, a trade or occupation is transmitted for generations from father to son. The son of a baker will become a baker nine times out of ten. The son of a tailor will become a tailor, the son of a blacksmith a blacksmith, and the son of a farmer a farmer. But the elements of the population that has come here are of an adventurous kind. A son has left his father's house to go to America because he did not want to be a baker, because he did not want to be a tailor or a blacksmith. It sometimes takes him years to find out what he is best fitted to do; and frequently he finds that it is his father's trade he knows best and really loves.

WHEN old houses are torn down to be replaced by big apartment houses, the wreckers are the first to appear on the job. About twenty years ago the wreckers were almost all Italians commanded by a padrone who had contracted for the work. After the wrecking company's trucks had carted everything away to the yards of the dealers in secondhand building materials, a group of Irish workingmen arrived for the excavation.

The Changing of

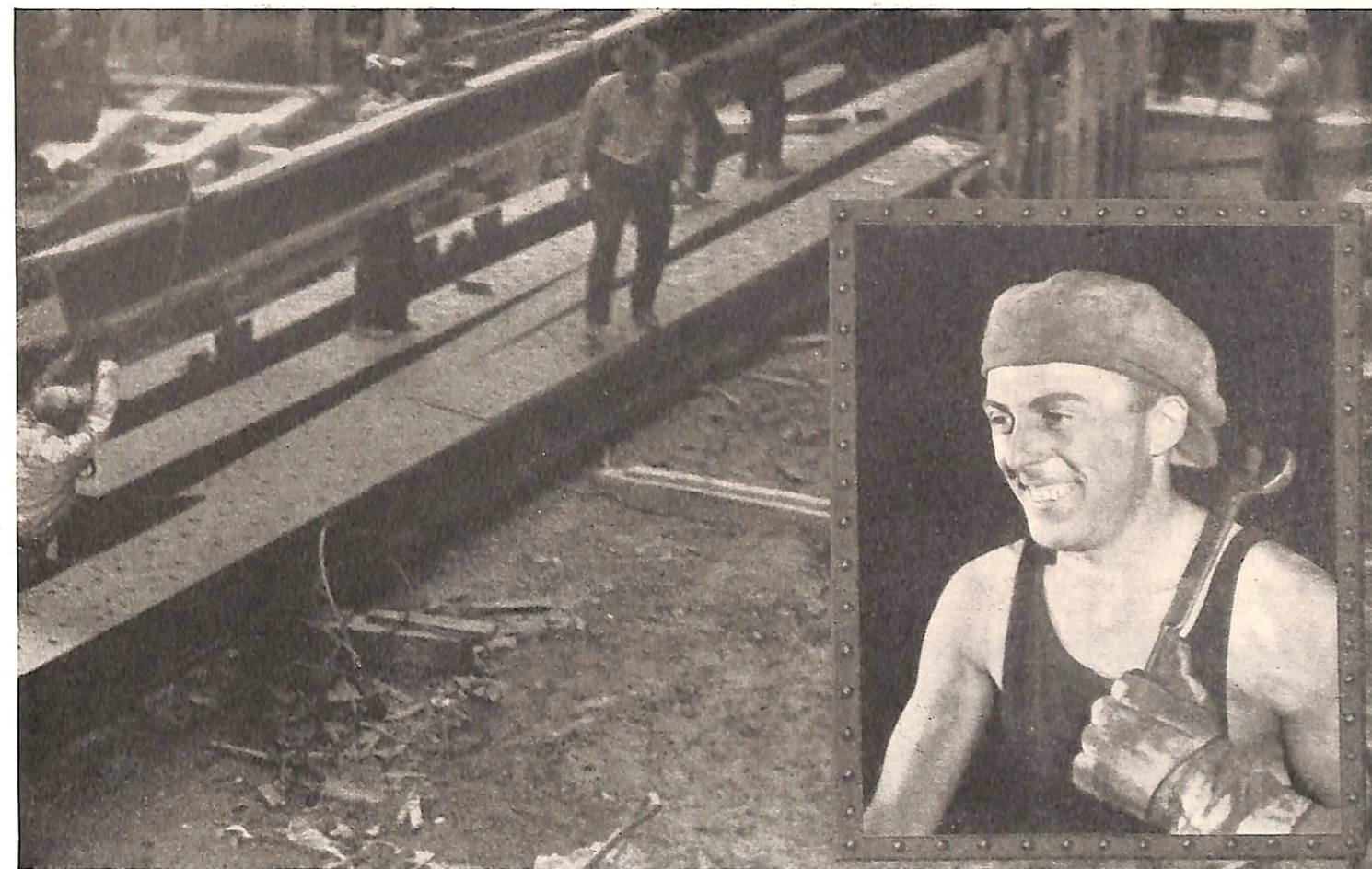
By Konrad

How Nationality Succeeds and Becomes

When the excavators were through with their work, one or two of the Irishmen remained behind as watchmen, in a little shanty built outside on the sidewalk, and German bricklayers, assisted by Americans of German origin, commenced the actual work of building. The building remained completely in the hands of the Germans until time for the plastering to be done. Plastering was Italian work. The Italians shared possession of the building under construction with the plumbers, who were of mixed population, with a goodly sprinkling of Americans of English and Irish origin. The putting in of windows and the indoor painting was generally done by Jews.

That was the national order of the building trade twenty years ago. Today the wreckers are Poles. The Italians have been eliminated. Hungarians and Lithuanians had a chance at the wrecking business after the Italians had moved up into better paid trades, but things somehow settled down to the Poles.

The work of housewrecking goes on with greater speed than formerly. A group of twenty Polish wreckers can do the job faster than thirty Italians used to do. The Poles are also more careful about accidents, which were very frequent when the Italians did the wrecking, and still more frequent in the interim



BERCOVICI

Photographs by SCANDLIN

Winds TRADE

Nationality as it Learns English More Skilful

of the Italians and the Poles, when the Hungarians and Negroes and Lithuanians did the work. The Poles build better scaffolds to protect the passers-by, and handle the materials they save with greater care.

The Poles have a monopoly of the wrecking trade not because they work for lower wages, but because they are abler at this kind of work. The bricks and stones they dislodge, the floors, windows, doors are handled carefully, and the wrecking company is able to sell secondhand materials at better prices than it was ten years ago. And secondhand building material is higher today than new material was twenty years ago. Housewrecking is a highly specialized trade now, with many fine points, for which the Poles are specially adapted.

After the Poles leave the building, the Italians, who have moved up a peg, come in to work at the excavation. The Italians have replaced the Irish in the excavation business. And it is one of the best unionized of trades. Each member must show his card to the delegate of the union before he starts on his first hour's labor.

In Manhattan and the Bronx, in Chicago or Detroit, the drilling of rock is mostly done by Negroes. In Manhattan they

IRELAND

The iron work at the present time is in the hands of Americans of Irish and Scotch origin. But as these nationalities have the advantage of being English speaking it is very probable they may move on to better paying, and lighter work.

are the ones preferred to do the job. They are steadier than white men at this kind of labor. The continual vibration of the pneumatic drill under the feet and hands does not hurt them as much physically.

Under the hood of the steam shovel rigging, the mechanic is German. On the seat of the truck carrying away the excavated dirt and stone, sits an Irishman. The bricklayers are of Irish and German extraction, the Germans being already in a minority. The Italians are still doing most of the plastering, but a number of Hungarians have edged in, and their work is growing daily. In a few years the plastering will be entirely in the hands of Hungarians, who will resent any nationality trying to wedge into "their" trade.

THE ironwork is in the hands of Americans of Irish and Scotch origin. There is some confusion in the woodwork. The finer parquets are done by Frenchmen. The number of Jewish carpenters is growing fast and Jews are still doing most of the painting.

Of course, these changes are not permanent; they are only transitions, struggles for supremacy. Things as they are now are far from being settled. In the main, these changes do not mean better workmanship. Immigrants do not, as a rule, work long enough at a trade to become expert craftsmen. They leave it before they have acquired enough skill to take pride in their work.

Yet ultimately, nationalities do settle down to the work they are best fitted for, much to the advantage of the trades, and to the peace of mind of the people engaged in the business, both contractors and workmen.

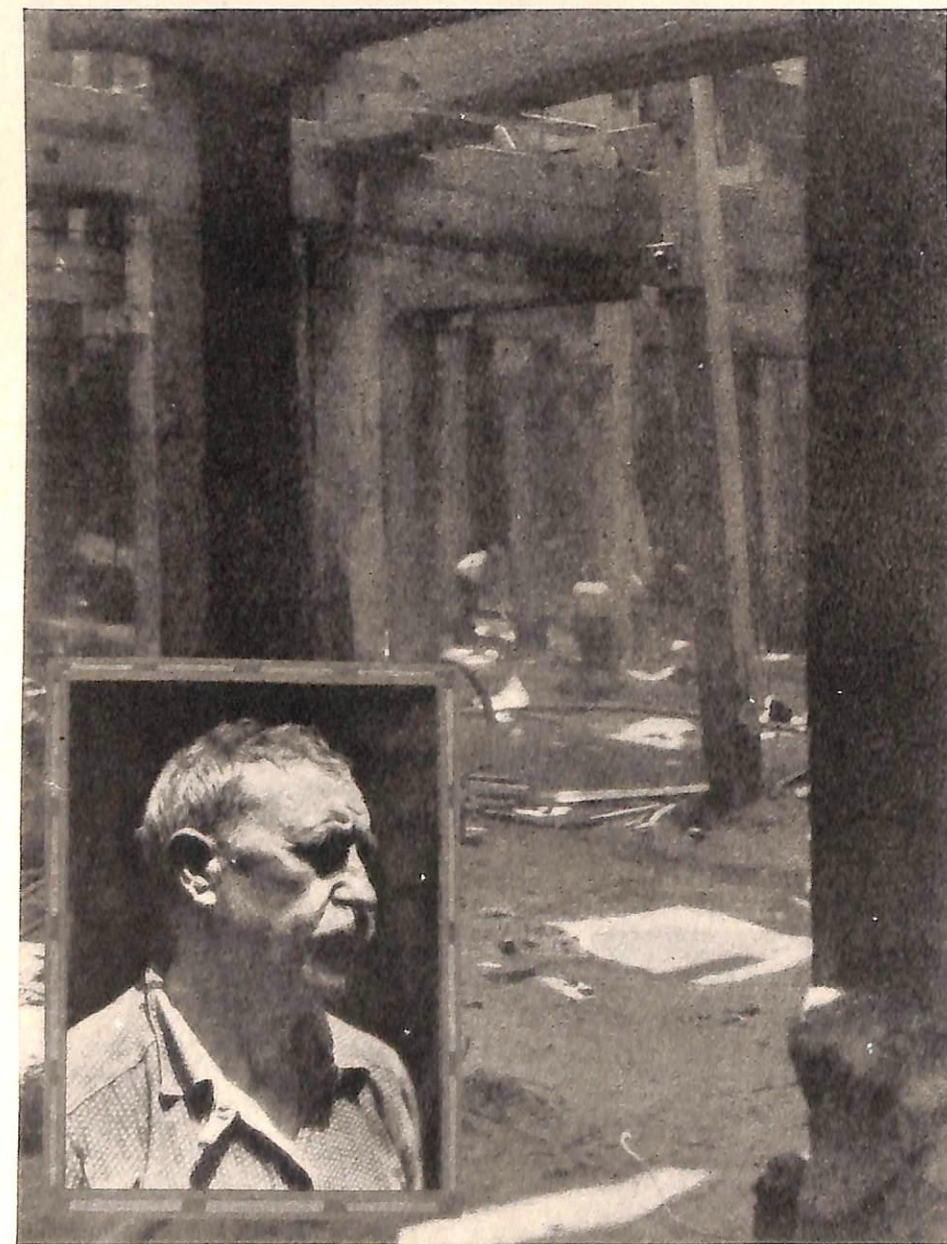
True, the cost of building has soared considerably in the past ten years. Bricklayers, plasterers, and carpenters are paid high wages for their work. They are the aristocrats amongst the workmen. I venture to say that they could not have obtained high wages and good working conditions if, in each

particular branch of the building industry, there had not been a predominance of workers of one national origin who could act as a unit and dominate a situation. The total amount of the increase in wages, however, is less than would have been the losses from strikes, so frequent when wages were comparatively low, before given nationalities had taken possession of the different branches of the building industry. When one has little or nothing to lose, one easily risks everything!

All immigrant nationalities move up to better paid jobs, to work requiring more intelligence, as they adapt themselves to new conditions and raise their standard of living. Comfort is one of the most easily acquired vices. But it goes under the name of progress, and takes on thereby its cloak of virtue.

Twenty years ago almost all automobiles were of French origin, and the chauffeurs were French. The profession was so French nobody has ever troubled to change the name from chauffeur to driver. Wherever a chauffeur appeared he was generally addressed in French. It was taken for granted he did not understand any other language. Chauffeurs, waiters, chefs, modistes, dressmakers were all French. German chauffeurs had to learn to speak French.

There was a colony of French chauffeurs between 65th and 81st streets in New York, east and west of Amsterdam avenue. The French were so convinced they were in permanent possession of the trade they made themselves at home. There were flowers



ITALY *The Italians have replaced the Irish in the excavation business, and it is one of the best unionized of trades. Each member shows his card to the delegate of the union before he starts on his first hour's labor.*

on the window sills and soft, colored curtains in the windows; gayety of an individual kind—not the mass gayety of the Italians or the Germans—gayety of a more cultured kind. Now that section is no longer French. It is Scandinavian.

It is interesting to note that the whole transportation business, including every branch of it, has in the last ten or twelve years gone more and more into the hands of the native-born. The automobile industry is almost in its entirety controlled by Americans or by people of Anglo-Saxon origin. In factories there are workers belonging to other nationalities. There are Poles and Lithuanians in the factories of Detroit and Flint, Chicago and Lansing, but the actual mechanical work and the business end of the automobile industry is directed by people of the original native stock.

The garages and repair shops everywhere in the United States are, with but few exceptions, in the same hands. The thousands and thousands of gasoline stations dotting the country roads from the Atlantic to the Pacific are run by Americans, even where other nationalities are in preponderance.

All our other means of conveyance, truck transportation from one city to another, the fleets of gigantic busses plying the roads, street cars, railroads, east, south, north and west, are pretty much owned and operated by Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock. They have taken hold of the transportation industry all over the country in so steady and permanent a way as to give the impression they were consciously acting on the presumption that vital industries of a nation should be in the hands of the native-born, for the protection and defense of the country.

What is now happening on the farms does not confirm the above statement; yet, the shifting nationalities on farms, the continual abandonment and readjustment, is a temporary one in the struggle for better conditions; and that achieved, native Americans will return to the farms. The food industry will go the way of the butter, milk, and egg industry which is already in the hands of the native population of the country.

Building, Transportation and Food are the three most vital industries: the limbs, the body, and the head of a country. No nation can long afford to have such things in other hands than those of the native-born. Back of the fall of Rome is the fact that Rome depended upon other nationalities for its food supply. Fear of possible coercion is of even greater pressure than coercion itself.

For a while in 1910, the Italian fruit dealers spread over the whole country, almost superseding the German grocers, having introduced, little by little, groceries into their fruit shops. It looked as though German grocers would have to go out of business. Today the Italian fruit shops have been taken over by Greeks, who are better traders and better fruitmen than the Italians. The chain stores came along and drove out not only most of the German grocers but also the German butchers. The food companies, with their fruit markets, are now threatening the Greek fruit dealers. The housewife and the business man find it more economical to have all the items of the weekly expenditure on one bill.

The vogue of the chain store in the United States is squeezing out of business the little stores that were.

Cleaning and dyeing shops were generally adjuncts to the tailor shops kept by Russian Jews. Originally, the whole tailoring industry was in the hands of the German Jews, but they have been dislodged by Russian Jews, who had a wider vision, and made of the tailoring industry the most perfectly organized industry of this country and completely enfranchised us from England. But now that the wearing apparel of women is made of such fine materials, so easily



AUSTRIA *Today the Austrians are superseding the French as waiters in our best dining rooms. Most of these are men who have once been in different circumstances. They have learned their profession from being on the other side of the table.*

rumpled and so easily soiled, women lost confidence in the little shops where they formerly had their things cleaned and renewed. They had much more confidence in the French dyeing shops which advertised in the large windows branches in Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, London and Vienna. Before long the clientele transferred itself to these French dyeing shops. The young lady behind the counter spoke a few words of French to give the necessary illusion. Has not everything connected with women's apparel always been par excellence French?

Then, a few years before the Great War, another wrinkle appeared. Everywhere one heard that German dyes were the best.

When this had sunk deeply into the minds of the public, beautifully appointed German cleaning and dyeing shops bowed themselves into the main thoroughfares of the larger cities. The French dyeing shops passed into the hands of Germans. (Or were only the names on the windows changed?) The actual work of cleaning and dyeing in New York has always been done in a few factories in Hoboken, for which these shops have acted as intermediaries. The work had been done in Hoboken when the little tailor stores did the work for the clientele of the neighborhood, and was done there when dyeing was exclusively French. It is now again French.

Paris has always decreed what a woman should wear from toes

to head. These decrees, however, are not for the Parisian woman. New fashions are created for foreigners. The best dressed Parisienne does not spend one fourth as much for her clothes as the American middle class woman. Frenchmen are not as indulgent to their wives as Americans are. But being an adept with the needle and thread, the Frenchwoman creates for herself such dresses and headgear as suit her best. There is no French style. The French are too individualistic a nation to have a national style. And yet in America, every store where women's headgear is sold is known as a "modiste" shop, the lady selling hats is "Madame." A hat must come from Paris to be beautiful; yet God alone knows how few hats come from there!

Only in a few most exclusive shops are genuine French dresses sold. Outside of these shops dressmaking is done by women of all nationalities except native-born. Nothing comes easier to most foreign women than sewing. They have been trained to use the needle from early childhood. The foreign-born woman can almost always earn her living sewing; the needle is to her what the typewriter is to our American girls. And plying the needle and thread works out a better living than pounding the keys of a typewriter. This is the one country where trades in which foreign-born people are occupied are better paid than the trades followed by the native-born.

HANS SCHTUCKER was the owner of a music store in my neighborhood in New York. He had been there long before I had begun to take notice of his shop. I used to watch him repair violins before his bench at the window. He was symbolic of the time—all music was German twenty years ago. The New York opera was German and had been German ever since Dr. Leopold Damrosch had been brought to these shores by a group of German music lovers. In the music stores were sold mostly imported German printed sheets. It was a job to find other music than the old German classics or the work of modern German composers. Those who thought they had musical talent went to Germany to continue their studies. Piano manufacturing companies in America were German. The Steinways, the Knabes, the Kranich & Bach, the Weber and a number of others were German pianos. All music teachers, whether of piano or violin, were Germans. Opera and concert singers were of German origin. The conductors of our symphonies were German.

In the piano factories and in every branch of the industry there were only Germans. They did their work slowly, carefully and thoroughly. It is they who have raised the American-made piano to the degree of perfection it now possesses.

BUT suddenly the master mind of the opera in New York was edged out by another national group. What had at first been only a concession, a sop to popularity, Italian operas, became the major factor. Today German operas are given only a few times a year, to pacify those who still cling to the former kind of operatic entertainment. Opera in America is so Italian that all singing has gone the same way; not because Italian arias and Italian operas are more beautiful than the others, but because the Italians rule the Opera in this country.

Within the walls of the Opera House in New York Italian is the official language. Americans who have business with opera people must learn the language or they find it impossible to make any headway. Many American singers, both men and women, have found it necessary to Italianize their names. Charles has become Carlo and Dick has become Ricardo. It is the one instance in the world where native people have changed their names to suit the whims and desires of a foreign [Continued on page 62]

No Laughing Matter

By William Dudley Pelley

A TORPEDO-SHAPED ROADSTER—one of those gaso-line-propelled contraptions which take their toll of the whole five senses—halted in front of the Baptist parsonage. The hour being soft June evening—and the street-arcs duly functioning—the Reverend Dr. Houghton's wife leaned forward in her rocker.

"That must be Jimmy Budkins," she informed her husband's brother. "But why has he stopped, and what can he want?"

The brother-in-law chuckled behind sleek Van Dyke whiskers. "I'd say, on a bet, that he's run out of gas."

"No. He seems to be waiting for someone. But strange he should choose the middle of the block. And right in front of the parsonage, too!"

"The better the place the better the deed. Why not?"

"I hope he's not struck anyone, back down the avenue. He's always getting into scrapes with that funny machine. It's a mystery to me his folks let him have it."

"Can they really help it—being nothing but parents?"

"Oh Jimmy's not a bad sort. But he's so frightfully erratic. He gets on people's nerves. And gullible! Sometimes I wonder if his folks will ever raise him."

"Well, he's getting out. He's coming in here."

Bare-headed, a collegiate jersey over his sports-shirt, hands thrust deep in the pockets of white flannel "Oxford bags", the youth moved up the walk.

"Is Dr. Houghton at home?" he asked—and his voice held a nervous quaver.

The minister's wife leaned over the railing.

"The Doctor's down in the city, Jimmy. Anything you care to tell me about? He won't be home until late."

"Noam. I just want to have a talk with him personally. About something important."

"Won't you come up and sit down?" "I don't feel like sitting down much. I feel like standing up—all the rest of my life!"

"Mercy! Your father hasn't spanked you for some kind of scrape!"

"Spanked me? He wouldn't dare—since I've reached man's estate."

"Oh! Well, do stop and visit a few moments, Jimmy. This is Dr. Samuel Houghton. Of San Francisco. My husband's brother."

Jimmy mounted to the deep, dark veranda. "Glad to know yer," he acknowledged dully.

"How are you, young man?"

"Not so good as I might be."

"What seems to ail you? I'm a sort of specialist in nervous disorders. Not afflicted with anything in my line, are you?"

The young man's eyes opened wide in the dusk. He debated with himself. "No," he said finally. "I need a Doctor of Divinity, not a doctor of medicine. I thought I'd come and see the minister for a sort of advice."

"Advice on what?"

"About my future, you might call it." Jimmy sat down on the edge of a chair, his hands still thrust in his pockets. "I couldn't go to Mom or Pop. They'd laugh!"

Mrs. Houghton's face took on a sudden concern. "It hasn't been too hot for you today, has it, Jimmy? You haven't over-exerted yourself?"

"No more than usual. What's troubling me is deeper than the body. You might call it the spirit."

"Can't I have Hilda make you a nice, deep drink of iced lemonade?"

The lad seemed to shudder. "Drinks don't appeal to me so much, Mrs. Houghton." He spoke as men speak who have squandered their substance in years of dissipation.

"You sit down here and talk with Samuel. I'll go and see what Hilda's doing."

The spring creaked musically on the heavy screen door. The woman's step died in the cool, rich house.

"You got me wrong," declared the bearded visitor when they were men of the world, alone together. "I'm not a physician exactly. My practice tends more toward the treatment of the mental disorders by what you might call applied psychology."

Jimmy bent forward as though suffering slightly from intestinal distress.

"You're not one of these psychoanalysts everybody's talking about these days?"

Elusively this boy aggravated the Californian's bump of mischief. So he said with great dignity:

"The term's badly over-worked, old man. And often misapplied to dozens of quacks. But you can call me that—if it invites your confidence."

Jimmy pulled out a handkerchief. Profusely he wiped sudden sweat from his forehead. "Does it cost much to consult you professionally?" he faltered.

"I usually get a thousand a treatment. But I might let you off for less. How much have you got?"

"Only about two-seventy-five tonight left over from my last week's allowance. And I'll need most of that for gas."

"Well, tell me your complex. We'll

"Dad," said Jimmy, "mother's got a jungle mind. She's got to be made to obey. Why don't you baste the tar out of her when she talks like that!"

Caveman tactics in the hands of the Weaker Sex

Illustrated by David Robinson



Jimmy's father was so flabbergasted he couldn't talk. But his mother found her speech. "Think of it! I am filled with tar and to get it out I must be basted!"

discuss my fee when we know how difficult it may be to help you."

"I don't know's I can, Dr. Houghton . . . not in so many words."

"What's her name?"

"What's whose name?"

"The girl's, of course. Whose name do you think?"

"Has there got to be a girl? With a name?"

"There usually is in psychology."

"Her name's Ernestine."

"Ernestine what?"

"Dalrymple."

"Ah! Now we're getting somewhere. And what's the other fellow's name?"

"You wouldn't let it get back to him?"

"It would be a breach of professional ethics to divulge a consultant's secrets. They might take away my diploma."

"Doctor . . . he's a motion picture sheik. Yes, I'll go the whole way. I'll tell you everything. He's Rudolph Valentino!"

"Great Scott!" cried the other. "I call this a case!"

MOTHS fluttered about the street-arcs. Sedans with soft-toned motors and dimmed headlamps passed along Highland avenue, the red eyes of tail-lights lambent down the dark. Three houses southward, delicate piano notes made the night dreamy with melody.

"You're not telling me Valentino's made advances to Ernestine already?" the physician was saying at the end of ten minutes.

"Well, he sent her his picture—when she wrote and asked him. And she's mad enough about him lately. I have to hear that darned sheik morning, noon and night—every minute I'm with her—till I could spatter him all over Woodlawn."

"What did Ernestine do with that picture?"

"Framed it! And I think she sleeps with it under her pillow."

"Yes," agreed the psychologist. "Probably. The complex functions that way. But go back a bit. Tell me something of Ernestine's background—her family—her childhood fixations. What's her father's business?"

"He's in soft drinks."

"Soft drinks! In them?"

"He owns the bottling works here in Woodlawn. Now do you wonder Mrs. Houghton practically kicked me in the stomach when she hit on lemonade—with me in my present condition?"

"A father in soft drinks! Valentino! And you were going for advice to a minister!"

"Doctor . . . to be frank with you . . . you mightn't think it to look at me, but down underneath my free and easy manner . . . I'm a deeply religious nature!"

"Deeply religious nature. Very significant. Sorry I haven't my text-books with me. Go on!"

"—excepting when anybody tries to kid me, or a tin-horn sheik like this Vaseline comes between me and the woman I love. And sometimes—you won't laugh at me, will you?—I feel the world's so shallow and life such a bore, that the best thing I can do is go in for something like the ministry . . . you know . . . do some real, practical good before I d-d-die. And I thought I'd come over and talk with the minister tonight about what a fellow has to know to get into theological school."

Jimmy swayed his bowed head from side to side in his hands. Great was his agony and vexation of spirit. As for Dr. Houghton from California, he suppressed a queer, unexplainable noise in the dark.

"Tell me, young man, is Ernestine the first girl with whom you've ever been in love?"

"Oh, I've had my calf affairs—like every fellow. But Ernestine's the first real woman I've loved—since reaching man's estate."

"It's my professional opinion that you're in a deplorable condition. It's lucky we've come together. I knew a fellow in similar condition once, out in San Francisco. His case became so aggravated by the same religious complex that he drank a bottle of ink, thinking it iodine. We broke two stomach-pumps on him, bringing him back to normal. You'll find it in all the medical journals."

"Yes, sir. Oh Doctor, what should I do?"

"Tell me, what sort of girl is Ernestine personally? I mean, outside of being a smashing beauty."

"Well . . . she's got what shallow people call Kiss Me Quick lips and Don't You Dare eyes. Also a Christian Endeavor nose—"

"A Christian Endeavor what?"

"Don't the women have 'em, out on the Coast?"

"The Christian Endeavor hasn't penetrated that far with much success yet—at least not in the matter of young women's nostrils."

"I mean that it turns up—tilts—a sort of snub. And she's got coal black hair."

"Bobbed?"

"Hell no! . . . shingled."

"Ah! Thank the Lord for that. Go on."

"—and she does all the things that most frails do, including murder and arson on Mrs. Frequently, every time I let her drive—"

"Murder and arson on who?"

"Mrs. Frequently!" explained Jimmy, annoyed, indicating the machine at the curb. "My bus! Tries either to smash it or burn it up—"

"Does she act as if she didn't care a rap about you, just to make you jealous—talk impudently to you—drive you mad with her independence—make sport of you and your car to your face—?"

DOCTOR, that's exactly why I'm here this minute! She fairly stamps her feet on my feelings. It gives her joy to see me suffer."

"Of course you've tried beating her?"

"Beating her!"

"Why yes," returned the psychologist, in a gesture of artless surprise. "Why not?"

"Beat Ernestine? You mean *up*?"

"You don't mean to tell me you're so deeply in love that you've acquired the religious complex without trying the remedy of beating her up?"

"You're kidding me," choked Jimmy, dismayed. He straightened bellicosely.

Dr. Houghton brought his slippered feet from the broad veranda rail. "Kidding you!" he roared.

"Me?"

"But men don't beat women up—at least gentlemen don't."

"Where'd you ever get that idea?"

"Do they do it in California?"

"Do they? California's full of it. They do it everywhere. Aren't you wise to that yet? How old are you, anyhow?"

"I'll be seventeen in May."

"—and you don't know that the acid

test of a grown man's affection for a woman is his willingness to beat her up?"

"I heard of a bottler who worked for Mr. Dalrymple trying it on his wife last summer. But they stuck him in jail two months and fined him three hundred dollars."

"Oh, . . . that!" cried the psychologist disdainfully. "A case of drunken brutality. I'm discussing a tenet of psychology. When you find a man who tells you he's too much of a gentleman to beat up the woman he loves—of course only when she deserves it—you find one who's politely conveying that he doesn't love her enough to beat her up. Don't you get the difference?"

"I'm trying, sir. But it's sort of mixed."

"And you've never tried beating your Ernestine up?"

"Gosh no! It's the last thing that's ever entered my head. Of course, there's been times enough when I've felt like it. And plenty more when I knew she deserved it—"

Then that shows how little you love her, and what a lot of nonsense it is for me to potter with your case. I assumed, of course, that you'd tried *that* remedy till you'd satisfied yourself there was nothing to it and were turning to religion as a last resort."

"You mean to tell me a fellow can't love a girl, and have her love him back, without socking her first—all over the place?"

"I'm telling you it's a fundamental of applied psychology that deep in her subconscious brain, woman still has a jungle mind. She only *really* loves her primal brute master. She will only love, honor and obey the man who first makes her love, honor and obey—"

"You actually claiming the Reverend Dr. Houghton, your brother, has beat up Mrs. Houghton, sometime or other, to make her love him. Gosh! Wait till the parish hears that!"

"Probably no more than your father has ever beaten up your mother," qualified the physician in sudden gravity. "But they undoubtedly think enough of their wives so they *would* beat them up, rather than stand aside and lose their love."

"If my dad ever struck my mother, she'd knock him for a goal if she had to use the waffle-iron!"

The man of nervous and mental disorders yawned. "Whenever I hear a man ranting of how much a gentleman he is, and how he's above beating up a woman, I draw only one conclusion. He doesn't love her enough to beat her up. And promptly I wash my hands of him. A man's got to be pretty strongly attached to a female to beat her up. And until an attachment that strong exists, what's the use of me taking up my valuable time prescribing for him?"

EVENTUALLY the minister's wife appeared on the front veranda. Ice was tinkling delicately against the top of a frosted glass pitcher. "Where's Jimmy?" she demanded.

"Gone!" responded Samuel Houghton. "The calf's in love. I only gave him a little professional advice, guaranteed to help him. And yet I agree with you, Sarah. He's so gullible I doubt if his folks will ever raise him."

Mrs. Houghton poured two glasses of the drink with worried features. She knew her husband's brother . . .

Mrs. Daniel Budkins was a huge camel of a female with an eye like a bullet, a faint mustache and a



Jimmy had aggravated the doctor's bump of mischief. "Have you tried beating her when she acts as if she didn't care a rap about you or when she tries to make you jealous?" he asked.



"Ernie, get out!" ordered Jimmy, "or I'll snake you out! I can't b-b-beat you up in a four-wheeled tin can. There isn't room enough!"

reputation throughout the hill section of Woodlawn as a "toe-tapper." She reached the Baptist parsonage after lunch next day. And at once her toe started tapping—almost before she was seated.

"Mrs. Houghton," she demanded, "did my son James come up here last night? Did he see your husband?"

"No, my husband was downstreet—to a meeting of the Associated Charities."

"He told us distinctly he saw Doctor Houghton."

"My husband's brother is with us this week. He's a California physician—and an awful practical joker."

"So that explains it! We thought at first the heat this summer had affected Jimmy's head. Then we decided it was just plain impudence."

"Oh, dear, what's happened now? I'll never forgive myself for leaving them alone together."

"It started right after breakfast this morning. Jimmy's had a queer look in his eye from the minute he got up. I'd spoken rather sharply to my husband, to impress on his memory some things I wanted him to fetch home from downtown tonight. Then I'd gone into the kitchen. The door was open. I heard everything."

[Continued on page 73]

What THOMAS JEFFERSON Means Today

By Norman Hapgood

Illustrated by George Wright

Jefferson said: "All eyes are opened or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the lights of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them."

"I have sworn upon the altar of the living God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

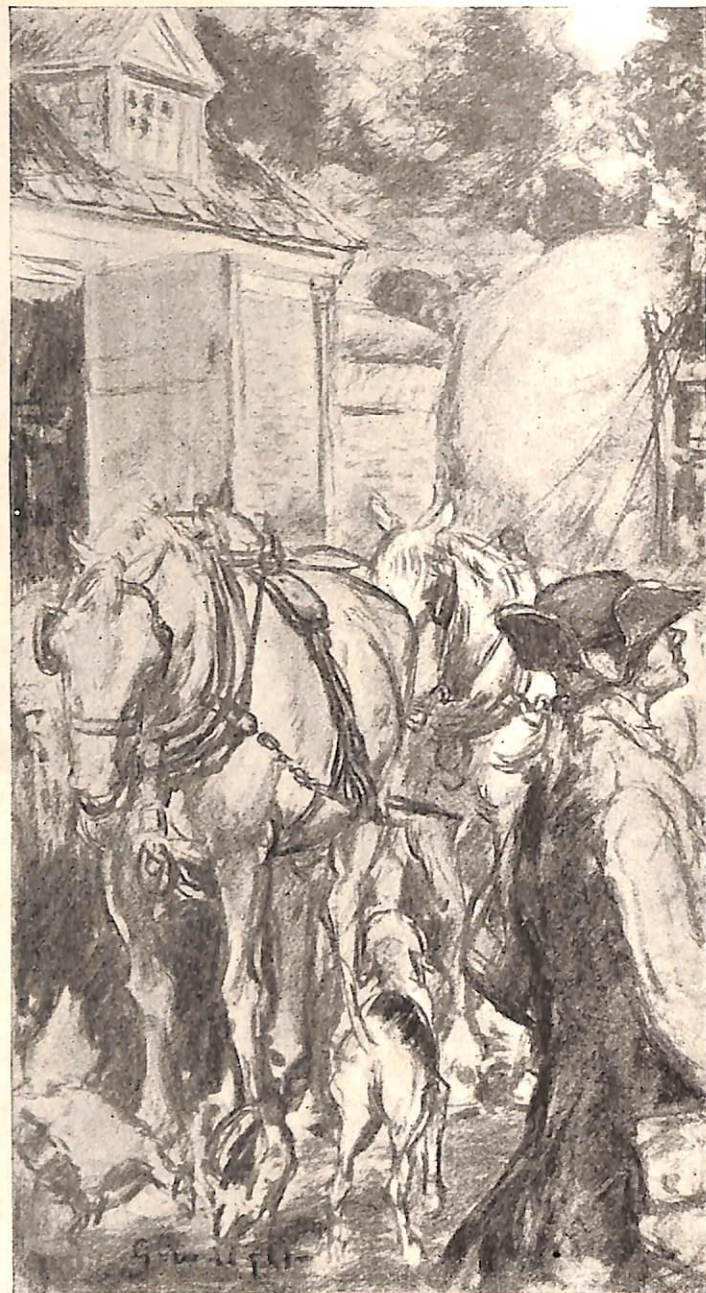
IN OUR era, thrilling with invention, full of change, matchless in wealth, what message is brought by the celebration that has been going on in the City of Brotherly Love? The word Sesqui-Centennial has now become familiar to us all; and never before, since land was formed, did the world alter so much in a hundred and fifty years.

When Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence he was thirty-three years of age. Half a century longer he lived, and died on the Fourth of July, after seeing the country well started along the road to that widespread democracy of which he is the prophet.

Jefferson never mixed up the baubles and accidents of life with its principles. Nothing proves it better than his own summary of what he had accomplished. He prepared it for his tombstone. Those words of his, chiseled into stone, tell of no honors given him by the world. They do not tell of any office he had held. There is no sign that he had been Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, twice President.

They speak only of freedom and education. The words are: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia."

Some great men are important only during the moment that happens to be met and solved. A few live on in usefulness. A remarkable aspect of the year 1926 is not only the Sesqui-Centennial of the Declaration, but the number of books, English as well as American, that have been published during the year about the author of that document. Of the amazing group of men who sprang into leadership when we took our

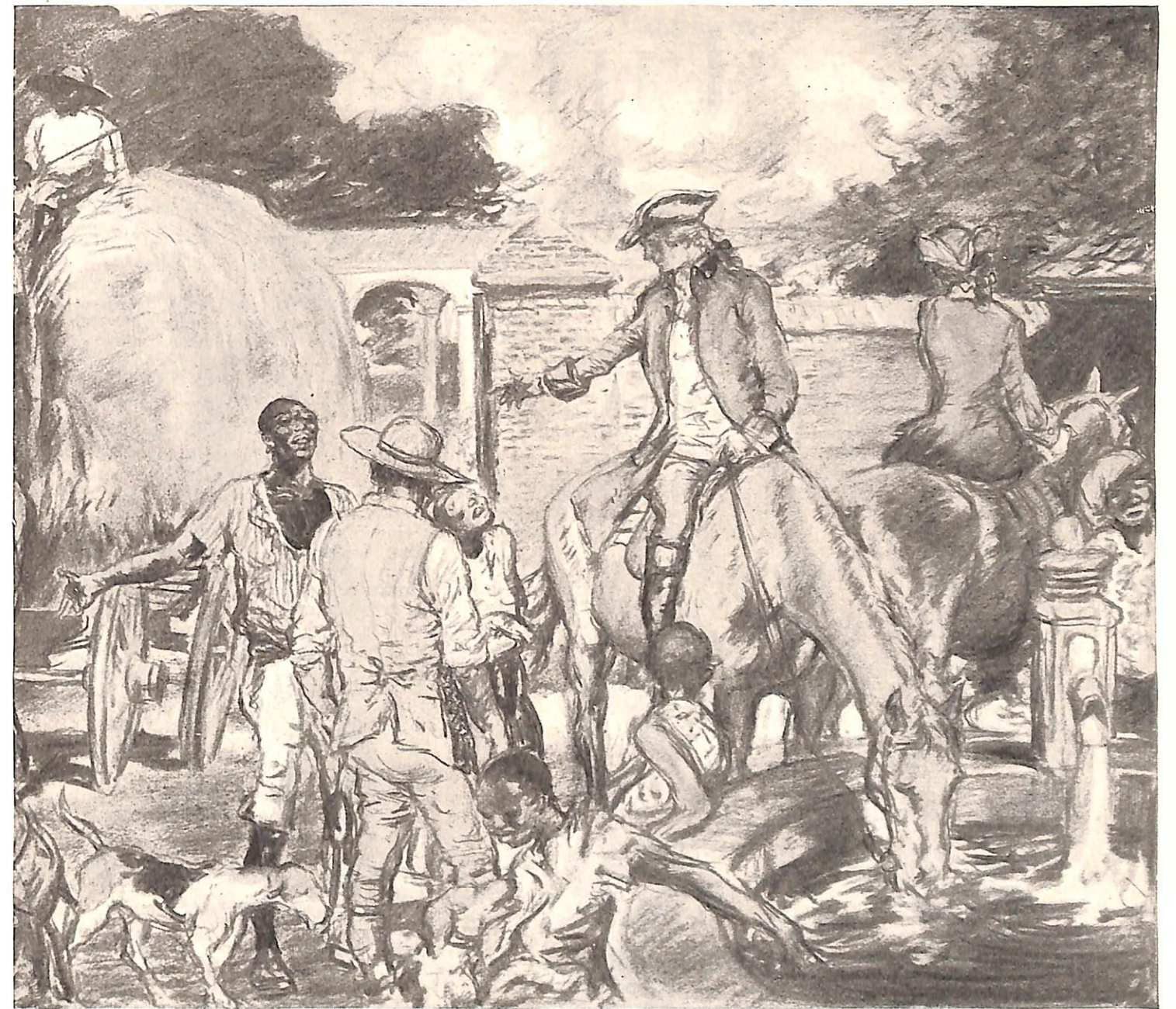


independence and launched a nation, it cannot be said that Jefferson is the greatest, but it certainly can be said that his ideas are more actively at work today than those of anyone else.

Franklin was the most varied genius. Washington was the most magnificent character. Hamilton was probably the most notable financier in the history of the world. The two Adamases and Madison played master parts. The ideas of Hamilton and his school later found superb expression in Marshall and Webster. But in a sense the work of those men is finished. The ideas of Jefferson are in a ferment over the world. In one form they are being fought about today in Iowa, in another in the reactions in Italy or the attempted solution by force in Russia, in another in the attempt of England to meet modern conditions without losing the essentials of that grand tradition of government by progressing freedom that this year is marked by the 71st anniversary of the signing of the Magna Charta.

From Jefferson's own state the President of Washington and Lee University went up to the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia and said: "Outside of the self-governing Anglo-Saxon democracies, civilization is torn between the chaos of anarchy and iron-clad medieval autocracy. Awakened millions of the east are awaiting the time when western civilization and dominance in world affairs shall fall. My message to you is this: I would urge world peace, world brotherhood, world civilization, and the advancement of Magna Charta liberty and self-government."

If we ask ourselves what position Jefferson would take on some of the controversies of our day we are on dangerous ground unless we distinguish between purposes and the devices



by which those purposes are forwarded. In the issues of the moment most of us are partisans. Time softens us. At the distance of a hundred years we can see that in the conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson both were needed for a balanced answer. But in any question of 1926 we are inevitably lined up on one side or the other, and so it would be unfair to drag Jefferson in. But we can call upon him to illumine for us, and keep full of energy, certain general dreams and aspirations, which now as always are difficult to realize fully, because now as always they come into collision with opposite dreams.

Eleven days before he died Jefferson wrote a letter stating that he would not be able to take part in celebrating the Fourth of July. In this letter he said: "All eyes are opened or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the lights of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope for others. For ourselves, let the annual return to this day forever refresh our recollections of those rights, and an undiminished devotion to them."

That is an interesting phrase about the relations of science to freedom. Probably Jefferson was thinking of the effect science has on the mind, but in an entirely different way science has also been taking a leading part in making possible the sort of world for which Jefferson worked. Aristotle and other great thinkers of the past have defended slavery on the ground that, if mankind were to progress, there must be one class free from drudgery, and that this class would have to be taken care of by the drudgery of others.

Jefferson's broad and tolerant spirit earnestly opposed all slavery—both of body and mind. His strongest confidence was in education. He loved to collect information and spread it among the people.

The machine, or applied science, leading to mass production, has made possible more complete democracy than could have existed in the day when the necessities of life could be acquired only by excessive toil. We have only what we produce, and today with the help of modern machines and organization we produce in an hour dozens of times more than an hour produced in Jefferson's day, when man's most powerful assistant was the horse.

Frequently in the last year or two I have been asked to make statements about why liberalism seems less noticeable in our public life than it did before the war; defining liberalism as that spirit which seeks constant improvement in the ethical and social arrangements of society, and particularly as the spirit which seeks to extend democracy from merely political rights into the economic and industrial world. My answers, though varied in form, have had one meaning.

From the time the gospel according to Luke was written, down to the day of the Declaration of Independence, and from that day to this, men have dreamed of a future when no class in the community should be shut away from what is of most value. The Galilean shepherds did not express the aspiration just as we express it, but the essential feeling is the same. One of the biggest facts in all history is that the inventive mind of man, in getting hold of such forces as steam and electricity, and making into his servants these [Continued on page 59]

That THING Called

IT WAS during one of those slack moments of the news reel when Caroline Brewster, voice charged with worry, made her confession. "Rip," she said, "I gave your father five dollars this morning to buy a new hat."

"Oh, Caroline!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "You shouldn't have done that! You might have known that he'd come back skin-tight!"

"I'm sorry."

"We'd better go. He may be home pretty soon."

Ripley Mason followed her up the dark aisle. As they left the theater, she heard him grumble, angrily, "The old rummy!"

"That's not a very nice way to talk about your father."

In the economical aura of yellow light which hung about the Criterion Theater, Rip Mason risked a sidelong glance at the girl, caught the severity of her expression. They walked sternly past the drug store where, otherwise, in hilarious abandon, they might have squandered forty cents for sodas.

"Maybe it's not," he admitted; "but believe me it's the truth, all the same."

"But, Rip, I don't think you half appreciate what a really dear sort of person he is."

"Why should I?"

Her voice rose in protest. "If you'd only realize how sorry he is!"

"It's his turn to be sorry," answered the young man. His jaw, angular and heavily hinged, jutted out slightly as he spoke, and his lips, after the manner of his New England ancestors, tightened. "He was one of the original reasons for the prohibition amendment."

"But he really did need a new hat, Rip."

"And he'll probably come home with none at all."

Under one of the widely spaced street lamps that illuminated the dwindling outskirts of the city of Planet, Caroline Brewster turned up to him the dusk-white oval of her face, a face so troubled that he became instantly repentant.

"I didn't mean to be cross with you about it," he said. "But we're having a hard enough time trying to keep ourselves afloat, without supplying Dad with hooch."

"He's so pathetic," added the girl. "And he promised so faithfully that he wouldn't"—she faltered—"wouldn't do anything he shouldn't."

"Caroline, if we had a nickel for every time he's reformed in the last thirty-five years we could buy the whole aircraft industry of the United States," answered Rip dispassionately. "And as for being pathetic—why, the old spellbinder could sell eyebrow pencils to lumberjacks. One time—I was just a kid then—he gave a whole barroom full of men such an earful on man's duties to his loved ones at home that they broke down and bawled like babies. And mother and I were at home wondering if he was going to come back with something for dinner. But he didn't come back." The bitterness left his voice. "Mother borrowed some eggs from the neighbors. Pretended she was baking a cake—that she'd run short. Hum-m!"

Her arm slipped through his, tightened in sympathy.

"Oh, I know he's a charming old rascal in a lot of ways," Rip continued. "He's funny and irresponsible. I've heard a thousand and one yarns about the ridiculous things he used to do and say. His old barroom cronies almost hugged him when they saw him again. I

suppose I don't see his humorous side. Mother was the one who suffered, and I saw plenty of that."

"I understand," she said softly.

It was true that Rip's father, John Ephingham Mason, had served the world devotedly as its bad example. In years gone by he had been one of the gayest and most delightful of all the bright spirits whose songs and jokes echoed in the barrooms of Planet. His law business had gradually ceased to exist; then came the day when, with a flower in his buttonhole and his high hat over one ear—he always wore a high hat when his jag was dead ripe—John Ephingham Mason disappeared, vanished, skipped. Rip was eight years old at that time. Seventeen years elapsed before "he poured himself back into Planet," as Rip expressed it, to find his wife long-since dead and his son the proprietor of a precarious aviation business.

It had been a gathering of the clan, for Caroline Brewster, who was the last flower upon a dead stalk of the once effulgent Mason family, returned from Europe with her own tale of woe. Her great-aunt, Louisa Mason, with whom she had lived most of her nineteen years in Paris and Florence, had died, leaving her the remains of a sadly depleted fortune. But Aunt Louisa had not been entirely unmindful of the girl's future; before she gave up the ghost in her Parc Monceau apartment she arranged one of those marriage de convenance with Gerald Crossland. It isn't quite fair to say that Gerald's chief qualification as a prospective husband for Caroline was that his mother and Aunt Louisa had played a good game of cribbage. He was presentable and he had money.

"Caroline was singularly unmoved at the news of Gerald's disapproval. 'I refused him three times at luncheon and twice after,' she announced calmly."



YouTH

(Austin Parker's Story in which an Airplane nearly Smashed a Love Affair

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

But Caroline, being only nineteen, had a quaint and sentimental idea that love, also, might be a factor in marriage. She fled to Planet on the plea that matters connected with the estate demanded her presence—the estate netted her, after taxes were paid, all of fourteen dollars and sixty-four cents each week—and in Planet she remained.

"Don't worry about the old sport, Caroline," said Rip. They had reached the double-decker house of which they had rented the remainder of the top floor, furnished, for the summer.

They had taken the place because it was cheap and be- quarter of a mile M.P.T. — Seven

in flying jargon—was parked. Also, it would leave them unencumbered by a lease, free to follow the good weather southward when winter came.

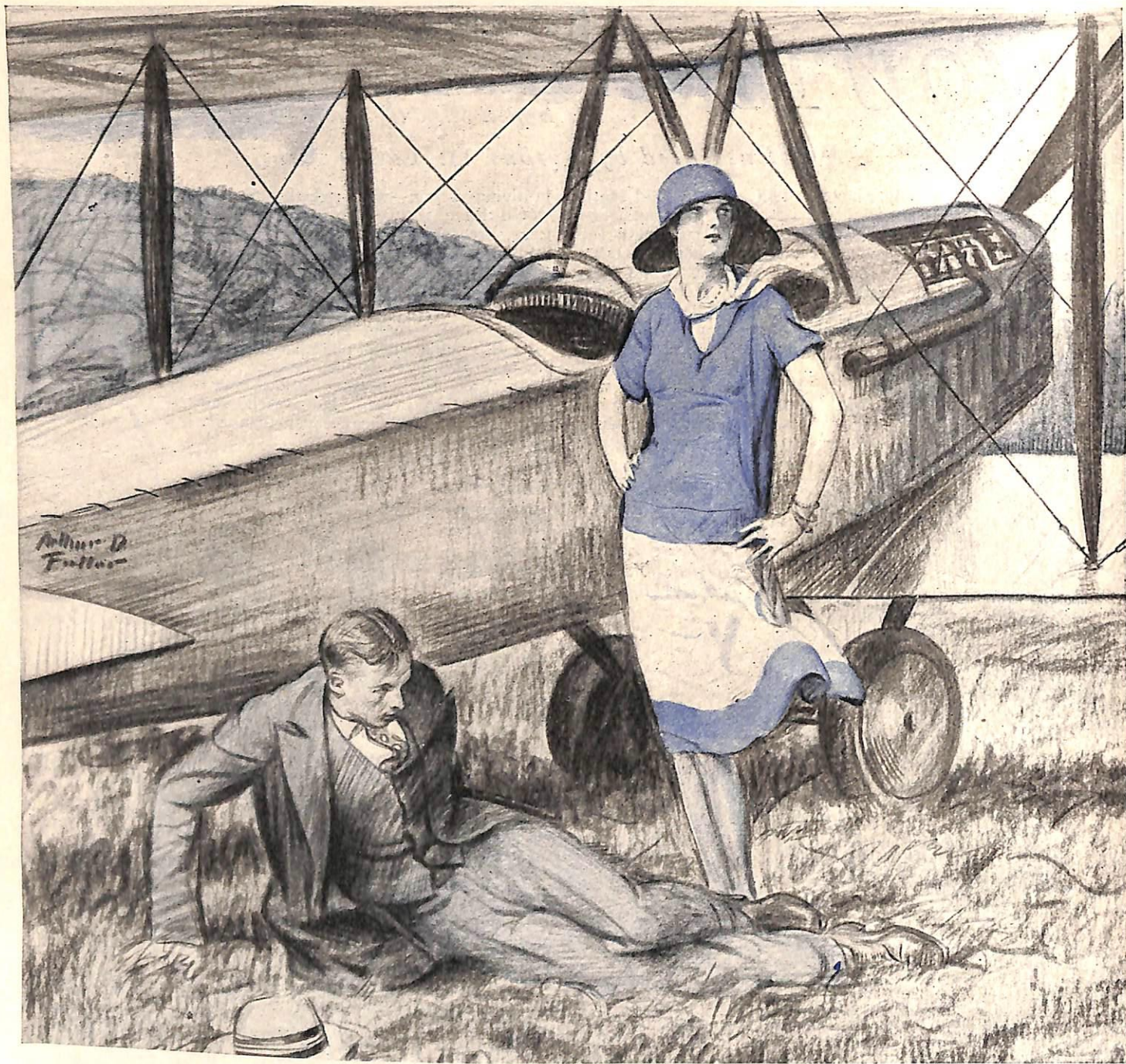
There were no signs of John Ephingham Mason.

"Let's sit on the porch," suggested Caroline. "It's cooler there."

As Rip pulled at his pipe, flame hovering over the bowl in the darkness, she said, "Your father wants to buy some things for the kitchen. He says he can cook and that it'll be cheaper than the restaurant."

"The old man's face was wreathed in a faun-like smile. 'Gerald expressed great displeasure at finding you two young people so intimately associated. You had lost caste, Caroline, my child—had become declassé!'"





His lips twisted into a smile. "I wonder if he really can cook," he answered. "We might take a chance on it. Couldn't be any worse than the Busy Bee; and Lord knows, we need to save every cent we can." He paused. "Caroline, we're in a pretty bad jam financially. We're busted—terribly busted! And we've got some bills to meet."

"I know," Her voice was faint. "I've decided, unless a pretty good flying job turns up soon, to sell the plane—I can get a thousand-five-hundred for it—and take that job with the Enderson Motor Company. Enderson's been after me again. It's a good job—assistant engineer."

"I hate to have you do that, Rip!" she said feelingly. "You like planes and flying. It seems a shame."

"Oh, well"—he shrugged—"we can't live on air alone." Silence came over them. Presently he asked, "Caroline, how about this Crossland bird? When's he arriving?"

"I don't know. Tonight, perhaps, or tomorrow." She leaned forward, staring miserably into the night.

"Are you going to marry him?" Her voice was scarcely audible. "I don't know." Her hands were clasped, straining together. She added, slowly, "I had no right to come here and be a burden on you, but I—"

"Caroline!" he exclaimed. "I've never said you were a burden! You know I don't think you are!" He rose quickly from his chair, went toward her. "Caroline!"

The moment of silence was broken by the clappety-clappety of a horse's hoofs; then an ancient hack, with its sidelights

[Crossland sank on the ground utterly sickened but burling curses at Rip, who had moved off when he caught the thunder and lightning expression on Caroline's face. "Go away," she ordered disgustedly.]

illuminating the boney ridges of the animal's frame and casting deep shadows in the valleys, drew up to the curb. The rear section of the top had been folded down, and from the black depths of the hack a new straw hat shone like a full moon.

The voice of John Ephingham Mason rose in denunciation. "Jones, you ol' bla'guard, I tell you that horsh hasn't seen an oat in a week! You been feedin' him on water! An' neither man or beast c'n get along on water!"

"Jedge, honess," came the pleading voice of the negro driver, almost invisible in the night, "this horse don' do nothin' else but eat oats. His belly make that glug-glug soun' jes' 'cause it's a habit, Jedge."

"Rot!" thundered John Ephingham Mason. He emerged from the cab with some difficulty.

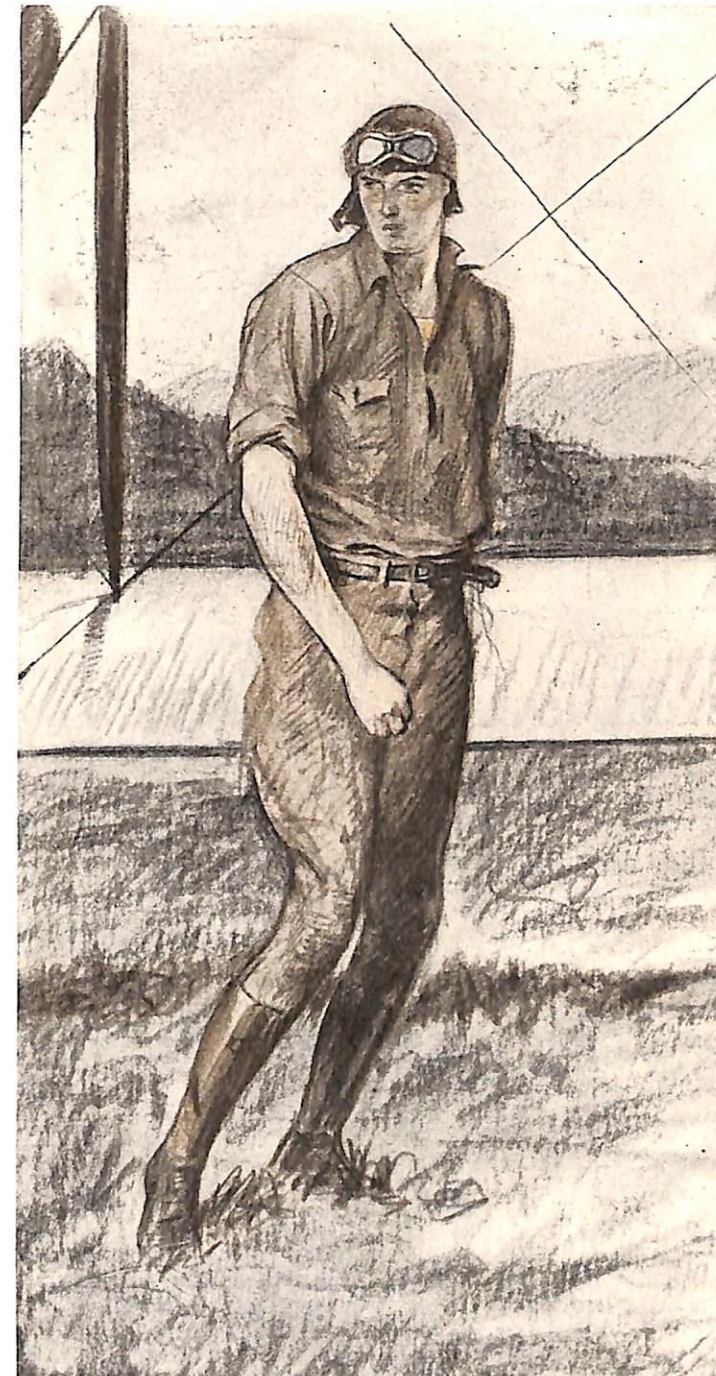
Caroline sighed. "Hadn't you better go down?"

"He'll make the grade. If he goes right to bed we'll pretend we didn't see him."

"I'm awfully sorry!" she said, feelingly. "It was my fault. I shouldn't have given him five dollars."

"It wasn't your fault. You didn't know."

"Rot!" repeated the elder Mr. Mason. His straw hat clattered to the sidewalk and he recovered it with dignity.



"Jedge, honess"—

"Rot! Anybody'd go glug-glug if he ate water. I'd go glug-glug. This horsh ish—" John Ephingham Mason cleared his throat and made a new start: "This horse ish hungry!" Bracing himself on the shaft, he made his way to the animal's head.

"Poor horsh!" That voice which should have echoed in courtrooms, plucking the heart strings and confounding the minds of jurymen, boomed through the night in tragic sympathy. "Poor horsh!"

"PERHAPS you'd better go down," said the girl; then her hand went to her throat and she choked out a weakly reproachful, "Oh! He's—" She broke off in a gurgle of horror.

John Ephingham Mason was offering all he happened to have in the line of horse food—his new straw hat. He broke off a piece of the rim, and the animal was munching it.

Rip's feet pounded down the stairs.

A half-hour later Rip came out of his father's room and went to the porch in search of Caroline. She wasn't there; he went to her room and rapped softly. "Caroline, have you gone to bed?"

"No." He knew from her tone that she had been crying.

"Come out on the porch. I've got something important to tell you—and it's good news."

He sat on the railing, puffing at his pipe, waiting, until she

appeared in the doorway, a slight, lovely figure, burdened with trouble. He got to his feet, went close to her.

"Dad put over a good one today," he said. He took her small hand in his and ran it into a side pocket of his coat against a mass of crumpled banknotes. "Money!" Her eyes sought his through the darkness.

"Oh, Rip! How?"

"He bumped into an old crony of his, Mathewson, who owns the Modern—the department store. They had some drinks together; then Dad got one of his bright ideas. The Modern's going to have its annual two-weeks sale, and Dad suggested that it would be a good advertising stunt to have packages to the surrounding towns delivered by airplane. Fifty dollars a day!"

"Rip!" she exclaimed.

"One hundred in advance," he rushed on. "And we can buy all the stuff we want at the Modern at a discount of twenty percent. All the clothes you need. It's a two weeks job—six hundred in all!"

He found himself with her hands pressed in his.

"It's enough to carry us over this hump. And then, later, we'll see what we've got to do. Maybe the job with Enderson. I don't know. But, Caroline—you're not to marry Crossland! I won't let you, Caroline! I—" He broke off, swept her into his arms and held her there for a breathless moment. "I won't let you!" She was trying to escape from his embrace, but he held her more tightly.

"Promise me that you won't marry him!" he commanded.

"Promise me!"

"Please let me go, Rip! Oh, please, Rip!"

Instead, he cupped the back of her head in his hands, pressed his lips against hers; then, an instant later, her head was bowed down against his chest and she stood there, limply, in helpless, unwilling surrender to his strength. He still held her; but he held her differently; as though, now, he were afraid to let her go, to let her escape him.

"I didn't mean to kiss you," he said huskily. "I didn't mean to do that, but—" He paused, and added, with tempestuous energy: "But I'm not a bit sorry, Caroline. Do you understand?" He shook her ever so slightly to make her respond.

The girl's head nodded, then, as his grip upon her shoulders slackened, she moved swiftly away and disappeared into the darkness of the apartment.

RIP was up the next morning long before either Caroline or his father was awake, and he moved noiselessly about the apartment, apprehensive, depressed, wondering what he should do. Apologize to her for his brutality, of course; but, beyond that, what should he do? Under normal circumstances he would have taken his plane up and stunted it until he had shaken away the depression; but that seemed inadequate today. Besides, there were hours of mechanical work to be done on the engine. That thought decided him, and he left abruptly for the field.

It was after mid-day when he returned.

"Where's Caroline?" he asked his father.

"That fellow Crossland arrived. He called for Caroline and they went into the city for luncheon."

"Oh!" He turned, angrily, went to the bathroom and washed off the grease of his morning's work. As he emerged, he caught a glimpse of his father, sitting like an elderly and lonely faun in the living-room, waiting a little wistfully for a kind word.

Rip paused. He didn't want to talk, but he found himself suddenly sorry for the old fellow.

"Darn good piece of work you put over yesterday, Dad," he said. "I'm in a hurry to get back to the field, so I'm rushing along. Will you tell them at the Modern that they can send men out to the field tomorrow morning to paint the store sign on the ship? They'll have to use water paint, of course."

He turned to go; then he asked, "Did you meet Crossland?"

"Yes, I met him."

"What sort of a bird is he?"

"A gentleman, undoubtedly, but I was not greatly impressed. My years have taught me—"

Rip knew that he was in for a Baconian discourse unless he broke away. "I'll probably meet him later. So long, Dad."

He went to the Busy Bee restaurant where they had eaten so many cheap meals together, and had a solitary luncheon, anger mounting in him, pounding at his temples. It was anger combined with jealousy, doubt, misgivings. The clatter of tongues and dishes hurt his ears, filled [Continued on page 83]

THE WIND-SHIP MAN

NORMAN REILLY RAINÉ

Illustrations
by
EDW. A. WILSON

I KNEW him for a wind-ship man the moment he stepped over the fo'castle door coming into the sunlight, for his first glance was aloft, then over the side at the weather. They'll do that, those old shellbacks, even though they are on a tramp steamer like the Tanganyika. All they see are bare masts, samson posts and a funnel, instead of reef point drumming on a spread of canvas, but that doesn't matter. It's instinct that does it.

While he stood with his stocky bowlegs braced to the swing of the vessel, I got a good look at him. One eye was missing, and the other, dim with booze, like a bit of blue glazed pottery, was puckered in the sun's glare. He was short, and a bullet head, crowned with a dull red thatch, rose from his thick trunk. His arms, long and hairy as an ape's, and tattooed from wrist to elbow, hung from the widest shoulders I have ever seen, and ended in immense fists, with cracked, misshapen knuckles. He was a deep-water twister, no mistake, and as tough as a hardwood knot.

It came on me, then, that I'd seen him before, and I thought hard for a minute. Then I remembered. It was three weeks before, as we were coming alongside the Circular Quay at Sydney. He was standing at the top of the starboard ladder on the fo'castle head of a big P. and O., stark naked except for a pair of boots, and a bright rag about his middle, wild drunk, with his red hair on end, and roaring like a gorilla. One of the ship's mates rushed the ladder, at the head of a lot of Lascar seamen, and my queer fellow fetched him a kick that spoiled his appetite for more. I didn't see the end of it, for I was supposed to be docking my end of the ship, and the Old Man yelled at me from the bridge to mind my eye.

"Humph," thought I, and smiled to myself when I pictured the

There's More Ways of Skinning a Cat than Drag- ging It Through the Hause Pipe

likes of him sharing the mess kid with the scouring of back-block farmers and bushwhackers and wharf rats that called themselves our crew. There was a seaman's strike on when we arrived off the Australian coast, and the men we'd brought out with us slung their hooks as soon as we made fast. We got from Sydney to Brisbane with a scratch lot, and then signed on the scrapings that a Brisbane crimp got together, the red-headed bucko among them, although I had not seen him till then. The Tanganyika could not afford to pick and choose, for we were bound for home by way of Singapore and Calcutta, and the ship had a reputation with her owners for smart discharges and a quick turn-round, and the Old Man, who was a dyed-in-the-wool steamboat tinker, wasn't going to risk losing it. As Mate, I protested a bit, for if things went wrong it was my back that would feel the leather, not his. But you know what skippers are, mister.

And so, thought I, it's a good thing we've got one real sailorman in the lot—but wait a bit! He had come out of the starboard fo'castle, which was the black gang's side. I looked aft again. My jewel was mooning over the side at the blue Queensland coast line.

"Hey there, you!" I shouted. "Lay forard a minute." He turned and glowered, then came to where I stood at the break of the waist, swaggering truculence in every step.

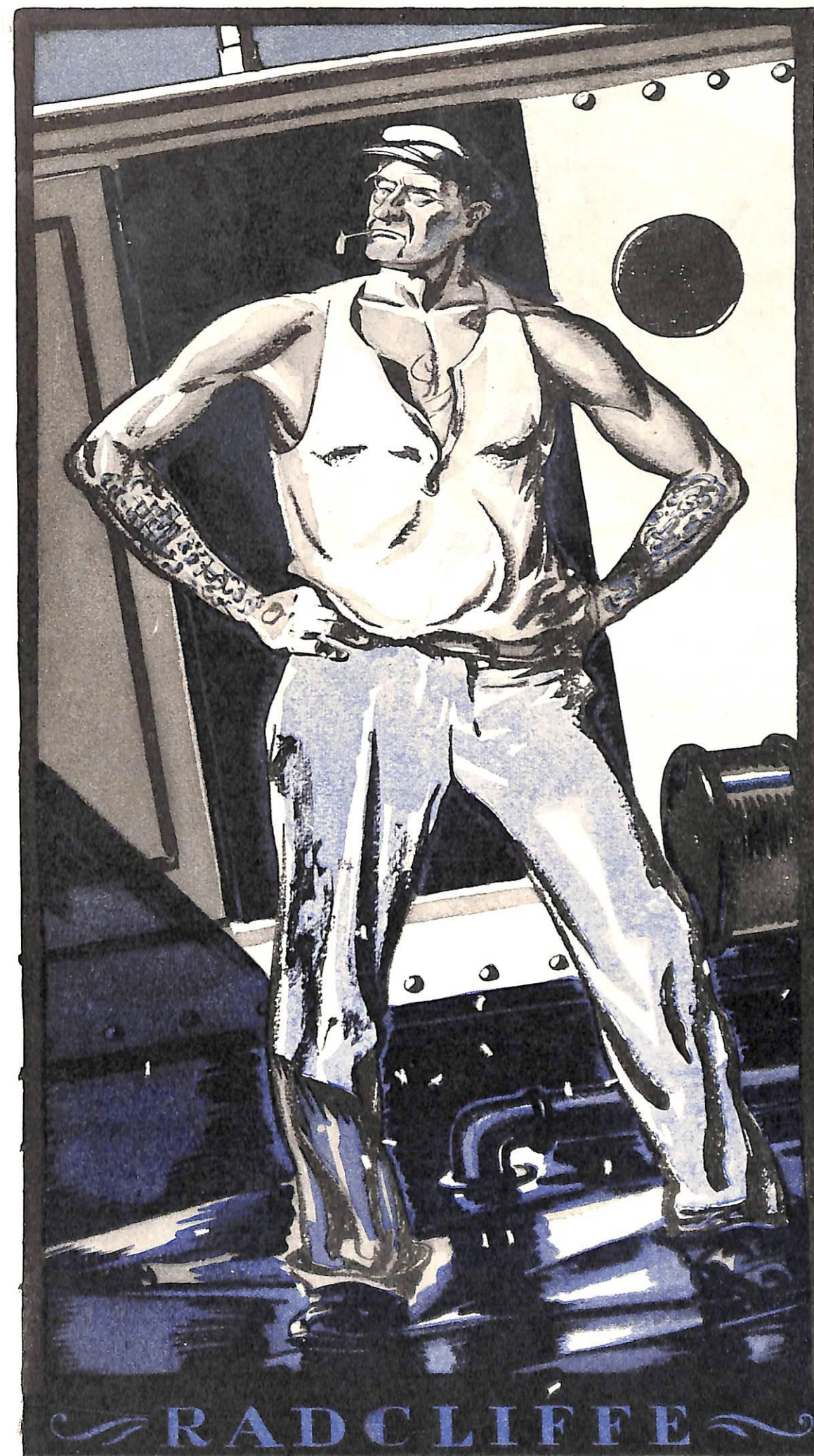
"What's your name?" I asked.

With studied deliberateness he walked to the rail, spat over the side, and returned.

"Radcliffe," he said, and leered impudently up at me.

I leaned over the rail.

"Listen to me, ye Port Mahon baboon," said I quietly, "you're not the only man that's ever tailed on to a main brace,



so mend your manners, or by Barney's bull I'll nail your liver to the fo'mast. What's your rating aboard?"

A glimmer of respect showed in his one good eye, and he grinned a bit sheepishly, I thought.

"I didn't know you'd been in sail, too, sir," he replied. "I'm a fireman."

"A fireman! What's a sailor doing in the stoke hold?"

"It was circumferences done it, sir."

"Circum—oh, circumstances?"

"Aye, that's it. I'd had a drop or two afore I signed on, and—"

"You didn't know what you were signing on as, until you were turned out this morning. That it? Where'd you lose your eye?"

"Submarine, sir. Sea o' Marmora in 1915."

"Hmm! What was your last ship?"

"The bark Highflyer, sir, out o' Glasgow. She piled up on Kangaroo Island in Bass Strait. We was taken off and returned to Sydney, D. B. S."

"You're a fine looking sample of distressed British seaman. What were you doing aboard that P. and O. in Sydney Harbor?"

"I'd had a night ashore with one o' them Lascars, sir. He pinched me money and me clothes out o' me lodging house, and I went aboard for to ask them back. I didn't mean no harm." He grinned again.

"Did you get them?"

"No, sir. I got ten days in quod instead. Then I come up to Brisbane on a coaster, and here I am."

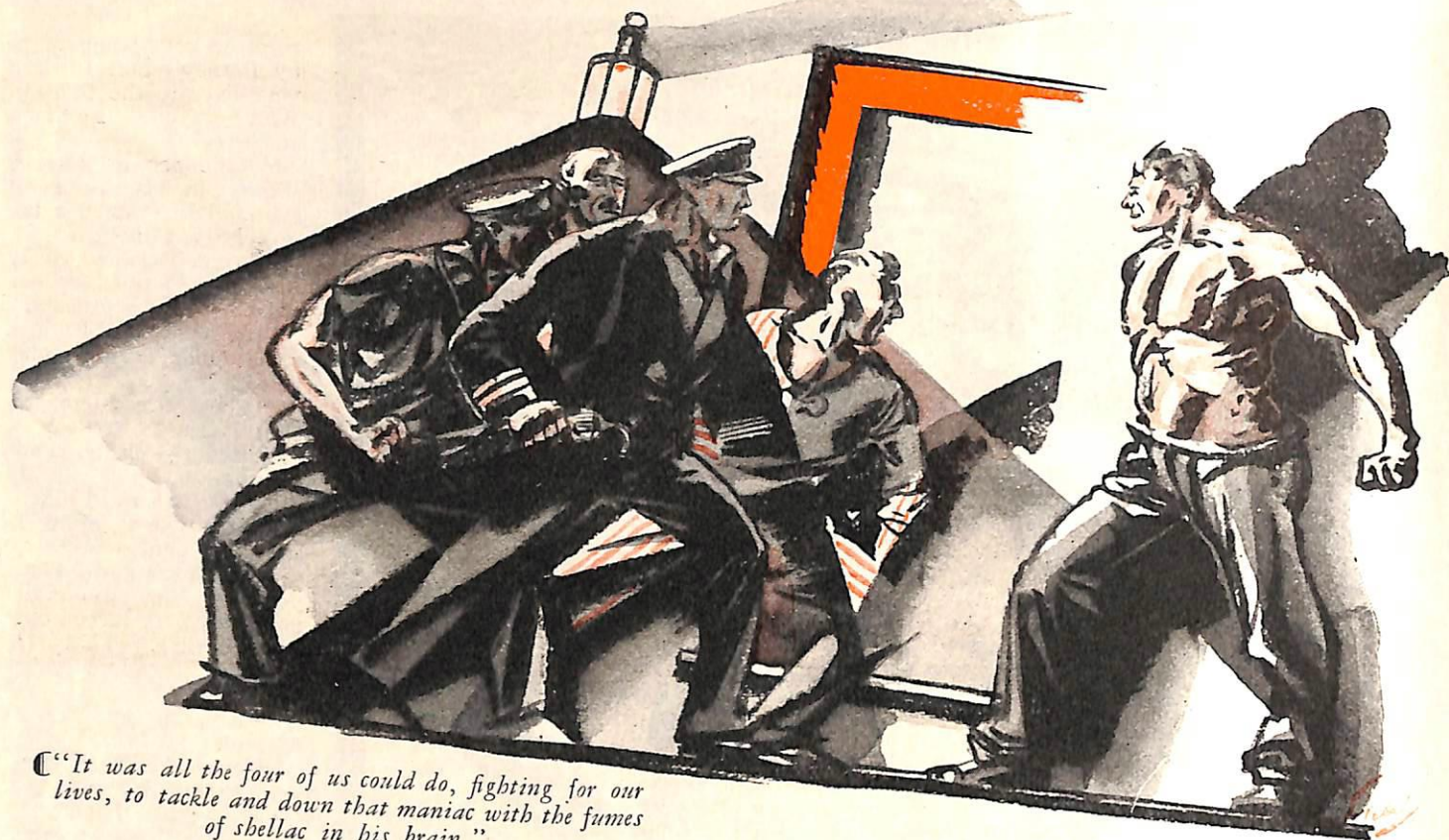
"Ever been in steam before?"

"No, sir! I got me mate's certificate in sail. I got no use for steamboats. Wish to 'ell I was out of it." His eyes glimmered wistfully. "Couldn't you have an old shipmate shifted to the deck crowd, sir?"

"I'll think about it—but no promises, mind. Get away aft, and behave yourself, and perhaps I'll speak to the Chief Engineer."

But the Chief was adamant.

"He's the only man in the black gang that's got strength to lift a slice bar," he said, "and I'll not part with him. He's the makings of an elegant stoker, so you let him alone."



"It was all the four of us could do, fighting for our lives, to tackle and down that maniac with the fumes of shellac in his brain."

I communicated this to Radcliffe as he passed to his watch below next day. He scowled for a minute, then a devil gleamed in his eye.

"There's more ways o' skinning a cat than dragging it through the hawse pipe, sir," said he, and left me wondering exactly what he was driving at. I was yet to learn of the depth of a wind-ship man's hatred of steam.

There was not long to wait. We cleared the Australian coast, and the Tanganyika logged a steady ten knots toward Singapore. Then came an evening five days out of Brisbane. The weather was perfect, with an easy sea darkling to the horizon, where the royal blue burst into stars—you've seen those nights down under the Southern Cross, mister. The stewards were holding a sing-song in their quarters down under the lower bridge deck, with a mouth organ and a four-fou band, and phosphorescence blazed under the bows. I climbed the ladder to the bridge at eight bells to relieve the second mate for the third was ill and the watches had been shifted. The apprentice on the stand-by reported the log, and I had just stepped into the wheelhouse to check the course on the binnacle when, from the direction of the galley came a succession of shocking screams.

I jumped out to the ladder and looked aft along the boat deck. Out of the galley shot the cook, shrieking at the peak of his lungs, and ran for his life, pursued by a grim, silent, bow-legged figure, with menace in every powerful line of him, and a gleaming meat cleaver in his hand.

The Old Man ran out in his pajamas—he wore 'em night and day in the tropics—and thrust a pistol into my hand.

"Run down and see what the hell's the matter," he growled. "I'll keep the bridge."

No, it wasn't cowardice. It was the proper thing to do. I'd have done the same in his place. That's what ship's officers are for—so the owners tell us.

By this time there was the sound of frantic smashing, and short animal grunts in the saloon alleyway. After the first alarm the frightened stewards had locked themselves in their cabin and were silent as mice. The second mate came out of his room, and we were joined at the foot of the ladder by the second engineer, a big, raw-boned Glasgae killie named MacKinnon, and the Chief.

"What's wrong?" I asked them.

"That devil Radcliffe got hold of a tin o' shellac, and he's drunk himself crazy," MacKinnon snapped. "Come on! Let's get him!"

The cook was locked in the steward's stores, and the madman was hammering tremendous blows upon the heavy teak.

MacKinnon started forward. "We've got to floor the fool, or there'll be murder done."

Fortunately for us, at that moment Radcliffe drove his weapon through the tough wood, and even his colossal strength failed to release it before we were on him.

I've been in some tall fights in my time at sea, mister, but I'd chop five years off my life before I'd live again through the fifteen or twenty minutes that followed when we tackled that maniac with the fumes of shellac in his brain. It was all the four of us could do, fighting for our lives in that narrow alleyway, to down him, and we only managed it in the end because I knocked him out with the butt of the gun. We got him trussed, then, with a blanket torn in strips, and threw him in the fore peak under guard for the night.

It took three days to bring him around, and when he came to and was brought before the Skipper he was quiet, but sullen and unchastened, the devil that was in him fairly jumping in his one good eye.

"Now then you knuckle-headed sweep, what did ye do it for?" the Old Man roared.

Radcliffe thrust out his ugly jaw.

"I did it because I felt like it, ye hairy old monkey, and I'll do it again, until you take me out o' the black gang and put me on deck where I belong. Do that and I'll give you no more trouble. I'm a sailor, not a—— mechanic!"

THE Old Man quirked his lips a bit at that, and glanced up at me under his brows.

"So that's your little game is it, Radcliffe," he said, his voice ominously quiet now. "Then let me tell you, my man. You're in steam now, not sail, and in the stoke hold you'll stay, and you'll rot there for the good o' your soul before I'll bring you on deck this passage. You're a sailor, you say. Well, we'll see what sort o' course you set with a shovel for a rudder and a sweat rag for a mains'l." His voice rose again. "I'll show you who is master aboard o' this ship. Logged ten days' pay."

Radcliffe screamed vituperation all the way down the ladder, but I'm ready to swear that his one good eyelid dropped as he glared at me on leaving the room. The Old Man swung around to me.

"I'd have kept him in irons for the rest of the voyage if you hadn't encouraged him the first day out," he snapped, thus passing the blame to me. But I wouldn't take it.

"Some allowance should be made for the man, sir," I replied. "You know how these old sailing-ship men feel about steam. Put him in my watch on deck, and I'll guarantee that you'll

have no further trouble with him. You see, I know his type."

"So do I, mister," he came back, "and I'll thank you to keep your oar out of it!"—after which, of course, no more was to be said. Give the Old Man his due, he knew what he was letting himself in for, but he was game to carry it through.

The next move was not unexpected. Radcliffe lay in his bunk and refused duty. "I'm sick," said he, and wouldn't budge.

"'Tis Cape Horn fever," diagnosed the Old Man, which is the way that sailors have of describing laziness or sham. "'Starve a fever' says the medical book, so starve he shall, until he turns to."

It settled down to a bitter struggle, but in the end the Old Man won, for a lank stomach makes a poor ally, and Radcliffe went below to the fires again. Mind you, mister, up to now, I'd had the idea that Radcliffe was only playing tricks to have his own way, and that his viciousness was more or less of a blind. Perhaps, in the beginning, it was, but it had passed beyond that by now, and he was in deadly earnest. It was to be a fight to a finish, and he deliberately set out to convert the Tanganyika into a floating hell for all he came in contact with. He was saucy to the engineers, although always careful to obey orders, for if he didn't they'd have him; and he taunted them unceasingly in hopes that they'd strike him, for then, d'ye see, he'd have an excuse to half murder them—in self-defence of course—and no marine court would convict him. I could tell endlessly of the tricks he played; how he terrorized the fo'castle with his cursing, smashing ways; how he fought and cruelly beat the other men of his watch because, of all things, they could not keep their gauges up to the pressure that showed on his boiler; how he emptied a steaming hot mess kid over the chief steward's head and got logged two more days' pay. He was sixty-four inches of Satan if ever a man was, and we prayed the Old Man would get shut of him when we reached Singapore.

But the Old Man was stubborn. "I'll not pay him off there," he said quietly. "He thinks he can beat me. Well, I'll show him he can't. He signed on for the voyage, and aboard he'll stay."

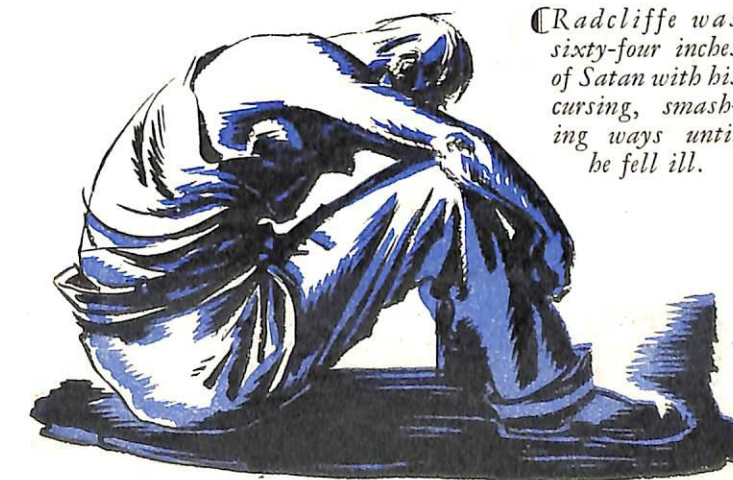
The loom of the land was visible through the saloon port as he spoke, and we expected to fetch the lights of the Malay coast at nightfall.

"He'll probably jump ship in Singapore," the Chief commented.

"Not if he's the sailor he says he is. You know what he'll get if he does. Six months hard labor on the roads, chained to a lot of native convicts, and when he is free a handful of uncooked rice a day until he finds a ship, same as Indian ports. No, he'll not try that on."

The Old Man was right. But he walked ashore as soon as we came alongside the Tanjong Pakar docks, and returned on sailing day to terrorize the crew with a loaded pistol. I managed to knock it out of his hand and over the side, thereby saving the ship a \$500 fine for undeclared weapons, and a twelve hour delay in sailing.

He was logged again when we got to sea, but the run to Calcutta was fairly peaceful, for he had developed shovel sores on his hands. They became septic, and as he refused treatment they broke out all over him. He had turned dogged to the other extreme, by now, and sick as he really was, refused to stay off watch. He was silent, and always ugly, and his shipmates lived in constant fear of him.



Radcliffe was sixty-four inches of Satan with his cursing, smashing ways until he fell ill.



The night we anchored off Garden Reach in the Hoogli, Radcliffe disappeared. We moved up to the Kidderpore docks the next morning, but he did not appear and we saw nothing of him for the next few days. I, for one, heartily hoped that he was gone for good. We heard vivid accounts of his mad conduct ashore though, for he got drunk and amused himself by rolling through the native bazaars and sweeping the contents of stalls into the gutter. Just before we sailed he came off to the ship in a shore boat, with three native policemen hanging to his arms, and half a dozen leeches, put on by some Hindu doctor, dangling from the wounds on his face. It took half the crew to subdue him, and when we were off Budge-Budge the Old Man logged him six more days' pay.

We had expected, at Calcutta, to receive orders for home. Instead we were told to proceed to Vancouver in ballast, coaling at Miiki, Japan, on the way, to load grain for the United Kingdom, and our tempers were far from sweet in consequence. But, beyond an almost daily fight with someone or other, Radcliffe laid low. Perhaps it was the change in the weather that did it.

Day after day, the Tanganyika kicked her 280 miles astern. Bucking the north-east monsoon up the Yellow Sea we coaled at Miiki, then swung up on that great circle track over the North Pacific. You know what a winter passage is under the Aleutian Islands, mister. It was head winds all the way, with a skin of ice on the decks; and the air cut to the bone, after the enervating heat of the tropics. Our blood was thin, and we shivered under our greatcoats, flinching from the showers of icy brine that rattled over the bows. We lost some gear over the side, and our port quarterboat was stove in before we lost sight of the Japanese coast, under the pounding wild seas. The Tanganyika was always a wet old tub, and although light she sloshed through it, reaping the crest of every wave, and rolled gunwales under at times, till life aboard was a cold damp misery. Like leaping frothing wolves the gaunt waves ran to meet us, snarling with wrath, and we had life lines rigged along the decks to which the crew clung like cockroaches when they had occasion to come for'ard to the galley or the bridge.

Radcliffe and his grudge were forgotten for a time, and if I noticed him at all it was only to remark that, whereas the balance of the crew were wrapped about like frozen rats in all the clothing they could crowd on, he walked the decks between watches with all the practiced roll of the sailing-ship man, his barrel chest and great arms bare, and apparently unconscious of the icy blasts that smote us out of the frozen waste of the Arctic. And then, in the midst of a screaming no'easter and blinding snow storm, with the Tanganyika shuddering to the impact of the giant seas, he was brought forcibly back to mind.

I was passing along the waist in the lee of the house on my way to the bridge when the grandfather of all the greybeards caught us on the beams and poured aboard in solid night. I was swept like a straw along the run, and fetched up with a



Bucking the north-east monsoon up the Yellow Sea, we coaled at Miiki, Japan. It was head winds all the way with a skin of ice on the decks.

crash against the rail at the break of the waist, with a broken arm, and a twisted leg ligament.

The Old Man set the bone in his cabin, and he made quite a nice job of it, too, and he was as gentle as a woman. Oh, you can be at sea for a long time with a man, mister, before you find him out. He'd just got through and set me up with a sling on it and a peg of whisky in my throat when a terrific racket broke out from below decks. It sounded as if all the machinery of hell had gone adrift and the Tanganyika shook and shivered until I thought she'd rattle out every rivet in her sturdy old hull. The Old Man got green about the gills and darted out on deck, and I managed to hobble after him. Clouds of steam shot up the fidley and the roar and pound of metal seemed to be knocking the bottom out of her. Then it stopped.

The Chief ran from his cabin, white-lipped, and darted down the engine-room ladder. The ship gave a sudden tremendous roll, and I realized that she was stopped, and swinging in the trough. No need for the pallid-faced Chief to reappear and tell us what was wrong. We had dropped the propeller.

For all of its discipline, there are times when panic will come to a deep-water ship. The crew poured out of the fo'castle and up into the waist, where they presently were joined by the firemen on watch. They huddled in the lee of the galley until a roaring sea lipped over the top of the house and drove them to the cover of the saloon alleyway. Radcliffe alone stayed out on deck.

The Chief, when he reappeared, seemed to have aged ten years.

"It's gone," he said dully, for owners don't like excuses, and he saw the years of his life cast on the waters.

At the moment I happened to look at Radcliffe, who overheard. A slow grin twisted his slit of a mouth, and my blood boiled.

"What can we do?" said the Old Man, very quiet.

"Nothing. We could never ship the spare in this sea. We'll have to wait for better weather, or chance signaling a passing vessel, as we've no wireless. How's the glass, Captain?"

"It's low, and no sign of a change. We'll have to make the best of it." He bent toward the Chief. "Don't take it too hard, Mr. Cross. 'Twas not your fault, and I'll see you

through, with the owners." They passed a look of understanding, and the Chief went below again.

The Old Man turned to me.

"What do you suggest?"

"Better bend a rag of canvas to steady her a bit and bring her head up to it," I suggested. "I'll send for the bosun. Lord knows what sort of job those farmers aft will make of it, though. Oh, for a real sailor or two!"

The same thought came into both our minds. It was a bitter pill for the old chap to swallow but he gulped it like a man.

"I'll ask that fellow Radcliffe to bear a hand," he said. "He is a sailor, whatever else, and God knows we need them now."

He called to the wind-ship man, who climbed the ladder, sullen and wary. The Old Man addressed him.

"You've wanted your chance on deck, Radcliffe. Now you've got it—and a chance to wipe your slate clean at the same time. Turn to with the bosun and give the men a hand to get her under trys'ls."

Radcliffe's one little eye glittered balefully.

"Thank you," he replied, "but I signed on this coffee pot as a fireman, and since it was your wish agin mine, a fireman I'll remain."

"You bilge rat!" I boomed. "Call yourself a wind-ship man? A real seaman never lived that wouldn't put his ship first. Why for two pins, crippled as I am, I'd fling you over the side!" and I moved toward him.

"Aye! I'd put a ship first, too—but not a mechanical music box the like o' this," he countered, and swinging on his heel left the bridge.

It took the bosun, who had served his time in steam, the rest



of the day, with the small assistance of the hands, to get a trysail on her. It was a sorry performance when all is said, but it served after a fashion, and the Tanganyika came up better to the hard-smiting seas. The wind increased, shrieking like ten thousand devils through the thrumming stays, and we were glad when the job was done.

On the second day an Orient liner, bound for Yokohama and Hongkong, showed in a rift of fog, but was gone like a ghost before we could signal her. For three days we drifted, helpless. Then, on the morning of the fourth day, some one hammered at my cabin door and called: "Turn out, sir. There's another ship in distress close by."

Painfully I rolled from my bunk, where I had turned in all standing, and keeping my feet with difficulty on the reeling deck staggered up the companion to the bridge. The force of the gale had lessened, but the air was bitter, and the seas grey and murderous in the early dawn. Bending against the wind I rounded the wheelhouse, and joined the Old Man on the weather side.

A bare quarter mile off, swept continually by great smoking seas, was a small three-masted schooner, down by the head. The mainmast had carried away, and so had all but fourteen feet of the foremast, but the mizzen was sound as far as the head, and a few frayed rags of canvas fluttered and cracked like the ragged wings of carrion birds. Huddled on the poop were a half dozen figures, and even at that distance we could make them out, by their round flat faces, and excited gestures, to be Japanese. They were waving in frantic effort to get our notice.

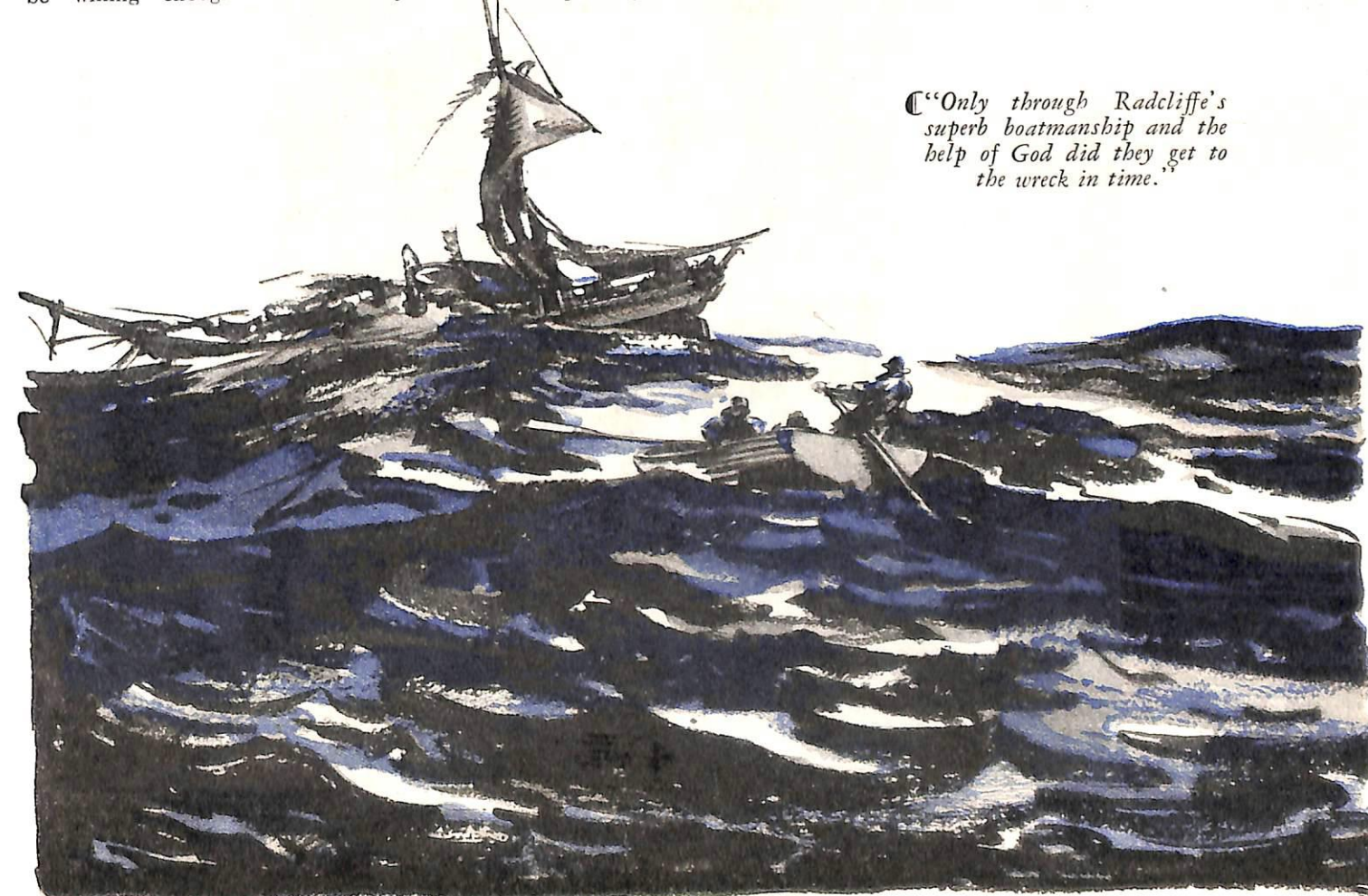
"Poor devils," the Old Man grunted as a boarding sea swept over their stern, and we saw them madly clawing for holds in the welter of foam. "And we can't do a blessed thing."

Those moments leave their mark, mister, when a man must stand, helpless to lend a hand or even a strengthening word, and watch his fellow men die.

"Could we not get a boat over, sir? Theirs have gone, I see," I suggested.

"Get a boat over in this sea? And who's to take it? You are the only officer I've got who could if we could get one over the side—and and out of the question. There's not an- aboard, even though the second mate be willing enough. Hello—they're

handle it, even you're disabled other real sailor and the bosun'd semaphoring!"



"Only through Radcliffe's superb boatmanship and the help of God did they get to the wreck in time."

He watched, while one of the group on the wreck laboriously spelled out a few words. The Old Man read them.

"Japanese vessel, Osaka Maru. Otaru for Seattle. Foundering. Take us off. What the hell are we to do?"

Our crew had gathered on the poop, waving and shouting vain encouragement into the teeth of the wind. Then one man separated from them and climbed down the ladder to come for'ard. It was Radcliffe. Our stern reared, black against the dawn, then down into a trough, while the crest of an enormous comber soared high over the side. He glanced up, and judging the fling of the giant sea as it curled over, shot through with sinister jade in the morning light, stepped back toward the ladder, just as it broke aboard and filled the well deck. He waited until it had poured over the lee rail and out the freeing ports, then came for'ard on the run, and climbing the bridge ladder stood silent within a yard of us.

THE Old Man turned. "Well?" he asked.

"I'd like to put a question, sir," Radcliffe said, and there was nothing of bravado about him now.

"What is it?"

"The Mate here's decapitated, sir—"

"He's what?"

"He means incapacitated, I expect," I murmured.

"Aye, sir. That's it. He's in—and I'm only a blinking fireman; but I was a sailor once, and if you'll let me have a boat, sir, I'll have a try at getting a line aboard o' yonder craft, and maybe we can get her people off with a britches buoy." His hard face was crimson. "I'm sorry about what—what happened the other day, sir."

The Old Man was silent for a moment.

"I'm afraid not, my lad," said he, "and thank ye all the same. No boat could live in that sea. It's bitter, I know, but I can't afford to risk my own men's lives."

"I've been mate of a Greenland [Continued on page 82]

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

By Anita Loos and John Emerson

(A Story from the Stage)

LORELEI LEE (June Walker) and her young friend and official chaperone, Dorothy Shaw (EDNA HIBBARD) "the unrefined," are on their way to Europe through the financial kindness of one Mr. Gus Eisman, (ARTHUR ROSS) the Button King of Chicago. This gentleman is deeply attached to the fair-haired Lorelei and is anxious that she have a bit of foreign travel to broaden her sweet little mind.

On the steamer Lorelei finds material for the exercise of her artless art in Mr. Henry Spoffard, (FRANK MORGAN) noted Philadelphian, and in Lord and Lady Francis Beekman, (G. P. HUNTLEY and GRACE HAMPTON). Spoffard has an eccentric mother (also on board) who has taken a tremendous fancy to Lorelei and who, to be with the little gold-digger, eludes her son and her companion. The First Act takes place in Lorelei's de luxe suite.

Lorelei—Well, Lady Beekman, meet my friend Miss Shaw.

Lady Beekman—Charmed, my de-ah!

Lorelei—Well, Lady Beekman, did you bring the diamond tiara with you? I'd like my girl friend to see it.

Lady Beekman—

Here it is, my de-ah! You'll never find another like it! Been in the family for generations!

Lorelei—I always think the good thing about diamonds is they always look new! (She holds tiara on her head and looks in mirror.)

Dorothy—Well—there's one place on the well known body you never thought of wearing diamonds before!

Lorelei—Yes, I think it looks quite cute! . . . What I really ought to do is to have it made larger with some more diamonds.

Lady Beekman—

In that case, I've just what you need! A charming old bit to enlarge it, set with brilliants, and given me by my greataunt, Lady Fanny Humpstead.

Lorelei—Well—really you needn't bother—because after all, I'll have to see if I can buy the tiara first.

Lady Beekman—Quite right! (Takes out cigarette case.) Won't you have one? Nice cigarette case, that—what?

Dorothy—I bet you wouldn't part with that for anything, Lady Beekman?

Lady Beekman—It would break my heart, really, because it is an old family heirloom, but I could do with a few more pennies.

Dorothy—I'd snap at it but the trouble with heirlooms is, they always look second-hand.

Lorelei—Dorothy!

Dorothy (After Lady Beekman has gone)—I'd go slow on that tiara. I think you have to be a duchess to wear one of those—and you may not meet a duke for weeks.

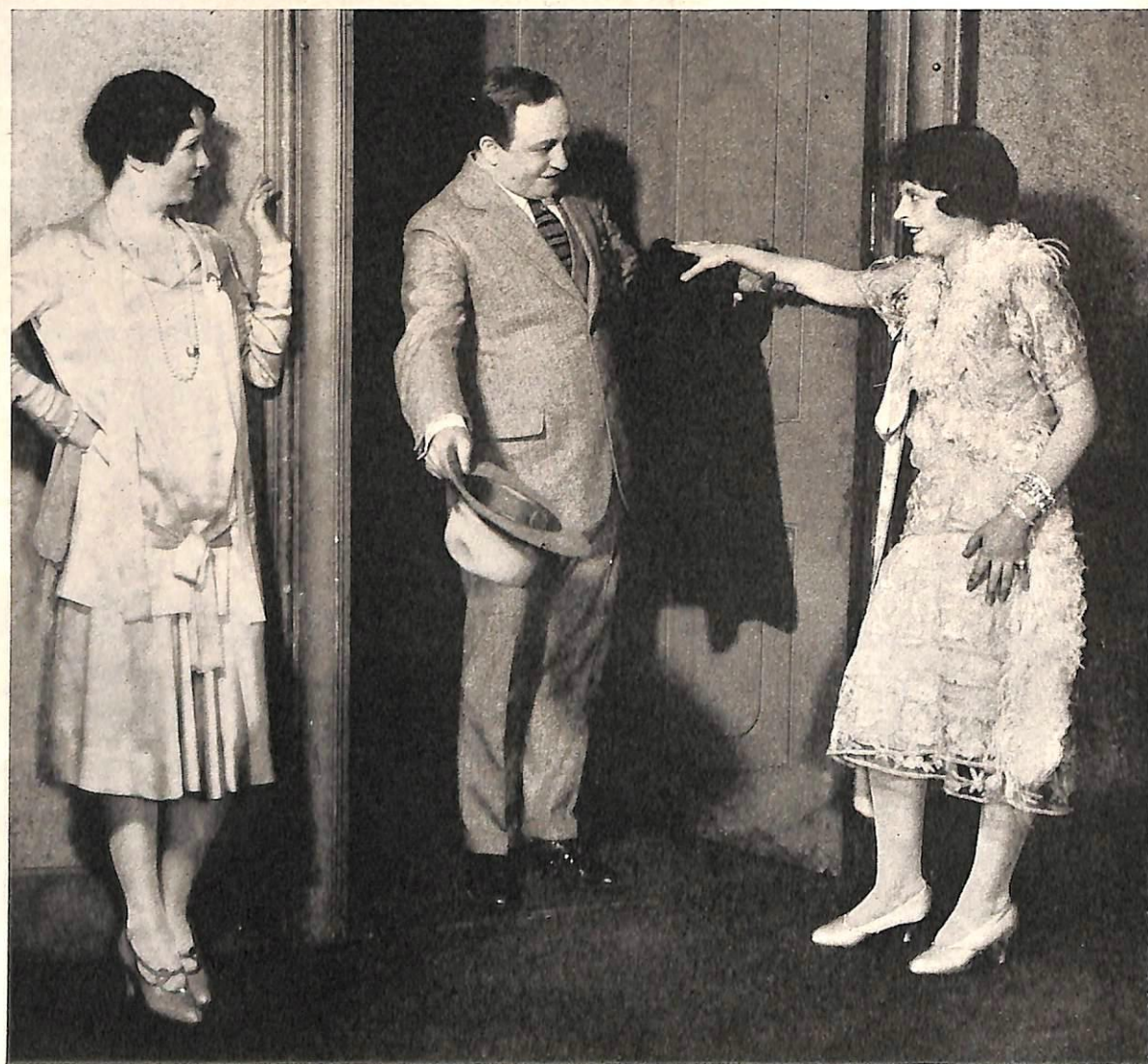
Lorelei—I do wish you'd try to be a little more refined because I'm going to send for Sir Francis Beekman to pay his call.

Dorothy—Don't tell me that you're going to try to pry the money off him to pay for his wife's tiara?

Lorelei—Sir Francis Beekman said he'd be delighted to pay me a call.

Dorothy—That's all he will ever pay!

Harry (the steward enters)—You rang, Miss?



(Gus Eisman (Arthur Ross) the "Button King"—Lorelei's (June Walker) benefactor, receiving no response to his cables, breaks in on Lorelei's little plans with a surprise visit. "Vell, Baby, here I am," he tells her.



(Sir Francis Beekman (G. P. Huntley) "the tightwad" is put through a lesson in liberality, after which Lorelei tells him—"Well, then, Beekie, I really will have to give you a kiss."

Lorelei—Yes, Harry. I want you to tell Sir Francis Beekman that I'm waiting for him to pay his call . . . As soon as he comes you can bring me some champagne and then I want you to go to the florist and bring me a box of one dozen orchids.

Dorothy—Of all Englishmen, old Sir Francis Beekman! Why they say in London that every time he squanders a ha' penny the Royal Guard fires a salute . . . Why, I know English girls who have spent the best years of their lives dragging down a gold bangle out of a British millionaire that you wouldn't pass on to your maid . . .

Lorelei—Well, I think it would be nice for an American girl like me to educate a gentleman like Sir Francis Beekman.

Dorothy—My God, talking sense to you is just like hollering at an airplane.

Lorelei—If a girl could get Sir Francis Beekman started spending money, he might get very good habits.

Dorothy—Yes—and if you could get the Woolworth Building started walking up Broadway, it might reach Forty-second street. Ah, here he is—the little ball of fire!

The poor old ball of fire is put through a lesson in liberality. The orchids arrive. Lorelei insists that the Englishman has sent them to her. Completely won over by her charms, Beekman modestly acknowledges that he did. By that time Lorelei has progressed to calling him "Beekie."

Lorelei—Well, then, Beekie? I really will have to give you a kiss!

An Uproarious Comedy Concerning the Deep Wisdom of Certain Foolish People

Dorothy—I can't stand it!
Sir Francis—Oh, now I say, you are a little ripper!

Lorelei leads him on. Orchids are O. K. but a girl likes presents that last from so handsome a man as Sir Francis Beekman. For instance—his photograph in uniform, in a gold frame!

Sir Francis (After a struggle)—Well—gold! Well, it has been done—Well, then, gold it shall be.

Lorelei—Well, I can hardly wait until we get to London. I really think that the Captain ought to have Mr. Cartier open a jewelry shop on the boat.

Dorothy—Say, Lorelei, which one of the James brothers was your father?

After Sir Francis departs, silly old Mrs. Spoffard with her ear trumpet comes mincing in.

Mrs. Spoffard—Good evening, my dear. Oh, I'm so happy. I got away from Ella—I got away from Ella!

Lorelei—Well, that's good! Well, this is a girl friend of mine, Miss Shaw.

Mrs. Spoffard—How do you do, my dear?

Dorothy—Great! How's your tin ear?

Mrs. Spoffard—Hmm?

Lorelei—Dorothy!

Dorothy—Well, Mrs. Spoffard, if you'll excuse me—I'll just go and laugh this out.

Lorelei—Well, Dorothy really means well—but of course, she and I do not have much that is common, because I'm an old-fashioned girl.

Mrs. Spoffard, with her wobbly "intelligence quota" is now worked, for through her the desirable Henry Spoffard may be reached. In the midst of an hilarious visit there comes a loud bang on the door. They hide the old lady in the adjoining bedroom. Enter Spoffard.

Spoffard (a good-looking, righteous young man)—Miss Lee, the stewardess tells me that she saw my mother recently in this corridor.

Dorothy—She didn't say she came in here, did she?

Spoffard—No. I see she's not here . . . and while I'm here, Miss Lee, I may as well tell you that both Miss Chapman and myself have witnessed with alarm—a—ah—certain lack of dignity in my mother's actions these last few days. Carrying our investigations further I learned that two rounds of champagne cocktails had been served . . . to two ladies, whose descriptions tallied very closely with that of my mother and yourself.

Lorelei—Why, Mr. Spoffard—I—I—(She begins to weep)

Oh, dear . . . I can't help it when I think—that you think—that I—(sobs.)

Spoffard—Can't you make—uh—an effort—uh—and stop that?

Lorelei—I have no handkerchief!

Spoffard—Well—here—come here.

And then Miss Chapman, Henry's mother's keeper, breaks in upon the unbelievable scene of Mr. Spoffard

wiping a gold digger's streaming face with his handkerchief.
Miss Chapman—I thought I'd find your mother here, but I was hardly prepared to find you.

And find the old lady they do, and a great "bawling out" poor little *Lorelei* gets from the terrible *Miss Chapman*. *Henry*, almost won, is wrenched from her delicate clutches once more. Later, *Sir Francis* returns to feed his vanity.

Lorelei—Why—why—Beekie—you've put on your uniform!
Sir Francis—Rawther a bit of all right—what?
Lorelei—You look so wonderful that a girl ought not to be with you unless she at least had on a diamond tiara!

Sir Francis—A tiara? Have you a tiara?
Lorelei—No, but I think I'm going to have one because, really, Beekie, when a gentleman looks as good as you do in your wonderful uniform it really makes a girl feel like nothing at all—I mean unless she had on at least a diamond tiara.

She gets the tiara as we find out when we see the girls in *Lorelei's* suite at the Ritz in Paris. The Spoffards are staying at the same Hotel.

Lorelei—I really think that Paris is divine . . . And I think that when a girl walks around and reads all the signs with the famous historical names—like Coty and Cartier, it really makes her know she is being educated.

But Paris isn't all education. Trouble is brewing. *Sir Francis* has followed from London, puts up at the Ritz, and proceeds to become a nuisance.

Lorelei—But—but—Beekie—I'm just going out!
Sir Francis—What's all this hide-and-seek game you're playing on your Beekie?

Lorelei—Well, *Sir Francis*, when your wife heard that you gave me money to buy a tiara, I was told that she didn't seem to understand our friendship, so I really think we'd better stop it.

Sir Francis—Oh, now don't be a silly old thing! She doesn't know I'm in Paris—she left me in Scotland . . . So now that we're both here in Paris—and this—and that—and the other—what do you say to . . . taking a turn on the Boulevards?

It is plain he means to be bothersome. Also there turns up one *Gloria* (DOROTHY RAYMONDE) late of the Follies, and a friend of the girls, who explains that she has been ill as a result of ptomaine poisoning gathered during a dinner at Ponier's. Seemingly an unimportant fact—but wait!

Lorelei—Isn't that a new bracelet?
Gloria—It's a copy, dolling. I keep the real one in the safe at the Crillon . . . All the famous girls in Paris have imitations made of their real jewelry out of paste . . . so they can go around and have a good time without worrying.

Lorelei—Well, I don't think any girl who is a lady ought to have such a good time that she'd forget to hang on to her jewelry.

Then she brings out the famous tiara.

Gloria—Why, *Lorelei*—it's too divine!
Lorelei—And I wore it at a charity bazar one night.
Dorothy—And what do you think happened there?—She sold a red balloon to *Harry Lauder* for five pounds!
Gloria—No!

The telephone announces Lady Beekman.

Lorelei—Oh, tell her we can't see anyone!
Gloria—Why, *Lorelei*—what do you suppose—
Lorelei—Oh dear! Just when I wanted a quiet hour to spend on Mr. Spoffard. Oh, girls, will you look around the lobby as you go through and if Lady Beekman is still there, ring up and tell us.

Connie (*Gloria's* chum)—What does she look like?
Lorelei—Well, I think she seems to resemble Bill Hart!
Dorothy—She looks more like Bill Hart's horse.

As the Follies girls exit they collide with the irate *Lady Beekman*.

Lady Beekman—Well, I've come for the diamond tiara you swindled out of me and my husband . . . I tell you that I am not going to leave this apartment until I have it in my possession.

Dorothy—Lady Beekman, the money for that tiara was paid to you in cash before witnesses.

Lady Beekman—But I'm quite sure that there were no witnesses present when my husband was supposed to have given Miss Lee that sum of money.

Dorothy—As a matter of fact, I was present myself.

Lady Beekman—Oh, you were there! Well, who is going to believe you, pray?

Dorothy—Say, Lady, if this is going to be an insulting match, I want to warn you that I took first prize in my class at the Follies!

(Compliments fly thick and fast.)

Lady Beekman—Young woman! You will either hand over that tiara to me this instant or I will bring action in the courts of law.

She threatens a suit of "undue influence."

Lorelei—If you wear that hat into court we'll see if the Judge thinks it took undue influence to make *Sir Francis* look at any girl.

Lady Beekman—H'm! Is that so?

Dorothy—It certainly is! You've got to be the Queen of England to get away with a hat like that!

Sir Francis returns, carrying a tiny bouquet for *Lorelei*.

Sir Francis—Here I am again! Well—and what is Beekie going to get for that?

Dorothy—Plenty!

Lady Beekman, realizing that she has an idiot for a husband, is anxious to finish matters and be gone.

Lady Beekman—If you have a spark of manhood left in you, demand my tiara from this person and we'll be off.

Sir Francis—Tiara? . . . Your tiara, Isabel? Good Lord! Was it your tiara she—she— . . . Well—I say, life is a hurdy-gurdy now, isn't it?

It is indeed! *Lady B.* can get no assistance from her "worm" of a *Francis*, nor any tiara from the girls. She takes her husband away and says she will send her solicitor to deal with the gold-diggers. Before they can get their nerves in order after this interview, the prim and proper *Henry Spoffard* comes in. Alone with the young Philadelphian, *Lorelei* approaches his greatest hobby—reform.

Lorelei—I suppose you wonder what a girl like I am is doing with a girl like *Dorothy*—but I'm interested in reforming everybody, too, so I brought *Dorothy* over to Europe because I thought that if I could put her mind more on traveling, she would get more refined . . . I would like to have your advice about whether you think I am only wasting my time . . .

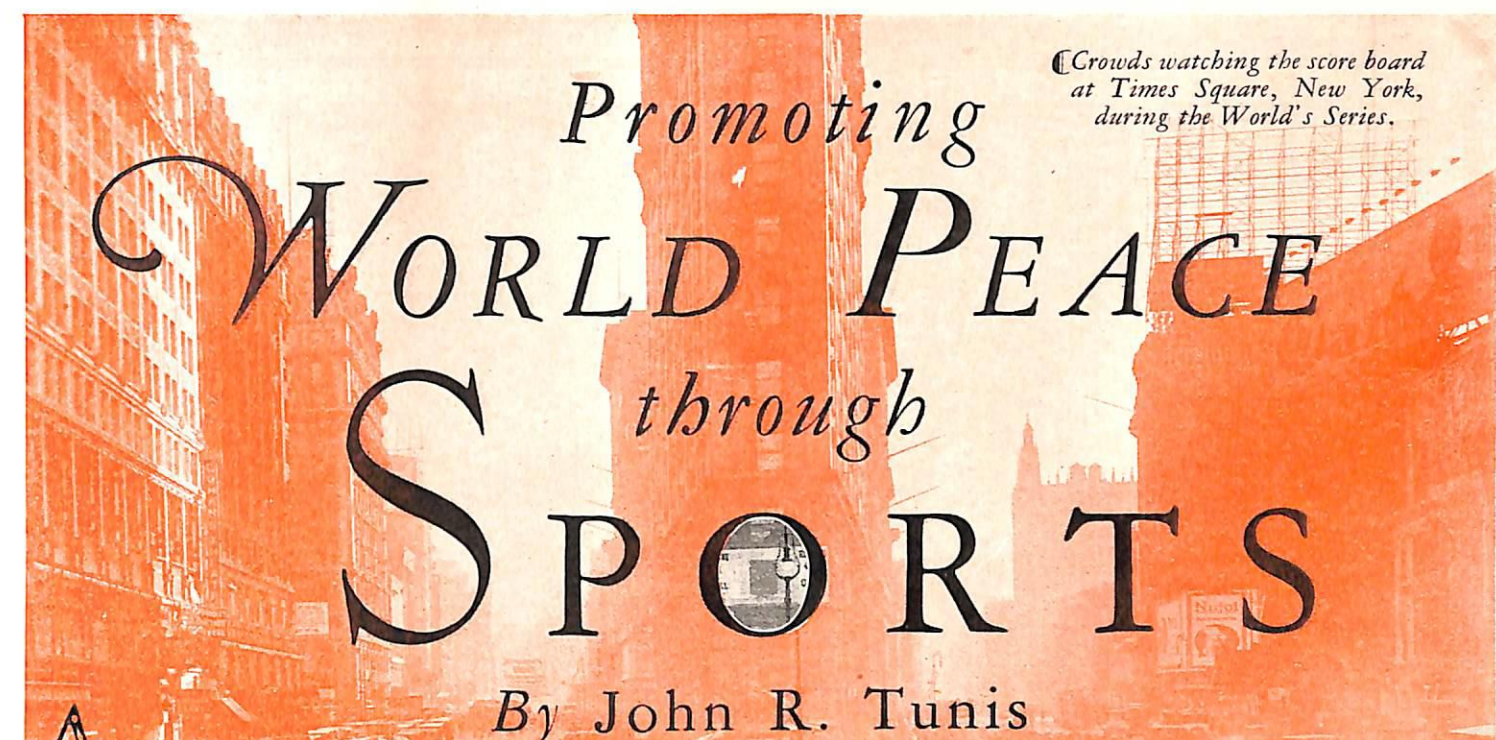
Henry will be glad to help the reformation along. Also there is the subject of some outrageous postcards which *Lorelei* thinks should not be sold in Paris. *Henry* is beginning his investigation of these when *Lady B's* lawyer, a French *avocat*, *M. Robert Broussard*, arrives in wild excitement.

Dorothy—Mr. Spoffard, this is all about a . . . tiara that *Lorelei* bought from a woman in London and paid for, and now this English woman has changed her mind and wants it back.

"Robber"—Yess—yess, my cliente—*Lady Francis Beekman*, she must 'ave zat tiara. I 'ave telephone my son. He weel be here, 'e will explain.

Henry must wait in the adjoining bedroom. He must not let these tangled affairs worry him. *Henry* goes. *Louis*, the son, arrives. He is charmed with *Dorothy*. He calls his father's attention to the delicate beauty of the girl. Father puts on his glasses—and is lost! Why not all go to the *Follies Bergere* some evening, and talk of the tiara afterwards. By this time *Lorelei's* well known blond head is again in working condition.

Lorelei—I don't like to have [Continued on page 56]



(Crowds watching the score board at Times Square, New York, during the World's Series.)

Promoting WORLD PEACE through SPORTS

By John R. Tunis

AS YOU read these words two great baseball teams, pennant winners respectively in the American and National leagues of the year 1926, are ready and waiting for the summons to the field in a contest which ranks next to the Olympic Games as the greatest sporting event on earth, the World's Series.

For days trains laden with eager fans have been pouring into the two cities whose teams were so skilled in the great national game as to win the right to represent their playing organization in the struggle for diamond supremacy.

Tickets have been printed and distributed; holders of pasteboards admitting to seats in desirable locations in the cavernous stands, or in the field boxes are envied above all men, and without difficulty could they dispose of their holdings at the rate of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars for a single seat for a single game.

Telegraph companies, radio corporations, newspapers are prepared for the magic words, "play ball."

You may be within ten miles of the plate; again you may be out in Michigan or Montana bending over your super-hetrodyne set; or watching the score boards in front of the big newspaper offices of any city of the land; or, for that matter, in London, or Paris, or Tokyo—wherever you may be preparations have been made for you.

In City Hall Park in New York City alone, some ten or twelve thousand enthusiasts will gather to watch the play by play record of the game as shown upon the electrically operated reproductions of the field upon which the contest is actually going forward.

Millions in towns and villages throughout the nation and in foreign lands will be assembled in front of the automatic score boards, radio shops, cigar stands, corner cafes or newspaper offices to follow the contest.

As many spectators as can be jammed into the ball parks where the Series will be decided—the total number will run from two to three hundred thousand persons, depending upon the adequacy of the amphitheatres—will mark the fortunes of the play.

The things that are done will be recorded in their entirety, and the single full page of the newspapers of any great city will not be sufficient to encompass the pyrotechnics of the feature writers, the coldly dispassionate patter of the experts and the photographic reproductions of high points of the struggle.

Fans who have not had the wherewithal of reserved seat tickets will take their places before the general admission gate more than twelve hours before the hour set for the games.

Many more details and a host of interesting statistics could be set forth herein as proof that the World's Series is evocative of a sort of mental lesion that covers all phases of psychological

(In the Expansion of Common Sports Throughout the World Lies the Secret of National Good Will

phenomena from wild hysteria to downright insanity. But, for the moment, enough has been said to establish the point of overweening popular interest in this contest among highly skilled mercenaries whose absorbing motive is not pride in the city they represent, nor eager loyalty to the league to which their club belongs, nor passion for the game in which they excel—not at all. The thing which animates, which governs their moods and motivates their faculties is resting in the coffers of banks where the receipts which they have called into being, lie. To be more explicit, the matter of whether it shall be a major or minor cut in the World's proceeds is the issue that bulks with these stalwart, sun-bronzed young athletes.

All of which, by the way, enhances the mystery in which the stupendous public interest in professional baseball is involved. It cannot be card-indexed, connotated; it cannot be analyzed save in terms of finance—and figures never tell all that might be told. One can but accept the organized game as it is accepted by the fan; one can but repair to the ball park and cheer for the home team, applaud popular players, acclaim thrilling plays and abuse the umpires just as the rest do.

And they all do it; everybody does it. This World's Series establishes a common mood; that is one thing that may be said of it. The nation thinks as one while the Series is on. A great philosophic fact having to do with national solidarity, class understanding and all sorts of heavy subjects, is involved here.

One might say that when the great divine, the great lawyer, the railroad magnate, the banker, the President of these United States do not go out to the ball park and think and act in common with the artisan, the laboring man, the moll buzzer and the yegg—when this fails to occur year in and year out, then the country is in danger. But it never will occur.

And the great thing is that the spirit of baseball has become world wide. Only the other day the copy of a Japanese daily was shown to the writer. It contained half tones of Ruth and Sisler on the front page with two columns of laundry marks which upon translation proved to be a prediction concerning the clubs that would participate in the World's Series now at hand.

Think of that and then consider whether or not those who are preaching that in the expansion of common sports throughout the world lies the secret of world peace and international good will and understanding that statesmen and diplomatists and humanitarians have never succeeded in establishing, are right or wrong.

In the press box this fall will be found the baseball experts of the Tokyo Jiji Shimpō and the Osaka Mainichi, two leading Japanese newspapers which have sent [Continued on page 81]



There is a certain Beauty Palace in Paris where famous Continental beauties have always repaired to have their loveliness restored or improved after strenuous social activities. Even royal ladies from the courts of Europe have gone there for everything from the simplest rest cure to the forty-eight hour treatment in a dark room.

Pink & White MAGIC

By
Katherine
Sproehnle

Drawings by
OTIS

The MILLIONS spent in the Eternal Quest for Beauty

TAKE it first in a comfortable fat statistic: more than \$369,000,000 was spent on beauty in this country last year. This means personal beauty for personal satisfaction, not art for art's sake.

The beauty industry, twenty-five years ago an under-nourished stepchild of the stern parent, National Commerce, has grown to a position of such strident importance in the financial field that it is even elbowing that white-haired boy of industry, the automobile business, for a seat near him at the table of statistics.

The amount spent in recent years by the women of this country—and by the men in a lesser degree, on beauty, to use a broad term, is astounding. When I say more than \$369,000,000, I mean *much* more, perhaps half again as much more. These figures represent the earning from manufactured products. The sum, which divides itself into \$250,000,000 spent on cosmetics, perfumes and toilet articles, \$4,000,000 on hair goods and \$115,000,000 on soap, does not even include the vast sums spent on administered beauty, such as treatments, massages, marcel and manicures.

These last have not been calculated as a whole but when you consider that there are over a hundred thousand hairdressers' shops and beauty parlors in this country (one institution, which manufactures as well, has nine thousand shops affiliated with it), and that each takes in anything from a conservative fifteen hundred to a radiant two hundred thousand, it is easy to see how the pampered motor car business may begin to look to its laurels.

Of course the gross figures in the automobile trade are still far larger. Last year the wholesale value of the passenger cars sold ran into tidy billions—\$2,523,642,538. But think of the initial difference in the cost of a motor and a jar of cold cream, even if the cold cream will take you farther.

In 1925 there were 48,555 motor vehicle dealers. But besides the above beauty shops there were listed for last year 7,500 toilet goods departments in department stores, 20,000 department and dry goods stores selling some beauty items, as well as 50,000 drug stores which carried the 'makings' of improvement, if not loveliness.

Twelve thousand, one hundred and seventy people were engaged in the manufacture of perfumes, cosmetics and toilet articles last year. This with a



The woman of today, in her struggle for immortal loveliness, insists on something more than fair promises from the Beauty specialist—and she's getting it.

conservative estimate of 300,000 employed as operators and salespersons, is hot on the heels of the 361,442 people reported to be engaged in the manufacture of automobiles in 1925.

The gigantic industry of beauty has not attained this enviable position without much insight into human nature as well as business acumen. It has realized the great value of charm and repose in its attacks on Time, that beast against whom its weapons are so valiantly raised. It realized that it must be subtle in making good its fair promises, ingenious in getting results.

ONCE upon a time, and not so long ago the beauty business had a good deal of necromancy mixed up in its commercial methods. "Two applications of our wonderful cream and you won't know yourself," blared the advertisements. And old women, tired women, lined women, young women couldn't keep a shiver of delightful belief from running down the spine. Magic from a china drug store jar! Well, why not? Once people believed in wishing rings, and eternal youth is always a scientific possibility.

The nice part about magic is that it demands no cooperation. The sad part is that it scarcely ever works. So people found out; so the beauty specialists found out and during the last few years they and the manufacturers of cosmetics, dispensers of loveliness in gross lots, have emphasized the great value of commonsense in this everlasting wistful struggle.

No longer are claims inordinate. At least half the responsibility for improvement rests with the client and commonsense is a requirement in every honest beauty establishment, from palaces to ten foot cubby holes in humbler business blocks.

It was the news of a palace, a veritable Taj Mahal of beauty shops which is to be opened in Paris in the fall, that really started me on my investigation of this beauty business. This place, which is the realization of a pet dream of a well-known beauty scientist, and incidentally a beautiful woman herself, will be a most interesting innovation in the beauty field.

Madame says that the most accurate name for it would be a beauty hospital, although it will be a beauty sanitarium and rest-cure and treatment establishment as well. It will be a big institution with





a hundred and fifty rooms eventually, and will be devoted to nothing but beauty—under no consideration will sick people be accepted. Here women (no provision for men yet) can have every sort of treatment from complicated surgical face lifting to the simplest sort

of rest and massage.

On the medical side there will be a real beauty clinic, with the best specialists in Europe as consultants and practitioners. For the drawn and weary there will be trained nurses and experienced givers of treatments. The physical surroundings—furniture, hangings and so on, sound so attractive that I'm sure patients will feel as if they were visiting at a great mansion.

The food will be simple—the fruits, vegetables and light meats which make complexions bloom. Madame plans to educate her visitors both as to home diet and simple beauty care; so that those who cannot afford all the gilded luxuries of constant supervision can take care of themselves and keep up the good work at home.

This beauty hospital will accommodate all classes of women, from the royalty of blood and purse who arrive for a month of exterior decoration to the jaded tourist who comes in for a few days of relaxation and what have you. The nerve-worn buyer, exhausted after five days of strain, will be able to put in a calm week-end and emerge a new woman.

No one is expected to stay more than four to six weeks at a time. The most elaborate rejuvenation treatment will take about six weeks, but since even rejuvenation is not permanent, patients may come back for another any time they wish. The week-end stay for women who aren't able to drop everything for their immortal loveliness, will be an important feature. Madame hopes that the taste that may be gotten in two days will start them on the right path.

"The more worn my patients look when they arrive, the better I like it," says this energetic woman. "Even two days will show them what an improvement can be made. Of course a lot will depend on how conscientious the patient is herself and how faithful she will be to the treatment."

THAT vital detail, the cost, will depend absolutely on what you have done. If you are in modest circumstances you can have a simple sensible treatment of a general nature. If you are rich, Helen of Troy is the limit.

One can picture a lady walking up to buy herself fifteen hundred dollars worth of beauty—"go as far as you like and let me know when I'm down to my last \$5."

Paris seems to be the logical place for an establishment like this, because until recently European women have taken their beauty much more seriously than Americans. There is a certain forty-eight hour treatment which is a favorite with continental beauties.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, a famous beauty, used to come to Paris regularly for this performance and showed patient heroism for the cause. At one stage the patient has her face covered with egg. She can not laugh or cry or move, and is fed through a tube. At another stage a steamy essence of herbs is used; the herbal fluids were poured on red hot bricks, the Empress Elizabeth went down on her knees, bent



about Senora X's annual hegira, but only her husband was let into the real secret.

It's nice to feel that royalty is so concerned about putting its best face before the public. The Queen of Rumania always sends to a certain woman in Paris for a highly special face cream, and cosmetics in dispatch boxes were smuggled through the lines to the late Czarina of Russia at a time when even messages couldn't get through. The mother of a Marquis cabled to a New York beauty establishment the other day, "Am leaving Paris, will be in New York Thursday. Expect me Friday at your office."

It is not only the innately beautiful that put in so much effort. Even the poor ladies you pass every day on the street without turning around may be in the very act of improving themselves. The wife of a famous viceroy came into the London branch of an international system of beauty shops some time ago for a shampoo—"Just a shampoo," she informed the operator. "I've never used paint or powder or cream on my face."

Naturally the operator didn't say, "And you look it," but got her attention and interest in subtler ways. The lady liked the operator and agreed to let her have a try for a month. At the end of the month she came in gratefully, saying that her husband not only said she looked younger than she had twenty-two years ago, but that he had stopped telling people what a good noble woman she was.

This beauty hospital I have spoken of is only the natural outgrowth of shops, salons and houses which have arisen in response to the increasing demand for scientific beauty culture. In their smaller way they are just as exquisitely organized and appointed, and certainly a far cry from the little stores of twenty-five years ago. While you had a manicure you were apt to be soaked with water from a neighbor's primitive shampoo. An even farther cry from the days when women had to resort to nature's simplest helps—such as baths of milk, lavings of cream or even a roll in the morning dew. French court beauties considered that rubbing the reddest of strawberries on their faces produced a blooming complexion. An even cannier

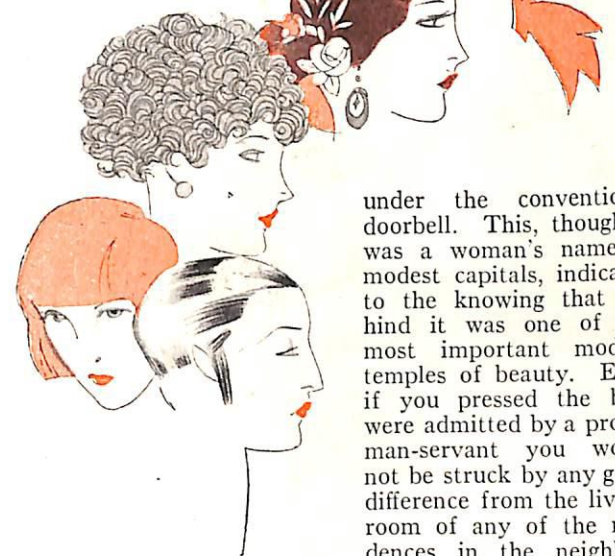
her proud head and the royal pores were most efficaciously steamed. Since the effect of the treatment is intensified by darkness, the Empress used to spend her days sitting and dozing alone in a dark room—all for beauty.

Another lovely lady, this time a Spanish beauty, came for a hot mask treatment every day for a month. Each autumn she would be missing from the court circles in Madrid for a whole month. With a trusted companion she disappeared as completely as an incognito and Paris will allow you to. There were all sorts of speculations

English duchess used to dip red cloth in wine and rub her cheeks and lips with it.

New York and the other big cities in this country are dotted with these shrines. A visit to one is most amusing. You wouldn't have seen that the house was any different from its neighbors if you had turned off bright shouting Fifth avenue to the comparatively rural side street on which it stood. It had the same sleek narrow entrance up a few shallow steps as its fellows. Its windows, restrained in size and calmly spaced, were curtained with the same concealing net and chintz.

If you are not too near-sighted, and if you took the trouble to stop you could discover a small brass plate



under the conventional doorbell. This, though it was a woman's name in modest capitals, indicated to the knowing that behind it was one of the most important modern temples of beauty. Even if you pressed the bell, were admitted by a proper man-servant you would not be struck by any great difference from the living-room of any of the residences in the neighborhood in its gracious high-ceilinged drawing-room, furnished with the relaxing charm and highly restrained luxury which is characteristic of the decorative theories of this decade.

A thick soft-toned rug, couches covered in flowered hand-blocked linen, chairs gay with glazed chintz, an early American table, so early and so authentic that its waxed scars might have come from the angry blows of Miles Standish when he discovered that Priscilla was not to be his; heavy headed Darwin tulips and the magazines of the instant all combine to make the harried visitor sink down with a sigh of relief. Which is their exact purpose.

In an unobtrusive corner, behind a graceful desk sits a young woman who is your only reminder that you have come on business—and if beauty isn't a business for women, what is? Probably it isn't quite fair to have on display a rose petal creature who draws an inevitable question from the wistful patrons "tell me what you use?" as she directs them to treatment rooms, but it is a grand advertisement. In the treatment rooms interior decoration yields in favor of almost hospital equipment and efficiency. No wing chairs and cunning cigarette tables here; white enamel, white linen and rows of mysterious jars and bottles which must seem to you, unless you are a hopeless old cynic to contain as much magic as the geni-laden jar which the fisherman in the fairy tale pulled from the sea.

THE invisible "they" say that ninety percent of the women of these United States do something beyond soap and water to help nature on its tortuous course. And if you walk along Fifth avenue, along Main street or down an R.F.D. route you

must feel that "they" made their estimate in a shy and conservative mood.

Perhaps it is the thought that you can never be too beautiful that has made the acreage of the beauty field so boundless. One more treatment, one more cream, a new shade of rouge, a special treatment for baldness are indulgences that few of the financially solvent can resist. And not all of the price goes for outward show. Feeling handsome is a great spiritual boost and it is a nice problem in higher mathematics to discover just what proportion of the price of a skin food or a treatment should be put down to confidence instead of cold cream.

Women will tell you that there is no emergency which cannot be met more satisfactorily with a dash of powder on the nose. And "Lipstick before you go in swimming," scoffs a superior husband. "Don't you know there won't be a bit of it left before you get out?" Certainly not, but there's the walk across the beach, and who can tell what is lurking behind the next wave?

The scope of the beauty business in this country and Europe is, at first hearing, astounding. I was naively surprised to find that children are no infrequent visitors, and that those haughty scoffers, men, are so insistent in their batterings on the door of beauty establishments for hair treatments, massages and manicures that one place is threatening to build an annex for its male clientele.

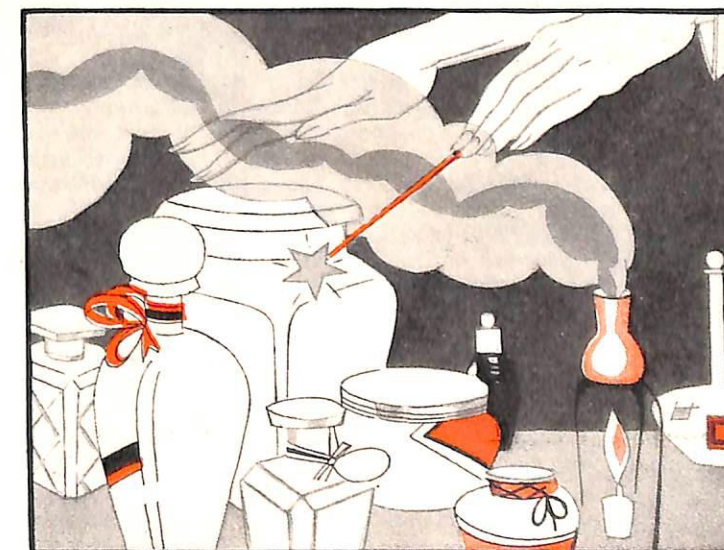
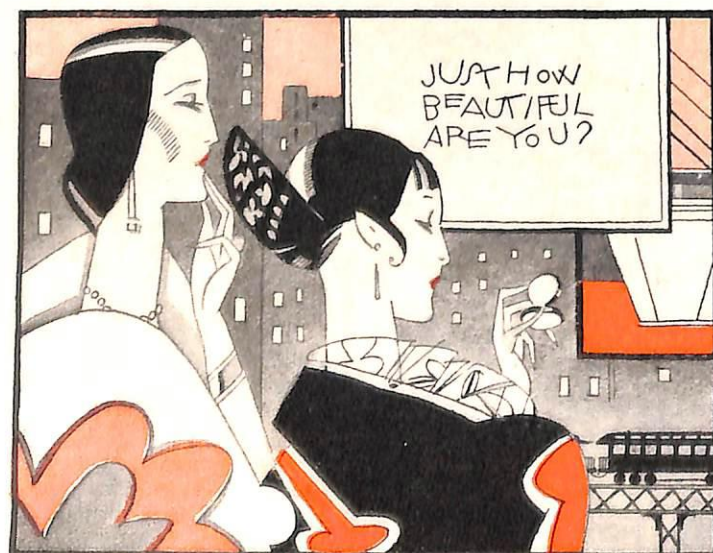
A prominent beauty specialist told me that men, while equally eager, are more surreptitious in their quest than women. "They sneak in as if they were meeting a wife under compulsion, or picking up a parcel, but nevertheless they are yielding to the credo that no one can decently be old, or even middle-aged any more. Baldness, once a sign of dignity and prestige, has degenerated to an admission of defeat and a comic strip joke. A furrowed brow while it may indicate thought is such a blow to vanity that many a prominent business man will go into an important 'conference' in a secluded nook of a treatment room two or three times a week."

WHILE men are making themselves financially felt in the beauty business it is of course women who bring in the real profits. Interested as men may be they can seldom get the time or acquire the persistence to take themselves as seriously as women do.

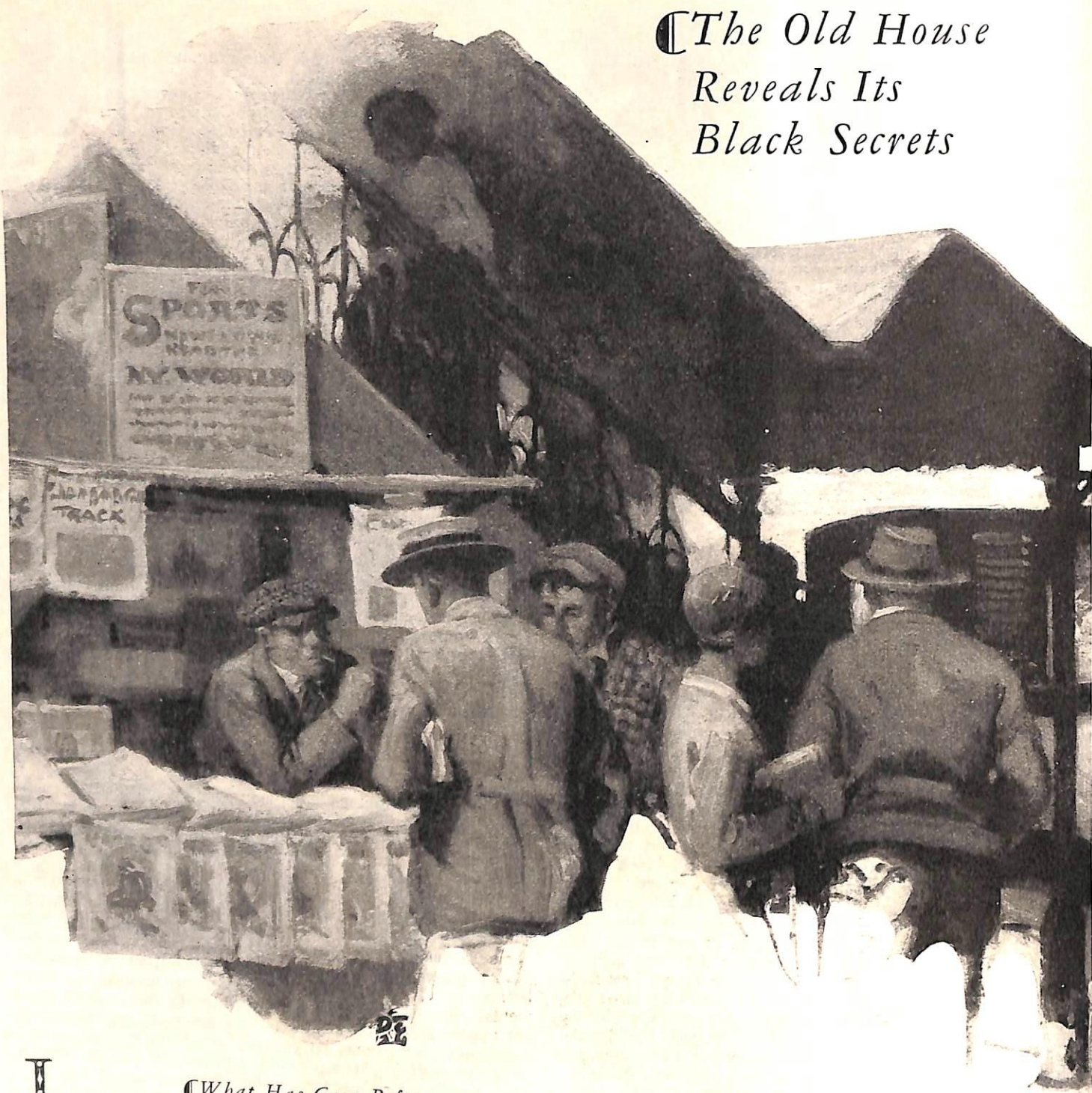
Outrageous but fascinating are the sums that women can spend on this elusive and often pathetic dream. To be specific, the beauty business falls into two big sections. First the home method, which means buying the various creams, unguents, pastes and lotions to put on yourself in your solitary bathroom. The second is the treatment method. "Treatments" are given by trained operators at the huge salons which are almost institutional and at the smaller and simpler street shops—let your income be your guide. Here you go in, submerge yourself in a comfortable chair and assume no responsibility while your slave for an hour does her fragrant best.

The question of cosmetics—powders, rouges, lipsticks and such comes under both heads since they are used by both active and passive beauty aspirants.

[Continued on page 63]



*The Old House
Reveals Its
Black Secrets*



What Has Gone Before

JOHN PALMER, impoverished young author, found himself back in New York renting a room in the shabby old house that had once been the beautiful, much-loved home of his youth before his father's mysterious death there and his own subsequent wanderings abroad.

The day he took the room he had an unpleasant encounter on the street with a gangster, well-known in the neighborhood as Yid November, who was frustrated in his annoyances of a girl by the quick wit of Palmer. The girl, he discovered later, was the typist who had the room above his in the old house. She was having difficulties eking out a bare existence by her typing; and when Palmer heard the shrewish landlady hectoring her about overdue rent he decided to have her do his typing.

Apparently unconscious of Palmer's identity Mr. Machen, a queer old lodger, gave him the idea for a plot in the history of the old house right through to the "suicide" of its former owner. But when the young author, for the story's sake, suggested murder instead of suicide, Machen was strangely agitated. And from that time on there was something very puzzling and very disquieting in the prying interest which Machen and the landlady, Mrs. Fay, took in his novel, "Queer Street, the Story of a Haunted House."

Palmer threw himself into the writing of the novel, but thoughts of the girl upstairs (Miss May Wilding) kept dis-

tracting him, and when he found that she was suddenly going out every night on mysterious pilgrimages and returning in the small hours he decided to follow her and discovered her as one of the so-called "hostesses" in a Dance Palace. They confessed love for each other on the way home. When they reached the old house they found that Mr. Machen, the queer old lodger, had made a mysterious and unsuccessful effort to leave the house in haste. He had called in a truculent cabman to carry out bags that clinked with the sound of gold. And upon the cabman voicing suspicion of their contents, Machen in terror had pushed him from the room and locked himself in.

While the cabman was loudly explaining to Palmer just what had happened, Machen's door opened suddenly and he thrust out a hand in which was a ten-dollar gold piece. "Here's your money," he shouted. "Take it and go!"

HE WAS a prudent and a happy nighthawk who took wing betimes to cheat the wrath in store for him; for whether or not that hard-bitten Amazon had managed to find the helot of the law whose moral support she had sallied forth to seek, and then been obliged to dismiss him with damages still uncollected for the affront which the cabby had offered to her authority,

QUEER STREET

By Louis Joseph VANCE

Illustrated by Donald Teague

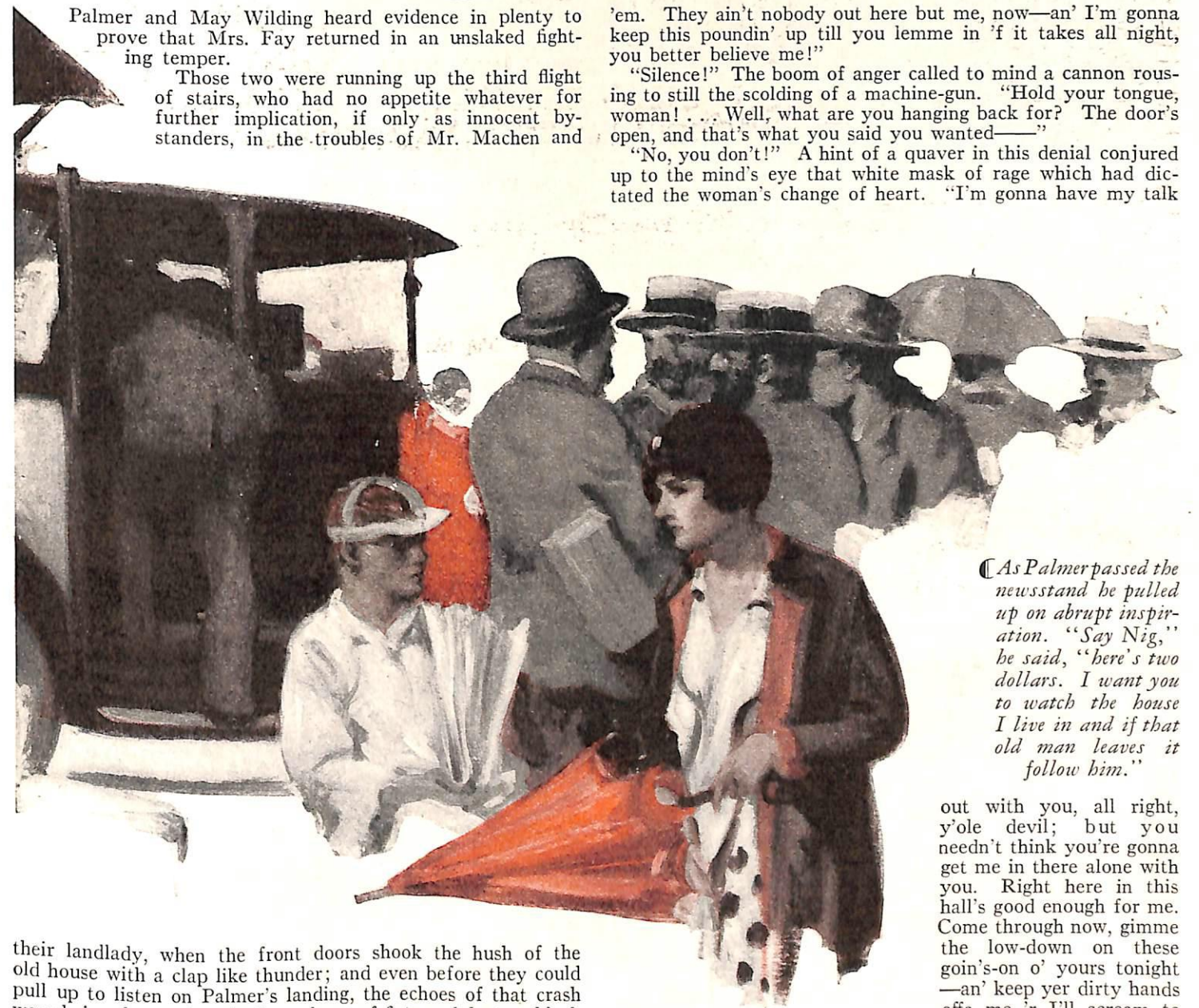
Palmer and May Wilding heard evidence in plenty to prove that Mrs. Fay returned in an unslaked fighting temper.

Those two were running up the third flight of stairs, who had no appetite whatever for further implication, if only as innocent bystanders, in the troubles of Mr. Machen and

'em. They ain't nobody out here but me, now—an' I'm gonna keep this poundin' up till you lemme in 'f it takes all night, you better believe me!"

"Silence!" The boom of anger called to mind a cannon rousing to still the scolding of a machine-gun. "Hold your tongue, woman! . . . Well, what are you hanging back for? The door's open, and that's what you said you wanted—"

"No, you don't!" A hint of a quaver in this denial conjured up to the mind's eye that white mask of rage which had dictated the woman's change of heart. "I'm gonna have my talk



As Palmer passed the newsstand he pulled up on abrupt inspiration. "Say Nig," he said, "here's two dollars. I want you to watch the house I live in and if that old man leaves it follow him."

out with you, all right, y'ole devil; but you needn't think you're gonna get me in there alone with you. Right here in this hall's good enough for me. Come through now, gimme the low-down on these goin's-on o' yours tonight—an' keep yer dirty hands offa me 'r I'll scream to bring the roof down."

Another fleeting vision pictured the scene which was being acted out below, with the woman warily backing away to elude talons that itched to take her by the throat . . .

Then May's hand stole into Palmer's as they waited by the banisters.

"O Jack! do you think we ought to listen?"
"Yes." He nodded an intent nod, staring down at the pattern of black and white tiles which was the bottom of the staircase well. "Maybe it concerns us—I'm sure it does. I suspected from the first—remember?—Machen had something to do with that shrew's new tune for you. Besides—just hear them!—I may have to run down and take a hand any minute. After all, she's a woman, and there's murder in that man's heart, or I don't know."

their landlady, when the front doors shook the hush of the old house with a clap like thunder; and even before they could pull up to listen on Palmer's landing, the echoes of that crash were being drowned under by a drum of fists and feet on black walnut panels in the lower hallway, with the yelpings of a mad vixen thrown in for good measure.

"Lemme in! Open this door, y'ole fool you, an' lemme in—I wanna talk to you an' I'm gonna. You lemme in thish insbstant 'r I'll wake th' whole damn' housh up, you hear me!"

Only the dead—amused eyes sought May's to say through the sickly twilight of the third-floor landing—could have failed to hear that din; and Old Mortality down there, they had reason to know, was still quick—slow though he might appear to be about coming to the same conclusion. For he suffered the woman to rant on at the top of her range for some minutes more before interrupting.

"Open this door, I tell you! Y' aint got nothin' now to be scared about; Palmer an' that simperin' stuck up baby doll you're both daft about 've gone on up to their rooms, both of

"Be quiet!" they could hear Machen snarl in what was beyond doubt a strong effort to hold his own voice down. "For the last time, I warn you, my patience is near its end. Say what you want to say to me, but stop that screaming, or—by God!—I'll—"

"You won't lay nary finger on to me," Mrs. Fay truculently retorted. "You're gonna tell me right here an' now what it's all about. What you so afraid of, all of a sudden? What you tryin' to run away from t'night?—sendin' me out on a errant an' packin' yer bags to fly th' coop minute my back's turned? What's the big idea, hey? what threw the big scare into you? Go on, now—I'm listening—you tell me."

"Woman—"

"An' you stop callin' me 'woman': I won't stand for it another minute, an' that's flat. Goin' on twenty years now I've stood for bein' put upon by you an' called outa my name, an' all the time with marriage lines to prove I'm"—Mrs. Fay went into a wild squall of terror and fury—"your lawful wedded—"

ALL too plainly she had grown careless, had presumed too far on the immunity which she had till then contrived to enjoy in despite of Machen's threats. The word 'wife' went unuttered, the sound of a blow was its substitute, the noise hard knuckles make when they find a target on bare flesh.

A grunt followed, and the thud of a fall. And Palmer hastily disengaged from May's involuntary cluttings and took to the stairs. He had descended but half a dozen steps, however, when the drawing-room door banged to, its bolts thudded home; and Mrs. Fay gave tongue again.

"You coward! devil! murderer! I told you las' time you'd never strike me again an' get away with it—and, so help me Gawd! you won't this time. I'm finished, I am—I'm through and done with you for good an' all. You better clear out an' hide, you had!—yer life ain't safe under the same roof with me another day. I'll have yer black heart out for that, I will—I'll cut it out with my own hands 'f it's my last act! . . ."

There was more in the same tenor, a great deal more: for some of the other lodgers who had been waked up by the racket were tumbling downstairs to be in at the finish; and with this assurance of an appreciative audience Mrs. Fay rose to the occasion, and fairly ransacked the idiom of old-time burlesque staggers before she passed into authentic hysterics.

They were not pretty to hear, the names which a fostering memory prompted her to call the star-lodger for the edification of his fellows; and since she was already in better hands than his, more sympathetic and capable, Palmer turned back to May and did his best to make her forget to listen.

This wasn't too difficult a feat, seeing that they had so much to say to each other of a nature peculiarly personal, and that nobody else on the third floor or the fourth had, seemingly, been sufficiently disturbed by the fracas to come out and investigate. At May's door, indeed, they not only stood alone but for once had no fault to find with Mrs. Fay for her stinginess in respect of hall lights. And here the girl rested in Palmer's arms until Mrs. Fay had been led away to her den in the basement, her last howl had dwindled to nothing, every other inmate of the old house had returned to his bed, and its ancient quiet was as though it had never been impaired.

"Oh dear!" May sighed at last in an unwilling stir—"it must be awf'ly late, I suppose we really ought to call it a day—oughtn't we, dear? But it's hard to say good-night when you've gone hungry for happiness so long . . ."

"I know. Still, we've got a lot to do, between us, to make it all come true. And tomorrow is also a day."

"But I've got to put in most of it looking for another place to live."

"You have—and don't you forget it. Somehow, by hook or crook, it's got to be managed. I won't have you spend another night in this madhouse."

"I don't feel as if I could, really," the girl confessed with a shudder that was only half affected. "That dreadful woman! I feel as if I couldn't bring myself to speak to her again, ever. Or Mr. Machen, either. Jack: do you suppose it's really true—?"

"That she's his wife? I shouldn't wonder; I'm acquiring a frame of mind in which nothing that happens beneath this roof seems too fantastic."

"It explains a lot of things . . ."

"And makes another lot seem just as much the more inex-

plicable. If it comes to that, I must say I hardly see what, precisely, it does make clear. I keep asking myself: Why? Say it's true they're man and wife: Why have they lived like this so many years?—in the same house but in separate rooms and under different names, as landlady and lodger! If they can't muddle along any better than that, why do they stick it at all?"

"Because they're afraid of each other, perhaps . . ."

"Now you're collaborating again!"

"I can't help that, dear; it isn't my fault if your novel will persist in running true to life. Whatever could induce two people like Mrs. Fay and Mr. Machen to go on the way they do—supposing, as you say, it's true they're married—unless each is afraid to let the other out of his sight?"

"Or some common danger threatens both . . ."

"Or that."

"In which event: What the devil can their guilty secret be?"

"Don't ask me, darling, ask that wonderful imagination of yours. If it won't tell us, I guess we'll simply have to wait till one of them does." A laugh ended in another uneasy sigh: "It's all so strange and romantic, Jack, sometimes it really scares me."

"I know: makes one feel as though the threads of real life were being woven too firmly into the fabric of fiction."

"That's what I meant, only I didn't have an author's vocabulary to help me say it. But honestly, dear, it does give me the strangest sensation, every so often, when I'm trying to puzzle things out—as if I weren't real, myself, as if I weren't living my own life so much as having it written for me."

"As if," Palmer chuckled, "you and I were made of wood pulp instead of human clay and had printer's ink in our veins instead of good red blood."

"Something like that . . . It's weird!"

"What you're really trying to tell me, I suppose," the young man mused in mock disconsolation, "is that you're losing your taste for your favorite American author."

"Not exactly," she mischievously demurred to match his humor—"only that I'm just a mite afraid of him, in a way, when I remember, if it wasn't for him, I'd never have known what being alive means."

"Here now! that's no fair, making me self-conscious . . . unless, of course, you're daring me to prove we're flesh and blood facts, you and I, and not merely actors in a fable."

"Maybe I am," she adorably challenged. "Why don't you?"

BACK in his own room Palmer mechanically lighted the gas and his pipe and dropped down on the foot of the bed to dismiss, if he could, for a while, memory of the heaven he had found on lips whose whole humanity might not be disputed, and compose his mind to serious thinking.

Yet once again an arrow which the girl had loosed into the air had lodged close to the quivering quick of the truth; so at least he felt who, wanting proof, had faith in the accuracy of her intuitions.

Imagination, Palmer humbly conceived, was a very blunderbuss of a faculty, made a vast noise when it went off, fired a spectacular scattering charge, and couldn't well help, consequently, scoring a hit now and then. Whereas feminine intuition was a duelling pistol, a weapon of the deadliest precision: even in such untaught hands as May's, that took no conscious aim and pressed the trigger without knowing what they did, it was to be counted on, nine times out of ten, to shoot true to the dark heart of human behavior.

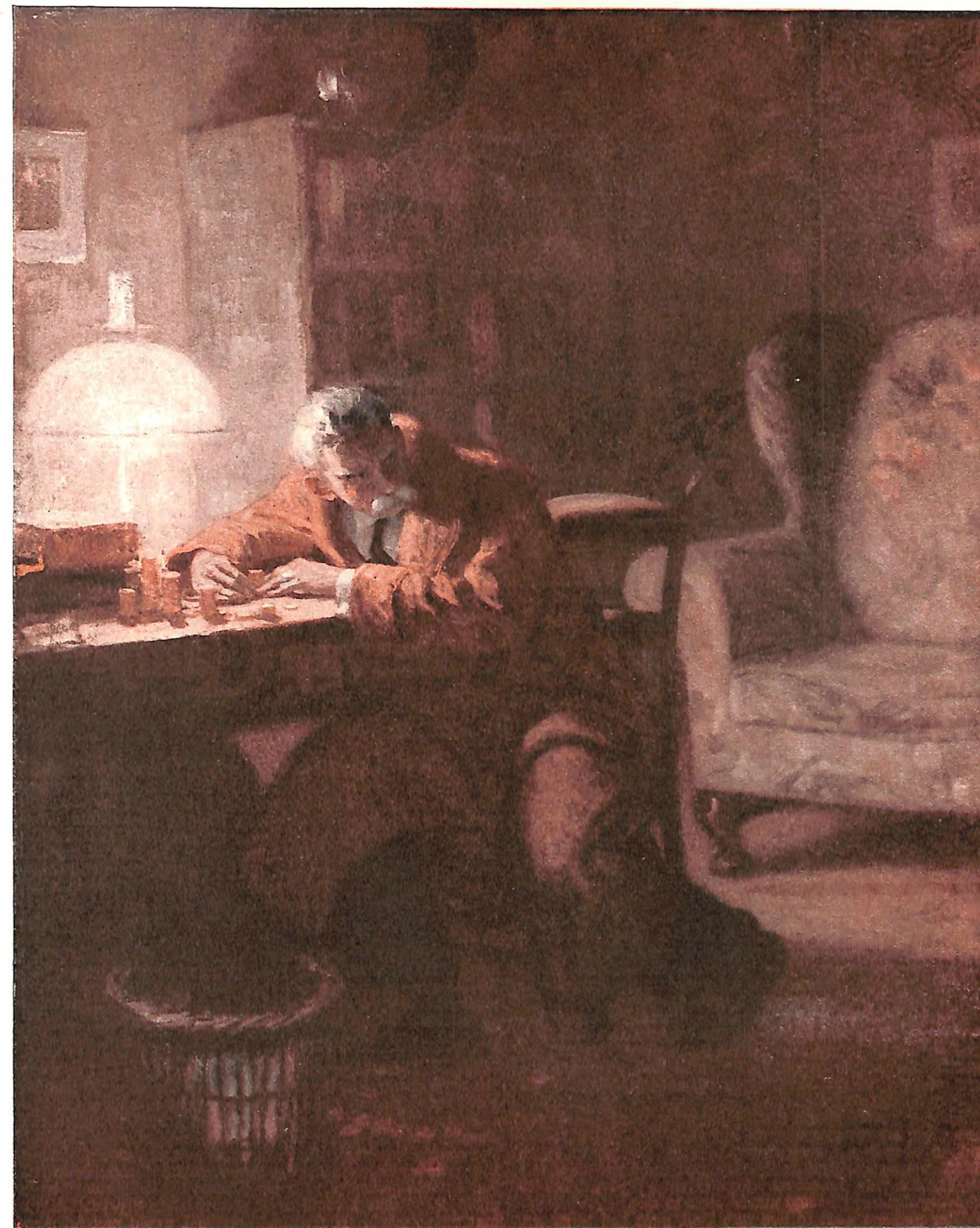
Witness the girl's idle guess in explanation of the motives which had bound Machen and his forsworn wife to live in daily contact after the manifest failure of their married life: 'because they were afraid of each other, perhaps!'

Perhaps? But all too surely!

Had not Palmer himself made one fumbling, half-hearted stab at the truth in seeking to find some excuse for the personal hostility he had been sensitive to, underneath the sleek veneer of Machen's urbanity with him?

Fear, he had argued, was the one true source of every hatred in this life—and fatuously had proceeded to deny his knowledge of the hearts of men because it had seemed so idiotic to imagine that the old man could be in any way afraid of him, who only a few brief weeks since had come to Queer Street in the guise of a complete stranger.

But now that May had put that name to the secret which linked those two ill-assorted lives, Palmer no longer doubted:



Ever since his recovery from exhaustion after putting his treasure back in the safe, Machen was like a maimed animal in a pit—a pit of his own digging. He had trapped himself in beyond hope of extrication.

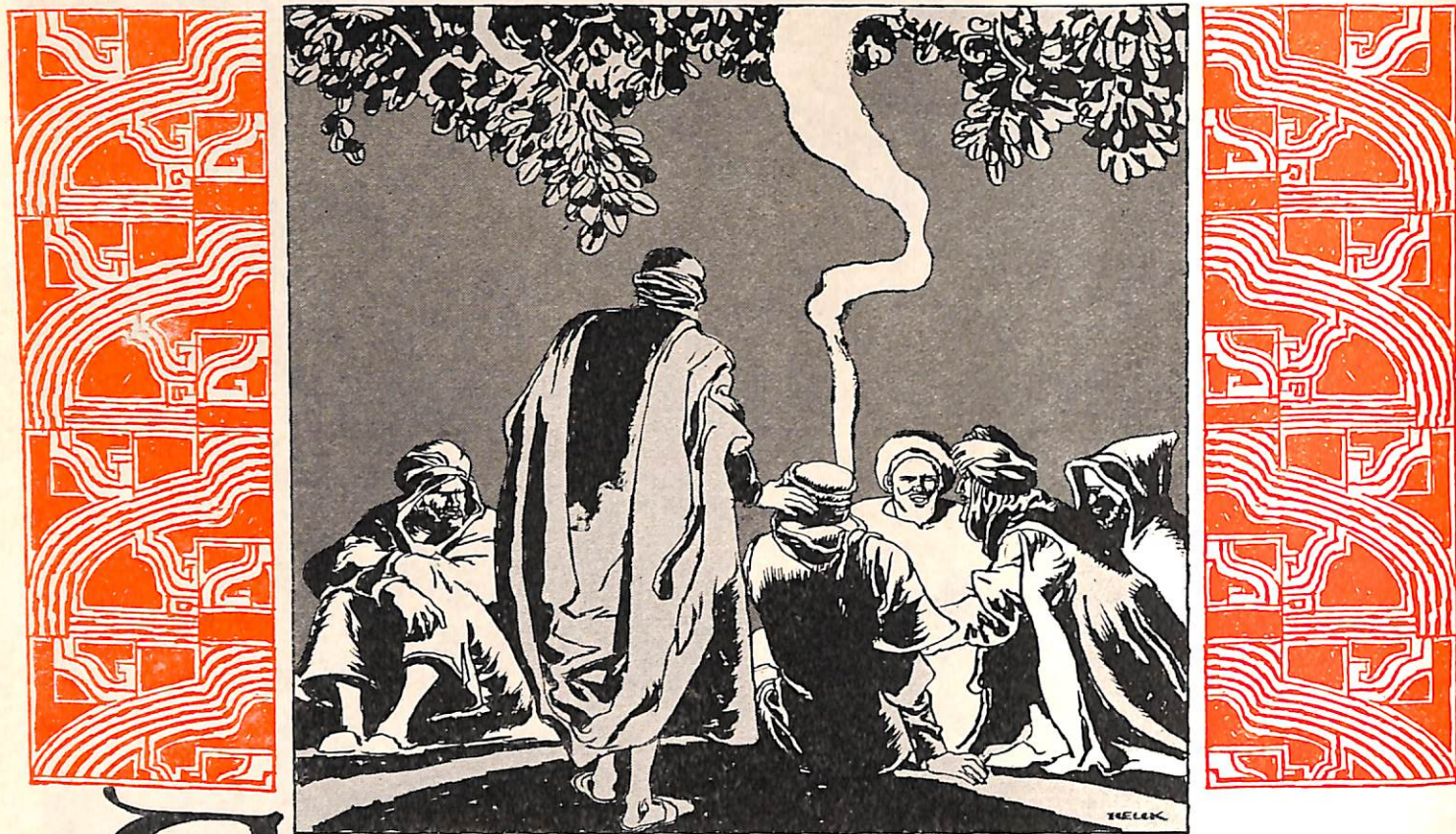
it was fear, he knew, that like a subtle gas poisoned the very air of the old house for its oldest tenants and rendered every breath they breathed of it a new incentive to acts of nervous madness.

Fear and fear only was the cause of the brutality with which Machen used the woman as well as of the hate for him which she never scrupled to display when overwrought nerves re-

belled and alcohol failed to serve them as a temporary sedative.

Fear she had not hesitated a little while ago to call the cause of Machen's curious conduct, that abortive attempt of his—aborted by the very fear, no doubt which had inspired it—to fly the house and her, and his inexplicable refusal, later, to pay the taxi driver and get rid of him.

So it was fear, Palmer now was [Continued on page 69]



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

(The Shrine's own Departments, Conducted by and Dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

OH ME! It jess seems to me that everybody I love and that loves me are going to die and go to hell and jess burn forever'n ever! Are you a visiting nurse or one of the kind that stays? I hope you are my nurse and going to stay with me every day till my foot gets well and I go home from the hospital. That's nice. I have had so many nurses, I am glad you are going to stay. I like you. You have pretty hair.

"I s'pose I ought to introduce myself. I can curtsy too when I can stand up. I jess put my crippled foot back and stand on the other one. My name is Harmony Lee and my mamma has gone to heaven to live with God and I am five years old going on six. I hope you will not die and go to hell and burn forever'n ever.

"Who told me? It was the visiting nurse who came to our house after my mamma went to live with God. I had infant paralysis when I was small and when I got well my foot was twisted over so I walked on the side of it and I could not roll hoop and run with the others. Papa drives a big truck full of coal everywhere so he could not take me to ride.

"After mamma went to live with God, papa had to go out on the truck early every morning and stay till after dark and the visiting nurse used to come to see me. The little boys that lived close to us used to yell 'Hippity Hop! Hippity Hop! Flippity Flop! Flippity Flop!' at me because I could not walk good and one day they yelled it in the door of our house when the visiting nurse was there and it made me cry and the visiting nurse went to chase them away from the door and they called her, stoop over close, so I can whisper to you what they called her; they called her a damn fool! She said that people who said that naughty word I just whispered to you would die and go to hell and burn forever'n ever.

"I wish they wouldn't for everybody I love says it and I do not want them to burn. The visiting nurse got my papa to send me to the hospital so they could straighten my foot and people could not say Hippity Hop, Flippity Flop at me 'cause I couldn't walk. They took me to the hospital and tied a big weight on my foot and let it hang over the foot of my bed and it hurt somethin' 'nawful. It hurt all the time and sometimes I had to cry! There were some other children in a big room they called a ward and when they cried I could not help but cry too and they wouldn't let me take the weight off even to rest.

"I tried to be a good soldier like the little gray nurse in the ward said so I could walk like other girls but sometimes I just had to cry. I could see the elevator where a lot of people came up and some of them had dollies but none of them came in our ward but all went down the hall.

NOBODY ever came to see me because papa had to drive the truck so early in the morning and so late at night that he could not come and I did not know anyone else to come. So when the weight hurt somethin' 'nawful I used to watch the elevator and I would pretend like everybody who got off of it was coming to see me. When they had flowers I would pretend they were my flowers and after they went out of sight down the hall I would pretend the flowers were on the little stool beside my bed and that I could smell them. Then my foot didn't hurt me so much. If they had oranges I would pretend they were for me, too, and that the bag was on the bed. I would open it and throw oranges to all the other little children in the other beds and we would lie and suck oranges.

"One day a big fat man came up the elevator with a bootiful dolly and I pretended he was bringing it to me. All that day I cuddled it in my arms and played mamma and my foot didn't hurt so much and the 'nawful weight on it seemed lighter.

"The next day the fat man came again and when he gott off of the elevator he saw me watching him and he winked at me. I winked back at him and he went down the hall and I got awfully lonesome. I cried and [Continued on page 60]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

THE BIG THING IN EVERY TEMPLE OF THE SHRINE IS NOT PLANS BUT MEN

THE BIG thing in every Temple of the Shrine is not plans but men. The best thought out plan which was ever received by any organization is worse than useless unless there is the man at hand to carry it to successful conclusion.

All too often, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine elect men as officers and send men as representatives, because of their personal magnetism instead of any real ability they have to carry on the work of the office to which they aspire.

The Shrine is a symbol of good-fellowship but even in good fellowship there is a necessity for constructive work and real ability. We should never let our eyes be blinded to a man's lack of ability by the geniality of his make-up.

The Shrine is a Masonic playground but even a playground must be financed. It must be managed, lest the player change liberty to license. In every playground is a play manager who hides an iron hand under a velvet glove. It is this type of man who must of necessity handle our playground.

Plans without men to carry them out, aspirations built on vague hopes instead of real ability, have been the undoing of so many organizations that it is well before a Noble cast a vote that he think whether he is casting it with sense or sentiment.

THE REAL NOBLE IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND DEVOTED BLUE LODGE MASON

ONE THOUSAND and one definitions of a good Noble have been made and spoken, and all of them are right. It is hardly possible to say anything good about a man and not find it true of any good Noble. But there is one definition of a real honest to goodness Noble which should head the list; the real Noble of the Mystic Shrine is an enthusiastic and devoted Blue Lodge Mason.

There are a lot of Nobles who are not. But it cannot be contended that they are the best of their kind!

The Mystic Shrine has often lovingly been called the Playground of Masonry. Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are playmates; they look at life with a smile; they shower their beneficence upon crippled children; they like to ease the hard path of their neighbors and friends with a smile. But all this can be better done, is better done, by the Noble who has a reverent love for the Ancient Craft from which we spring; and the Noble who is not whole-heartedly a Master Mason, and working at it, is by so much less a good Noble.

How long, oh Noble, since you attended a Blue Lodge? How long since you took an active part in its affairs? How long since you served on some of its committees, and labored for its good?

You don't have to answer to anyone but yourself. The Shrine, as an organization, can go no further than demand that you remain in good standing in your lodge. If you do that your Temple is content. But are you content? Are you standing on the letter of the law and overlooking its spirit? The heart of the Shrine is

rooted deep in the principles of Freemasonry; its charity, its brotherly love, its relief, its truth. The font from which these are to be had is the Blue Lodge. The Blue Lodge is the foundation; the Shrine a superstructure. No superstructure can stand on a poor foundation; and no Blue Lodge can be the Best Blue Lodge the members of which do not attend it, work for it, believe in it, love it.

There are a thousand and one definitions of a good Noble but the shortest and the best begins "He is a good Master Mason."

EVERY GOOD NOBLE SHOULD BE WILLING TO SERVE ON THE JURY ON WHICH HE IS DRAWN

NEXT TO prohibition the prevalence of crime since the War has absorbed the thought of the people and the sociologist. A difficulty seems to be that we study it as an abstract problem, in which we have no personal part. Few of us realize that we are contributing causes to the slackness of law enforcement of which we prate so much.

Each of us fixes the blame in a different place; none of us are willing to shoulder our part. We blame insufficient police, who let criminals escape, we blame the technicalities of the courts and the laws' delays; we blame prohibition laws; we "pass the buck" with one accord.

Nobles are men above the average; men of influence in the communities in which they live. We have influence in high places. Too many of us use this influence to escape the duties of citizenship. Jury dodging is so general that few Nobles can raise a hand and say "Not Guilty!"

No good citizen wants to see criminals escape. No good citizen wants to see juries swayed by shyster lawyers taking high toll from criminals. No good citizen is willing to see crime go unpunished but few are willing to shoulder their part of the responsibility and serve on the jury.

If citizens of standing dodge jury duty, of necessity those who serve on juries are men of lower standards of intelligence. Instead of being twelve good men and true, too many juries are composed of ten morons and a couple of men out of a job for the moment.

Jury duty is disagreeable. Trials are dragged out unnecessarily. But if every one of the six hundred thousand Shriners on this continent served on every jury on which he is drawn, these weaknesses in court proceedings would be cured in a year. The intelligent juror, having been in personal contact with the escape of criminals through technicalities, having seen with his own eyes the ruinous policy of delay so prevalent in our courts, would raise a hue and cry of protest that would bring judges and lawyers to a sense of their duty to the commonwealth and the evils would be remedied.

The crime wave is not an abstract problem. It is a personal problem. Are you, Noble, willing to take from this country all the good things which have come your way and yet pass up your duty? You can render a real service to the community in which you live by serving on a jury and seeing to it yourself that the guilty gangster pays the penalty of his crime.

The only sure way to be happy is to make some other person so.

The real difference among men is that some are prepared to give more than they get and others want more than they give.



HISTORY of the SHRINE

By
William B.
MELISH

Senior Past
Imperial Potentate

THROUGH ITS WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES THE ORDER IS TRANSFORMED FROM A PLAYGROUND TO A WORKING UNIT

AS EARLY as 1911, forward-looking members of the Shrine were aware that a complete change in the character of the Order was inevitable. At the Annual Session of the Imperial Council in Rochester, this sentiment was forcefully expressed by Imperial Potentate Fred A. Hines. In his Address he called the attention of the Representatives to the remarkable growth of the Order, then boasting a membership of nearly 160,000.

"Some may say that I have taken this matter too seriously," he observed. "But we all know that we have been adversely criticized by individual members of Masonic bodies. If I, personally, had the power of answering that criticism I would say, 'Make the Shrine such an institution that those who criticize us most cannot but be proud of us.' We are a child of Masonry; Let us make ourselves a child to be proud of."

"The time has arrived when we must think seriously of our future. We have become a wonderful power. No power can be neutral. It must be either for good or evil. . . . The men who originated the Shrine had little idea that the few who were called together were to be the nucleus of such an organization as the Mystic Shrine is proving today; if they had, they would have commenced with more stringent laws and probably would not have made the success of it that they did."

"The condition now confronts us of possessing wonderful power, a power that can be grasped with ease now, but which if allowed to go on in its pursuit of pleasure will only dash itself against the rocks of purposeless existence and go to pieces."

Twelve months later, Imperial Potentate John F. Treat, in his Annual Address, added another warning to that voiced by his predecessor. "There is one danger that can threaten our Shrine. That is to allow it to become too common. The Shrine should not be used as an inducement to hurry through the prerequisite Masonic degrees. Anything easily obtained is never prized when possessed."

On the eve of the breaking out of the World War, the Im-

perial Council was concerning itself with the work of practical relief for refugees from Mexico, who had been driven out of the southern Republic by the revolutions.

Then, in November of 1914, the Senior Past Imperial Potentate William B. Melish, was responsible for the organization of the Masonic War Relief Association of the United States. To a general appeal for funds, the Temples responded with \$49,957.91. Of this charity in 1915 Imperial Potentate Frederick R. Smith in his Annual Address said, "To Past Imperial Potentate William B. Melish belongs the honor of originating an idea that is unique; in that, for the first time in the history of Masonry, so far as is known, all the different branches of the fraternity have united in a charity which promises to be the greatest ever undertaken."

At the same Session a tuberculosis sanitarium for children, which may have contained the basic idea later developed into the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children, to be established and maintained by the Order, was discussed at length. The Committee which had been appointed to consider this proposal reported adversely upon it, giving its reason that the endowment of such a home would be a duplication of work already undertaken by other Masonic bodies.

Minneapolis received the Annual Session in 1917. At the request of the Imperial Potentate, the local Temple refrained from elaborate entertainment and the Session was entirely a business meeting. Because of the War with Germany, the Imperial Council refunded to the local Temple \$25,000; in order that Zuhrah Temple might return to the donors every dollar which had been subscribed for the entertainment fund by those not directly connected with the Order. The Order also voted \$5,000 to the Masonic Memorial to George Washington.

During 1918, the records show that 26,135 Nobles of the Mystic Shrine served in the Armies of the United States. The Temples of the Order purchased nearly \$1,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, contributed about \$200,000 to the Red Cross, and about one half that sum to other war charities, exclusive of the money turned over to the Masonic War Relief.

The habit of giving was becoming fixed upon the Nobles.

In 1920, the Imperial Council passed, by unanimous vote, a resolution which had been introduced at the Indianapolis Session the year before. This resolution authorized the establishment of a hospital for crippled children, to be supported by the Nobility of the Mystic Shrine for North America, on an annual per capita basis and to be known as "The Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children."

The resolution was introduced by Noble Philip D. Gordon of Montreal, Canada. The action in passing it committed the Order to the maintenance of the largest and most comprehensive charity ever undertaken by a fraternal body.

In recommending the passage of the resolution, the Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick used these words:

"I recommend that an assessment of two dollars per capita be levied upon the entire membership, to be collected by the various subordinate Temples with the dues, payable in advance in December 1920 and the amounts to be paid to the Imperial Recorder not later than February 1, 1921."

"I further recommend that a committee of seven be appointed by the incoming Imperial Potentate to select a site and secure plans and specifications and arrange for immediate action in regard to all details in connection with such a hospital."

The new Imperial Potentate, Ellis Lewis Garretson, appointed the committee of seven: Sam P. Cochran, Chairman; W. Freeland Kendrick, Philip D. Gordon, Frederic W. Keator, Oscar M. Lanstrum, John D. McGilvray and John A. Morison. Such is a part of the story of the Mystic Shrine.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS 1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar
Imperial Potentate
C. M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Chief Rabban
LEO V. YOUNG WORTH, Al Malaikah
Imperial Assistant Rabban
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Marshall
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Outer Guard

A Few Notable Features of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children By Sam P. Cochran

SO MUCH has been written and said about the genesis and development of Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children that I have decided to pass by the history of the movement as it relates to the inception and submission of the idea and proposition by Illustrious Noble W. Freeland Kendrick, then Imperial Potentate, to whom all credit for originating the proposition is not only due but constantly and properly kept to the fore by the Trustees and the speakers on this subject; and to present to the Nobility some remarks regarding a few of the notable and outstanding features concerning the hospitals, their operation and management.

First of all, let me say that I think a large meed of credit is due to Illustrious Noble Ellis Lewis Garretson, successor to Noble Kendrick as Imperial Potentate, for the splendid judgment displayed by him in the selection of the committee appointed under the resolution adopted at Portland in 1920. That committee was appointed to explore and plan for operations in a new field of Shrine activity, and with due apologies for including himself in what may be said in commendation or approval of the committee, the writer ventures to say that in his opinion Illustrious Noble Garretson exercised rare good judgment in the selection of the membership of that committee. Doubtless realizing that the duty assigned to that committee would call for the exercise of sound business judgment and a careful and conservative weighing of all factors entering into a proposition which would involve the handling of a million dollars a year for a philanthropic enterprise, it may be truly said that Noble Garretson met the situation in a manner reflecting splendid credit upon his own sound judgment by appointing a committee of practical business men.

Let us examine for a moment the membership of that committee:

First, of course, Noble W. Freeland Kendrick, immediate Past Imperial Potentate, the proposer of the movement for the benefit of crippled children, who for many years had served as Receiver of Taxes for the great City of Philadelphia, and was accustomed to dealing with men every day in the practical and financial affairs of life, and whose ability has since been proven by his election to the important post of Mayor of his native city.

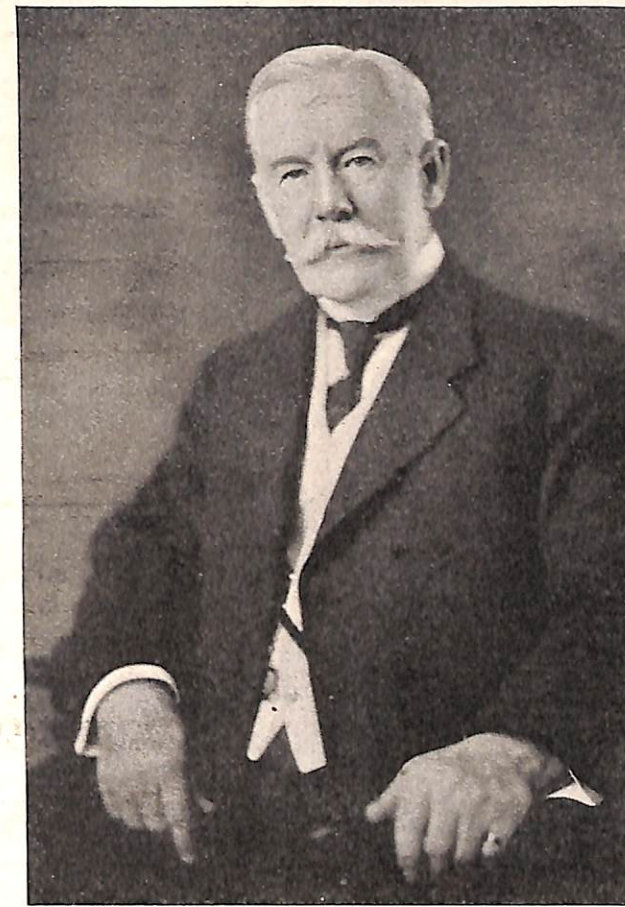
Next, Noble and Right Reverend Frederic W. Keator of Tacoma, Washington, who had been a practicing attorney for a number of years in the City of Chicago before he forsook the legal profession for church service, to become later on Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Tacoma.

Then, Dr. Oscar M. Lanstrum, of Helena, Montana, a practicing physician and surgeon, but also a man well versed in daily business affairs as the proprietor of a newspaper and a director and stockholder in a number of manufacturing and business institutions.

Philip D. Gordon of Montreal, Canada, a wholesale lumber dealer and chairman of the Jurisprudence Committee of the Imperial Council.

John A. Morison, Recorder of Kismet Temple of Brooklyn, N. Y., and actively interested in and connected with a large hospital in that city.

John D. McGilvray of San Francisco, California, President of



(Noble Sam P. Cochran, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. Mr. Cochran is also a Permanent Representative, Hella Temple.)

a large concern owning and operating granite and stone quarries and doing a large contracting business, which had erected a number of the notable structures of the city in the rebuilding of San Francisco after its great fire:

Sam P. Cochran of Dallas, Texas, Department Manager for a number of large fire insurance companies, president of a loan company, and also bank, railway and Chamber of Commerce Director.

This committee took up the work of considering and investigating all of the elements entering into the proposed operation of a charitable institution as contemplated by the resolution under which it was appointed, and I think it may be fairly said that the majority report of the committee gives evidence of the practical views of the committee members, and that its recommendations were based on sound business judgment.

On the death of Noble Gordon the then Imperial Potentate, Noble James W. McCandless, followed in the footsteps of Noble Garretson by appointing to the Board Noble Arthur W. Chapman of Winnipeg, Canada, one of the owners and managers of a wholesale grocery establishment and a business man of long experience. On the death of Noble Frederic W. Keator the same character of business selection was continued by Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman in the appointment of James R. Watt of Albany, N. Y., the managing head

of a steel construction company, ex-mayor of Albany, and an experienced business man; and previously when Noble Morison declined election to the Board of Trustees the Imperial Council elected Forrest Adair of Atlanta, Georgia, president of a large real estate and trust company, a man of wide practical business experience.

The Imperial Council has seemingly placed its stamp of approval upon the doctrine of the selection of business men, as inaugurated by Noble Garretson, to constitute the Board of Trustees by continuing the same men in office from year to year as their respective terms have expired; and by placing on the Board of Trustees the first four officers of the Imperial Council, viz: the Imperial Potentate, the Imperial Deputy Potentate, the Imperial Chief Rabban and the Imperial Assistant Rabban.

These men have recognized their selection on such basis by confining their work to managing the business elements of the duties assumed by them, and by creating an Advisory Board of Orthopedic Surgeons to deal with and advise upon the professional features and problems entering into the management and operation of the various hospitals, and who serve without compensation.

The next feature to which I would invite special attention is that of the wonderful scope of the service rendered to the crippled children who are taken into our hospitals. On entering, a child is put under supervision and observation, usually for a period of about ten days, in order to see that it develops no infectious or contagious disease, and for the further reason that such period puts the child in improved physical condition and brings it into contact with the nurses, thus giving the child a feeling of confidence so that when it is ready to be operated upon it has become a brave little man or woman and goes right into the operating room without fear or objection.

The Surgeon-in-Chief creates a staff [Continued on page 62]



Past Potentate
Charles A. Welsh
Gizeh, Victoria, B. C.

Past Potentate
James Bouldin Rector
Ben Hur, Austin, Tex.

Past Potentate
Clarence A. Hale
Kem, Grand Forks, N. D.

Past Potentate
Vic Hanny
El Zaribah, Phoenix



Past Potentate
Harry N. Denison
Aloha, Honolulu

Past Potentate
Charles J. Orbison
Murat, Indianapolis

Past Potentate
Walter Deering Cline
Maskat, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Noble Eric Van Alstyn Hauser
Al Kader Temple
Portland, Ore.

GIZEH TEMPLE is a long way from what Easterners fondly imagine to be the hub of the universe, or, at least, its axle. It's in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. But they still hold the Minto Cup out there. What is that? It's the cup that was put up by the Earl of Minto, Viceroy of Canada, in 1908, to symbolize the lacrosse championship of the world. And in 1908 a team from New Westminster went east, beat Montreal, took the cup, and has kept it ever since. And the manager of that team was Charles A. Welsh, permanent member of the Imperial Council of the Shrine, Past Potentate of Gizeh—which is something anyone who gets into conversation with Noble Welsh is likely to find out long before he learns that he has also served his city and his masonic bodies in practically every possible capacity.

Mr. Welsh doesn't play lacrosse any more. But don't take him on at golf for a ball a hole, unless you own a golf ball factory. He is president, as he has been for three years, of the Vancouver Golf and Country Club, and they choose their presidents, in that club, from the list of low handicap men.

PAST POTENTATE VICTOR HANNY, of El Zaribah, Phoenix, Arizona, is one of the older generation in the Shrine. He saw history in the making in Kansas at the time of the county seat fights, when gunmen added more than one notch to the row on their gun handles in the raids on county records. Noble Hanny is a determined man, as one who saw such doings might well be, and he is on the trail of the Hospital Committee, now, trying to land a mobile unit for his town, with every hope of doing so.

Mr. Hanny's favorite historical character is Garibaldi, and every Shrine meeting has seen his appearance as the red shirted Italian liberator. Those who missed him and his familiar impersonation at the recent session in Philadelphia will be relieved to know that it was not his own illness, but that of a member of his family, which kept him at home.

PAST POTENTATE CLARENCE A. HALE, of Kem Temple, Grand Forks, held office as Potentate for four terms from the institution of the Temple. That was only fair, as he was the man most active in securing organization and recognition of the Temple. His Masonic connections date back for forty-two years; he has been Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery, and Master of Kadosh for sixteen years. He is a Permanent Representative from Kem Temple, and an honorary Thirty-Third.

But his greatest fame in the Shrine is in his noted character of Chief Wongawoo, that noble red man, who frolics in full war paint and feathers upon all great occasions.

PAST POTENTATE JAMES BOULDIN RECTOR, of Ben Hur Temple, Austin, Texas, has a way of listening to advice and then going out, quietly, by himself, ascertaining the facts, and making up his own mind as to his course of action. And the reason for that dates back to the day he became a Shriner.

On that day, taking the advice of friends, he appeared in full evening clothes—swallowtail coat, white tie, white waistcoat.

Who's WHO

The next day he did two things. He ordered a new dress suit from his tailor and resolved to follow his own advice. He is an earnest and devoted Shriner, and he is a little annoyed when he finds people who know nothing of the serious purpose behind the fun of the Shrine.

PAST POTENTATE HARRY N. DENISON, of Aloha Temple, Honolulu, is one of the far flung outposts of the Shrine. He has been a Mason for more than twenty years, and he is today chairman of Mobile Unit Board of the Hawaiian Islands.

No unit of the hospitals does finer work than this mobile unit with headquarters in Honolulu, and Mr. Denison has had more than any one man to do with making this statement true. He devotes every moment of spare time he has to its work, and has found, he says, more positive return in health and enjoyment from what he has done than he could ever do from any sport or fad.

PAST POTENTATE CHARLES J. ORBISON, of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, is Director of Indianapolis Court of Jesters and says he means to hold office until he is removed. He was a judge of the Superior Court of Marion County, Indiana, was Indiana's first Prohibition Director under the Volstead Act—which, under him, as a matter of record, was strictly and impartially enforced.

Noble Orbison once set out to learn Webster's Dictionary by heart, according to a local legend, and it is certain that he has more than local fame today as an orator—in a state where oratory is an accomplishment as common as walking. But his life, he insists, has been, in spite of the facts presented, simple, bland, as dull and unexciting as that of a child. Maybe so.

PAST POTENTATE WALTER DEERING CLINE of Maskat Temple, Wichita Falls, Texas, is what they'll soon be calling a big gasoline and oil man from the west, if current slang tendencies keep up. But offices have a way of pursuing him, and Noble Cline is one of the busiest men in a busy state. He used to live in Burk Burnett, and they made him mayor. He moved to Wichita Falls, and they said, at once: "Here's Cline! Watch us take him!" And they took him. He became a director of the Chamber of Commerce, and, later, its president. Then he ran the Red Cross drives during the war, and sold a lot of Liberty Bonds. He has a finger in every business club and organization in his territory.

The Shrine, naturally, has used his talents as organizer and executive. He was president of the Texas Shrine Council in 1923, was Maskat's Potentate twice, and has been a Representative five years—being also Maskat's first Life Member. He lives in Texas, but he has a plantation in Louisiana where he and his friends get together from time to time.

In Shrinedom

AS THE Master of Silence, President Coolidge has a counterpart in Eric Van Alstyn Hauser, construction engineer, caravansary owner, capitalist, of Portland, Oregon. That is, Portland is his voting address, but he is a citizen of the broader field whose choice of habitat is significant to more than one city or state. He is a life member of Al Kader Temple, Portland.

Hauser, who thumbed the primer of industry under James J. Hill and helped that empire builder thrust Westward, early learned the wisdom of keeping his mouth shut and his ears open. He worked his way from newsboy to printer, boss of railroad construction gangs to builder of huge projects, operator of the first boarding house on wheels to owner of one of the foremost hotels on the Pacific Coast, by frugality of speech and lavish expenditure of energy—silence and concentration.

"I was always quiet as a child," he told me. "From the time I was eleven years old, my head was in the clouds. I was a dreamer. I still am. Do you know that dreaming and decision are connected?"

"I never got anything out of books. I had little education and did not form the habit of reading. I studied people, learned from those in power. From a kid, I watched the fellow who knew more than I did.

"I never had a job I didn't like. No one can be successful in work he isn't interested in. When I left one job, it was for another I liked better. Whatever success I have made, I attribute to getting on the job early, trying to understand its intricacies from the ground up, and staying with it until it is completed."

Eric Hauser's understanding of people—the result of studying them, is responsible for as much of his achievement as absorption in his job. His ability to pick and handle crews while railroading for Hill is duplicated in his construction work, as well as in the running of his hotel, the Multnomah, at Portland.

Portland knows him as its foremost philanthropist, active in civic affairs—the man who helped put the Rose Show on the map; developer of Crater Lake Park and other state and municipal attractions; chairman of the financial board of the Portland Symphony Orchestra; bank director; clubman, delightful host.

Many dignitaries have sampled the Hauser hospitality—the late President Harding on his tragic trip to Alaska; Taft, Pershing, Foch, Joffre—but none of these guests was any more royally entertained than are Portland's several hundred newsboys every Thanksgiving when the owner of the Multnomah dines them. He invites the most prominent men in town to wait on the newsies, and provides vaudeville to vary the turkey menu.

On Christmas Eve he plays Santa Claus to all the lonely

theatrical troupes in Portland, whether stopping at his hotel or not.

Music played a big part in Hauser's business success. In the early '80's a printer was always sure of a job if he could play in the town band. Eric fiddled and tooted a horn, thus cinching his connection with the press. As he worked in the composing room, where little conversational ability is required, he not only saved his breath to blow the cornet at the balls at the opera house but developed his thinking processes.

Hauser inherited his love of music from his mother—and more than that, his ideals and desire for service. "One of the strongest influences in my life," he told me, "was the extreme refinement of my mother. This, together with consideration for others, she possessed to greater degree than any woman I ever knew."

Eric Hauser was born in Minneapolis, the youngest of five sons. His father, who was formerly on the bench in Indiana, moved to Minnesota to practice law. Their home surroundings were "lovely but poor;" all the Hauser boys had to go to work early.

Eric made his first money before he was twelve, selling papers. When he came off the street, he got his foot on the first rung of the press ladder as printer's devil. Among his other duties, he had to sweep and scrub the floor, make the fires and wait on the red-headed stenographer. For three months, he served in the Minneapolis Tribune composing room without pay.

Convinced that Minneapolis was no place for an ambitious man Eric beat his way on a farmer's wagon to Glencoe and landed a job on the Register at \$5 a week, \$3 of which went for board.

For ten years, "Wick" Hauser, as he was called, stuck type and fiddled his way over Minnesota, finally returning to the Minneapolis Journal.

Hauser was fascinated with the printing trade and might have stuck to the space box but for Miss Nellie Mason, of Trumbelle, Wisconsin, whom he met and married. Becoming a family man furnished fuel to the flame of his ambition, and he left the calling that held out so little promise of wealth and entered the railroad game.

His first work was for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, then pushing its rails into the Dakotas. It is significant that he did not begin with pick and shovel but as timekeeper, watching men in all classes of railroad construction, listening and learning his way up from foreman to superintendent, grading contractor to general contractor.

It was as boarding contractor, however, that his capitalistic proclivities began to crop out. As Fate has a way of kicking its favorites into astounding good fortune, an accident literally bumped Hauser into riches. He and his brother, Willard, were working on a grading contract for the Great Northern Railroad when down the ties one day swung James J. Hill—classified in Hauser's mind as the master of industry, a giant of a genius who accomplished the greatest feats and overcame the biggest obstacles in the world! Later, when the visions of the two focused and they were fighting [Continued on page 56]

The PORTALS of HOPE

By Norman Reilly Raine

CA Temple of Mercy—Montreal Unit Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children



"WHY—WHY—" the child's excited treble caught in her throat, "I can walk! Nurse! I can walk!"

Incredulous delight brought quick tears to the eyes of this little nine-year-old Canadian girl who had never walked before. She put one foot cautiously before the other and firmly pressed, before essaying the next step, her thin fingers clutched for support in the dress of the smiling strong-bodied nurse who coached her.

"Come now, dear. Not too much the first time," the nurse laughed, and gladness was in her eyes, too, as she carried the young one back to bed.

When the nurse had gone the child slowly drew aside the covers and gazed, as though she could never look her fill, at her feet and legs, pitifully thin and wan, perhaps, in comparison with those of normal children of her age. But to her they were marvelous. Those white feet—were they really hers, in place of the grotesque and terribly twisted clubs that she had carried from birth? Why, they were straight now! And her legs. Those ugly protuberances of bone had been pressed back into seemly form, and now were—her thought hesitated for a moment—they were almost pretty. At least, they no longer were ugly—and the baby lay back on her pillows and stared with shining eyes into the sun-flooded winter sky, seeing there a happy world in which she too was able to run and walk and play, the same as other children did.

Those feet re-made, and legs wrought well and strong, were a gift to her, direct, from the Shriners of North America, for she was one of the one hundred and forty-one ailing children whose twisted bodies and misshapen limbs have been made straight in the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children at Montreal, since it was opened in February, 1925. The

A Letter from a Patient's Father

"Dear Doctor Forbes,
Just a few lines to let you know that Eddie and I got home all right and we were more than glad to see the nice job that were done of Eddie's feet. We can hardly believe it that such a thing could be done. From the time I left Montreal until I got home to Moncton I told everybody that was on the train. I took of his braces so that they could see for themselves. I certainly told who the Doctor was, Doctor Forbes, and I want to thank the doctors and nurses and all the members that belongs to the Shiner order. If there anyone that happy in the world today my family are. God will reward you all for that charity that you are doing for the poor cripples. I know this that I will never forget the date that I went up for my Eddie. He is doing fine every day and walking better than when he come home. He is sending his best regard. He is a happy kid, no happier than his father and mother. We are wishing you all the success in the future.

A Grateful Father.



Henry J. Elliott,
Chairman of Board, Mon-
treal Shriners Hospital

Montreal unit is one of eight scattered about the North American continent, wherein burns the pure white flame of charity, to light the way to a happy and useful life for those thousands of children whom misfortune seemed to have marked for a darker path.

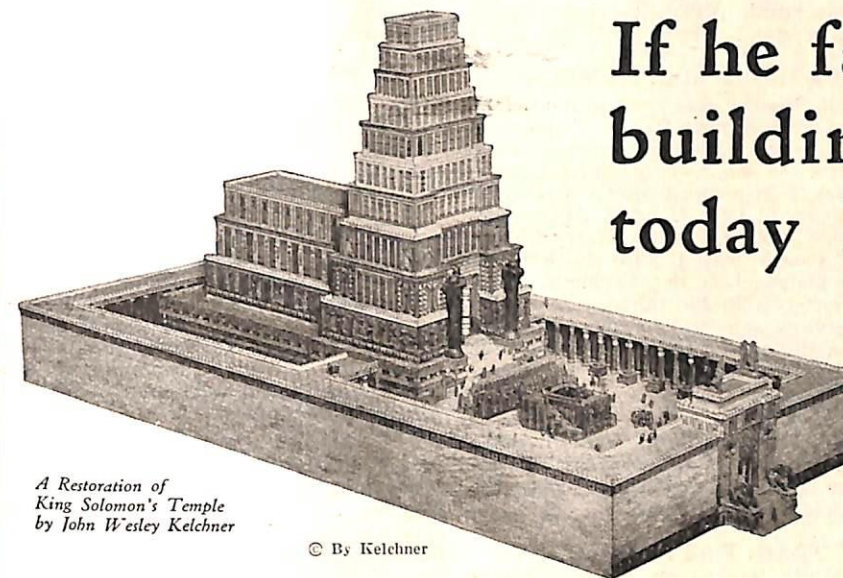
IT WOULD be hard to imagine anything more beautiful than the hospital and its environs, on the day I visited it. Set upon a hill high above the city, in Westmount, Montreal's most exclusive residential quarter, the grey stucco building with its bright red tiles and flanking trees rose like a delicate etching against a sky, cloudless and vividly blue. Golden sunlight spilled over snowdrifts eight feet high, through which paths and a roadway had been shoveled, and a steady breeze, carrying a hint of spring, was threaded with the high-pitched laughter of children from the hospital balconies. The vast panorama of the city, its streets animate with life, and, beyond, the broad St. Lawrence river with diminutive farm houses set in the folds of the farther shore, seemed like a toy world, set in motion for the amusement of the crippled youngsters who lay well bundled in their beds in the open air, and shouted to each other in sheer delight at being alive on such a day.

Dr. Mackenzie Forbes, the Surgeon-in-Chief, was not in, but the Superintendent Nurse, Miss L. M. Dickson, justly proud of the hospital, its staff and patients, was a willing cicerone.

"The Shriner's ideal of service to crippled children does not recognize international boundaries, race or creed," she answered smilingly, in response to a question. "The first patient admitted here, little Harvey Jones who came to us with a tubercular knee, was a Roman Catholic. All [Continued on page 72]

OCTOBER, 1926

49



A Restoration of
King Solomon's Temple
by John Wesley Kelchner

© By Kelchner

If he faced his
building program
today King Solomon
wouldn't worry
about financing
his Temple

Since we know that he was the wisest man in the world, he would get in touch with

WARD, WELLS, DRESHMAN & GATES

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Chicago

We are the originators of the present popular plan of money-raising campaign, and are today the largest firm doing the most business in this line on both sides of the Atlantic, for Masonic Temples, Hospitals, Colleges, Churches and all worthy philanthropies.

Go into a well planned and faultlessly executed money-raising campaign. Get your money and in addition enjoy the by-product of such a campaign—a goodwill and a regeneration of Masonic interest and fraternal spirit on the part of your entire membership.

The St. Louis Masonic Temple Committee will tell you the reawakening of Masonic interest was worth as much to St. Louis Masonry as was the two million dollars we raised for them.

A few of the score or more Masonic Campaigns we have directed follow:

United Masonic Temple, Chicago.....	\$2,500,000
Masonic Temple, St. Louis, Mo.....	2,075,000
Masonic Temple, Cleveland, Ohio.....	1,404,000
Masonic Temple, Portland, Ore.....	900,000
Masonic Temple, Washington, D. C.....	812,500
Masonic Temple, Englewood, Chicago, Ill.....	385,000
Masonic Temple, Decatur, Ill.....	350,000
Masonic Temple, Quincy, Mass.....	251,256
Masonic Temple, Oklahoma City.....	218,000
Masonic Temple, Allentown, Pa. (second campaign).....	150,000
Masonic Temple, Westfield, N. J.....	77,856

We would be glad to discuss your problems with you. You incur no obligation at all if you write or call on us at either of our offices.

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ORIGINATORS OF THE INTENSIVE METHOD OF FUND RAISING

SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
of the
TEMPLES

IT WAS A HOT NIGHT

Potentate John B. Vesey, Al Chymia, Memphis, picked the top of the thermometer as the occasion for his first Ceremonial and that all things might be in keeping, the Directors did their best to make the 121 Novices feel that the weather hadn't a blessed thing on them. It was a busy day for Al Chymia, caravans from three outside Temples hitting Memphis on the day of the Ceremonial. Due entertainment was provided for them, however, and the benefit of their advice was sought and followed in the proper treatment of the candidates.

DEDICATED TO VETERAN

El Hasa, Ashland, Ky., held its Ceremonial on the 92d birthday of Past Potentate Samuel P. Hager, than whom no more popular or active Mason lives in that section of the community. Noble Hager was one of the charter members of El Hasa. The Ceremonial was conducted on a plane in keeping with the day it represented and each Novice was made the recipient of a birthday present that will probably cling in his memory for years to come.

MADE THINGS INTERESTING

Arabia, Houston, put 102 Novices through some high stepping paces but first gained their confidence by putting on a splendid entertainment with the Maskat Chanters from Wichita Falls as one of the star features. An Arabian Spectacle was put on and several musical numbers rendered. The ladies were entertained at luncheon and a theater party, while the Ceremonial was in progress.

PADUCAH WAS HOST

Rizpah, Madisonville, moved its place of business over to Paducah long enough to transform 23 unregenerates into full blown Nobles. About 1000 of the Nobility with their families were in attendance and the reception tendered them was of the warmest. Noble G. W. Dunbar, president of the Paducah Shrine Club, was in charge of the arrangements and entertainment and an official proclamation of welcome was issued by the mayor, Noble Joseph N. Bailey. The Band and Patrol were cordially welcomed by the citizens and their efforts at entertaining fully appreciated. A vaudeville performance entertained the ladies, while the Novices entertained the men. A dance concluded a most successful affair.

HELD A DOUBLE DECKER

Aladdin, Columbus, following a custom of several years' standing, put on the Ceremonial work one day for out of town candidates and the following day for the city victims. A "minstrel Revue" was given by the Chorus, Patrol and Band each afternoon. A tableau of "Old Glory" concluded each performance. The Brutal Brothers were in charge of the second section and Fire Chief Nice turned in an alarm and impressed the Novices into service, with the result that there was more water used than old man Noah ever dreamed of.

KERBELA GIVES COUNTRY MEET

Probably due to the annoyance caused by the cries of pain attendant on the initiation torture, Kerbel, Knoxville, moved the scene of its activities to Whites, where all outdoors was at their service. Prior to the Ceremonial, a postponed meeting of the Shrine Club was held, so that the Novices might see one of Kerbel's best bets. The program was a humdinger, the class consisted of 28, permitting individual attention to each, and no requests for return of

money were heard. A dance concluded a most successful occasion.

MADE EIGHT LIFE MEMBERS

El Katif, Spokane, was guest to the Calam, Lewiston, Ida., Drum and Bugle Corps at its recent Ceremonial. The visitors were accorded the right of the line in the parade. The unusual event of the occasion was the creation of Nobles August M. Otto, Henry R. Allen, Chas. F. Buckley, Robert Pauline, Harry Sharer, Elmer E. Plough, Fred J. Stips and Reuel L. Damos life members, they having held continuous membership for thirty years. Memorial services were held for those who had passed on during the preceding year. The class initiated numbered 59.

LOOKING FOR A SITE

Abdallah, Leavenworth, has authorized the Kansas City members of their Temple to secure a new site for a club house to replace the one just sold so advantageously.

TRAIN WAS BOMBED

Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, has a habit of making their presence known wherever they may be and this year decided to take along a lot of aerial bombs and other fireworks to give the natives along the line a thrill. One of the bombs went on a lonesome toot in the car, breaking the windows and heightening the color of the porters, but quick action on the part of the Patrol boys prevented the fire from spreading to the other fireworks. The Potentate gave his usual annual dinner one night; Past Potentate Louis Cole picked up a burned arm by colliding with a trayful of chicken soup and amusements of various kinds kept things active along the line. At the same time as the funeral services for Recorder George A. Fitch were in progress in Los Angeles a stop was made and memorial services held. A glowing eulogy was voiced by Potentate Dave F. Smith and prayer was offered by Rev. Frank W. Wright.

LARGEST CLASS IN YEARS

Al Amin, Little Rock, initiated 108 Novices at their recent Ceremonial, this number being the largest of any class in three years. An Arabic desert in miniature was produced and as close an imitation to burning sands as was possible to secure was heated for the benefit of the Novices. The Potentate's ball followed the Ceremonial.

WORKED ON AN ISLAND

Osiris, Wheeling, put on its first Ceremonial under Potentate Samuel G. Wells, and wanting to get as far from the madding throng as possible did the work on an island. A class of 77 was initiated, banquets, parades and concerts galore preceding it. The attendance was a record breaker and many prominent Shriners from other Temples were among the visitors.

SCARED THE ANIMALS

Syrian, Cincinnati, put its Ceremonial on at the zoo in that city and almost scared the animal inmates out of several years' growth. Despite the absence of Potentate Willard D. Haines, who is making a trip around the world, the ritualistic work went off smoothly even if not to the entire approval of the 44 neophytes. Charles P. Taft was the honor candidate and the claim is made that he is the age record for Novices. A family outing was held in the afternoon with games of all sorts and prizes galore.

AAHMES EN TOUR

Aahmes, Oakland, conducted a Ceremonial at Sonora, where 400 Shriners assisted in handing a few highly appreciated marks of personal affection and esteem to 31 Novices. The Band of 35 pieces headed the procession, and the Patrol put on an exhibition drill. On the

following day the Band gave a Sunday concert, sacred music being exclusively used.

PAID FRATERNAL VISIT

On the occasion of the official Imperial Visit to El Riad, Sioux Falls, Abu Bekr, Sioux City, sent its two patrols—one on foot and the other mounted—and the parade which followed their arrival led the Sioux Falls papers to award the palm for the largest parade ever held in the state. A Ceremonial was conducted, while the visiting and local ladies enjoyed varied entertainment and banquets. Noble Burger complimented Past Potentate Chas. D. Symms as being one of the "creative geniuses of the Shrine." El Riad proposes to return the visit made them by Abu Bekr, hoping to be able to be present at the fall Ceremonial.

TOOK IN COOS BAY

Al Kader, Portland, ran a special train composed of the Divan, Band, Patrol and wives and members of the families. Stops were made along the route and concerts and drills put on, but at Eugene, Marshfield and Corvallis where stops of eight hours or more were made, dances were held. The effect of the trip was shown in the number of Novices in the May class. Already arrangements are under way to duplicate the trip in the fall.

FEASTED THE PATRIARCHS

Besides the Ceremonial work of adopting 105 unregenerates, Al Kader, Portland, Ore., celebrated by a dance at the conclusion of the work and the tendering of a banquet to 82 Shriners who had held membership in the Temple for 25 years or more. The banquet was presided over by Potentate Metschan and Past Potentate J. G. Mack, known as the "grand old patriarch."

LULU MOVES TO WILMINGTON

LuLu, Philadelphia, being now presided over by that accomplished ritualist and prince of good fellows, William J. Highfield, of Wilmington, decided to show their appreciation of their presiding officer by moving over to Wilmington and putting on a Ceremonial at that place. About 500 members of the Nobility drilled, dined and danced, and after an evening of pleasure, silently folded their tents and stole away again. A trembling class of 200 Novices were put through the Delaware interpretation of proper treatment and are now ready to stand on the side lines and assist at a similar function to their incoming friends. Potentate and Mrs. Highfield presided at a dinner given to 150 guests which was made the occasion for the presentation of a handsome diamond bracelet to Mrs. Highfield, coming from the Shriners of Sussex county. Past Potentate Ladner, Lulu, presided over this dinner and the other visiting ladies were entertained in a lavish manner by vaudeville and dancing.

STILL HUNTING EXCITEMENT

It seems difficult to satisfy that bunch from Aleppo, Boston. Returning home after a week of the Session the boys from Boston rammed into a steamship which was endeavoring to dock at the same place they were. No one was hurt and little damage was done, but it is pretty hard to furnish as much amusement as some people demand.

THE GIRLS WERE THERE

Aad, Duluth, has an asset that every Potentate of outside Temples envies. It is the Shrine Girls of Duluth Aggregation. They put on a musical revue at each Ceremonial and the work is most clever and amusing. Director A. F. M. Culance is responsible for their efficiency. At the recent Ceremonial, when 60 Novices were adopted, the girls entertained hundreds of visitors from Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee. At the [Continued on page 52]

Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes
anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is SCATTER-BRAINED.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his POSSIBILITIES!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to USE his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for ONE-TENTH of what we possess because that is all we USE. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only TEN horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but they are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

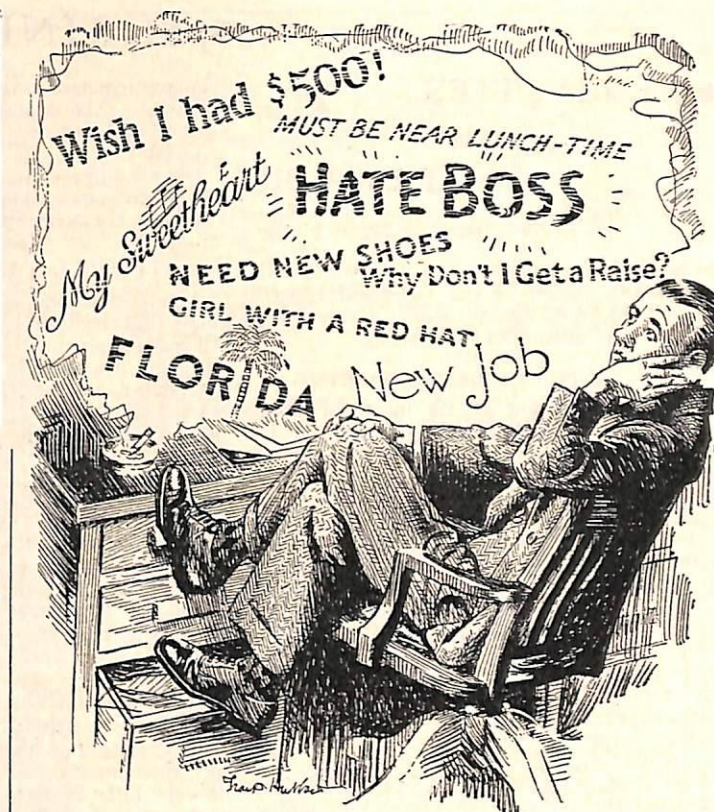
Was that fine ambition unattainable? OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.

What WAS the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."	Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.
The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.	Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist
General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.	Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.	Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not DREAM they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who NEED this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their HEADS they will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot and that there MUST be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of INDEPENDENCE left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of YOUR success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF! Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOME, THING ABOUT YOURSELF is strong.

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I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ACTIVITIES

of the

TEMPLES

[Continued from page 50]

Shrine Club luncheon at noon, the Rt. Rev. G. G. Bennett, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Duluth, was the principal speaker. A banquet was spread in the evening.

PAST POTENTATE DRAWS RING

Ziyara staged one of its most successful Ceremonials with Potentate Charles A. G. Jewett in the saddle. One of the largest classes in the history of the Temple were put through at this, the 49th annual Spring Ceremonial. There was the usual parade, but it varied in the matter of having at its head one of the lads who had been discharged from the Springfield unit and who had not been able to walk before visiting that hospital. The lad was the center of all attention and was much lionized.

An appropriation for the community chest was made and Potentate John Temple, Cairo, Rutland, Vt., and Potentate Roy C. Porter of Tigris, Syracuse, were made honorary life members of Ziyara.

Past Potentate Frank A. Schmidt then eulogized the retiring Potentate, W. Stanley Childs, winding up by presenting him a diamond set Past Potentate's ring.

The Frolickers rendered some music that was much appreciated and the vaudeville show was enthusiastically received.

HELD SUCCESSFUL MEET

Calam, Lewiston, Ida., was the center around which the largest crowd ever gathered in that city congregated. The Shrine society circus, the industrial celebration and the rose show were all of unusual interest. The Drum Corps was indefatigable for the three days and followed it up by a visit to Spokane, in compliment to the many favors shown by El Katif of that place.

HAVE CHARTERED LINER

Salaam, Newark, N. J. chartered a steamer for a special cruise to Bermuda last month.

ON TOO LARGE SCALE

Morocco, Jacksonville, spent \$3000 decorating a locomotive to draw their special train to Philadelphia, but tragedy overtook them after the decorations were put on the engine. And all because the tunnels in North Carolina were not large enough to permit their mammoth engine to pass through. So it reposed in lonely grandeur awaiting the return of the Morocco boys to North Carolina where it was again attached to the train and taken home to Jacksonville.

LEFT BIRDS BEHIND

Yelduz, Aberdeen, took twenty-five vividly feathered Japanese pheasants, gathered in the wooded fastnesses of South Dakota, to the Philadelphia gathering. After the parade of Thursday night the birds were presented to the Zoological Gardens and were immediately placed on display.

AND THE FAMILY WAS THERE

Syria, Pittsburgh, turned loose its usual family picnic recently, and it was the largest outing western Pennsylvania ever boasted. The chairman of the committee was Noble Frederick H. Groves.

FOR SPLENDID SERVICE RENDERED

Potentate Ernest L. West, Islam, San Francisco, gave an informal dance to all those

who participated in the recent production of "Araby." The dance was held at the Auditorium and was well attended and heartily enjoyed.

Islam, San Francisco, took over the house for one performance of "The Student Prince." Certainly the house was packed.

TURNED OUT IN FORCE

Acca, Richmond, visited Petersburg and found that city bedecked with flags and flowers. All roads apparently led to Petersburg on that day, no less than 2000 Shriners being in attendance at the Ceremonial. Festivities started off with the parade, which, despite the light drizzle, was viewed by the entire population. A band concert, a drill by the Patrol, both events being put on in Central Park, which was historically prominent in both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, the presentation of the key of the city to the visitors, a Ceremonial, a banquet and a ball. On Sunday, the Chanters rendered a sacred concert at a Methodist Church before an audience that taxed the capacity of Petersburg's largest church.

HAD ORIENTAL PAGEANT

Just to vary things, Tehama, Hastings, put on an Oriental Pageant in connection with their spring ceremonial. This was followed by a dance. Fifty Novices got theirs in the size packages that fitted each individual case and the parade, concerts and drills were well received by the crowds which lined the sidewalks. Potentates Landes of Salina and Falconer of Omaha were among the outside visitors.

VISITED SABINE DISTRICT

El Mina, Galveston, ran a special excursion train to Port Arthur, Beaumont and Orange, about 100 people participating.

LAVISH ENTERTAINMENT

At the Spring Ceremonial of Nile, Seattle, the Novices furnished some of the entertainment, but not all. A very pretentious program had been arranged, the cast of the Student Prince appearing while the Silvertown Court orchestra of nine pieces furnished the musical portion. The Shrine Band, under the leadership of Noble Harvey Woods, gave a half hour to concert work, a banquet was served and a "good time was had by all."

GAINESVILLE WAS HOST

Yaarab, Atlanta, put on a Ceremonial at Gainesville, the Band, the Chanters, the Patrol and the Degree Team, accompanied by a trainload of the Nobility invading that city and being welcomed with open arms by the entire populace. A parade was staged and the Band gave a concert, the Patrol drilled and a barbecue was enjoyed. The local papers credit the attendance at 5000.

MONTGOMERY TOPSY TURVY

It was the last chance of the Montgomery Shriners, members of Alcazar, to disport themselves with their favorite son, before Noble D. W. Crosland assumed the diadem at Philadelphia and they availed themselves of the opportunity without stint.

The influx began the day before the Ceremonial and by night there wasn't a public caravansary that wasn't out with the S. R. O. sign. The homes of the Nobility were thrown open and the crowd in this way absorbed. They called it the Dave Crosland Ceremonial and they offered up 125 Husky Heathen to appease the wrath of the Moslem Genii. The fun began in the morning, became official in the afternoon when the Ceremonial was worked as it had seldom been worked before; then the banquet and next the parade, winding up at

the Auditorium where vaudeville and dancing claimed the attention of the visitors until the orchestras went out on strike.

IT'S A FAMILY TRAIT

Potentate George F. Wheelock is the representative of the third generation of his family to serve Zamora, Birmingham, as Potentate. The gavel in that city seems to be an heirloom, Fred's grandfather having landed it first, then Fred's father and now the young man himself. It is to be hoped that the chain will become an endless one.

RIGHT FOOT FORWARD

Al Bahr, San Diego, groomed the camel and otherwise dolled up for the Ceremonial held the last of May and the result was spectacular in the extreme. It was the first Ceremonial under the direction of Potentate Bob Hicks and expectations were rampant, but the finished product exceeded them by far. The May Day party, which is an annual event and grows in popularity with each succeeding year, took place at Mesa Grand and every reservation was taken weeks in advance of the outing.

IOWA SHRINE COUNCIL

The new officers of the Iowa Shrine Council are F. H. Schmidt, Abu Bekr, Sioux City, President; Charles E. Kuning, El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, Vice President, and Percy Hoak, Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, Sec.; John Soller, Kaaba, Davenport, Treas.

"HAREM SCAREMS" A SUCCESS

Mecca, New York City, put on a Harem Scarems, which was announced as a Monster Mirthquake. It covered an entire week and met with favor and financial success. It lived up to its name in every way.

All the uniformed units and the Legion of Honor, aided by the membership, their wives and daughters took part. Not the least attractive feature was an elimination Charleston contest.

Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Missouri, put on a Spring Ceremonial that its tribe might increase. About fifty candidates were put through the purifying tests with varying degrees of satisfaction. More than 2000 were in attendance. Ceremonial work was done in the afternoon, a banquet was served and by nine in the evening the dancing began.

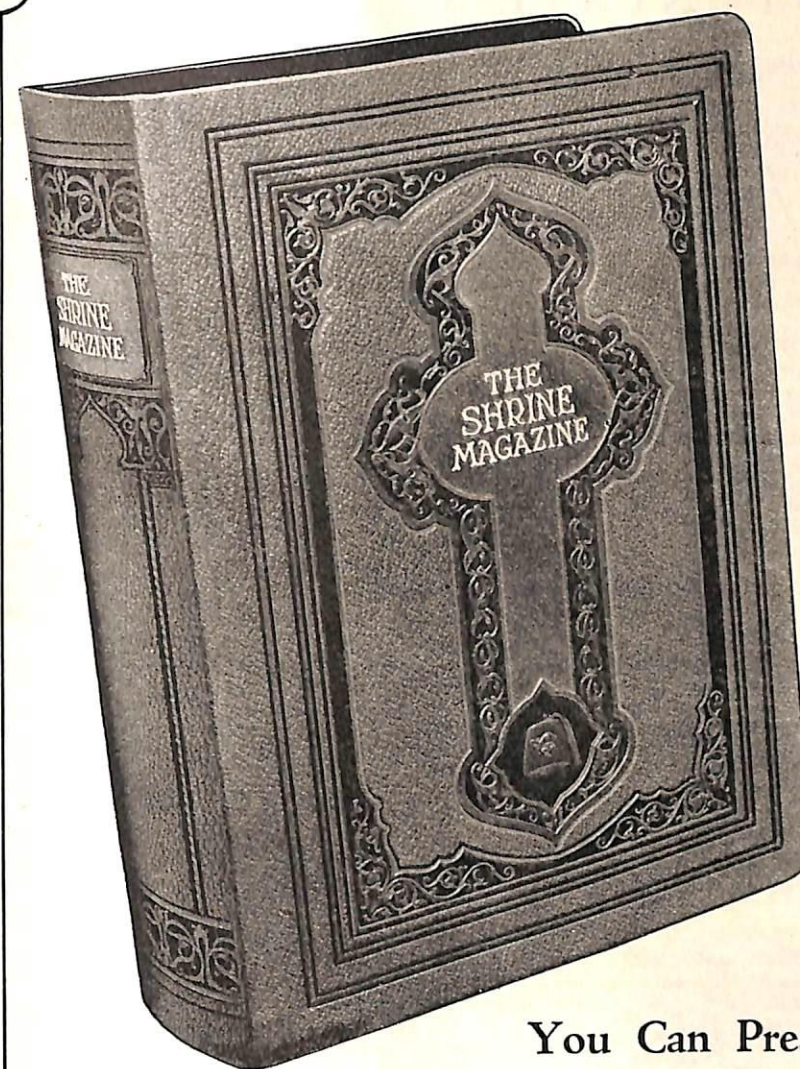
Tigris, Syracuse, took over a booth at the bazaar of the American Legion, doing a large business telling fortunes under the caption of "The Kicking Mule."

Al Bedoo, Billings, disported itself with aspiring candidates for fez honors on the occasion of its tenth Ceremonial session. The visiting ladies were entertained by the wives of the local Shriners during the day and a ball was put on for the evening. A continuous meal was served during the day, a parade was held and the city given over to the red fezzed host.

OBITUARY

Past Potentate, Robert Brown of El Jebel, Denver, died on August 6th, and was buried from the Scottish Rite Cathedral No. 1, A. & A. S. R., Sunday, August 8th, the Rose Croix service being used. Illustrious Noble Brown was Potentate of El Jebel Temple in 1923. He was a member of Union Lodge No. 7, A. F. & A. M., Colorado Consistory No. 1, Montview Chapter No. 50, R. A. M., and Coronal Commandery No. 36, K. T. Illustrious Noble Brown was a brother of the wife of our Past Imperial Potentate, James C. Burger.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]



All Ready for the Position of Honor On Your Library Table!

Every Shriner will welcome the opportunity to preserve each copy of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE in the attractive binder pictured on this page. It is designed and manufactured by one of the leading binder makers and is the last word in quality and construction. While made of a special patented material, it has all the charming appearance of fine leather and the rich brown finish, with the tooled border, red fez and gold lettering make it worthy of a place of honor on any library table.

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The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S Pilgrimage

The Imperial Potentate Becomes A Big Chief of the Red Men.

AFTER having seen that the Fourth of July was properly celebrated in keeping with ancient form and custom, the hotel situation at Atlantic City satisfactorily adjusted and the corner stone at Richmond laid, the Imperial Potentate decided that it was about time for him to don his seven league boots and start out to see what was on the tapis in his domain.

Accordingly, he boarded the train at Montgomery, accompanied by Mrs. Crosland and their two sons, David, Jr., and Edwin. The first stop made was at Chicago, where he was received at the station by the Imperial Oriental Guide, Thomas J. Houston and Mrs. Houston and daughter, Illustrious Potentate E. Edwin Mills, Past Potentate Arthur H. Vincent and Mrs. Vincent, and escorted to the hotel, where luncheon was served.

In the afternoon, Chairman Will H. Wade and Mrs. Wade joined the party and an inspection of the Chicago unit of the Shriners Hospitals was made. The Imperial Potentate expressed himself as delighted with the progress made by the baby unit. In the evening, dinner was served at Medinah Country Club, the officers being hosts and all who had been concerned in the erection of the hospital, locally, being present.

The Imperial Potentate congratulated the officers of the Medinah Country Club not only on the vastness of the project, but on the completeness of the equipment and the social service it would render.

On the evening of the next day, the Imperial Party left for Minneapolis, where they

were met by Past Imperial Potentate Owenshire, Potentate William S. McCartney and Past Potentates George C. Critten and Ed. Comstock. Breakfast was served at the home of Noble Owenshire.

In the afternoon the Imperial Party were guests of honor at Zuhrah's annual family outing. The Patrol dressed up as flappers, had a bona fide corn eating match, with none but dignified notables permitted to enter. As a fitting finale to the day, Imperial Potentate Crosland was presented with a hundred piece set of flat silver. The committee in charge of arrangements so popularized themselves as to cause a clamor for their perpetuation. The Band turned out to act as escort to the Imperial Potentate on his arrival and altogether the affair was one of more than usual importance in outing annals.

There were fully 5000 people in attendance at the picnic and the few well chosen words of the Imperial Potentate were listened to with close attention and answered with tumultuous applause.

IN THE evening the Divan and their wives entertained at the Minneapolis Country Club. The following day being Sunday was given over to a dinner at the Country Club and rides around the lakes in the city and vicinity.

The official party took in the Twin Cities Hospital on its trip and Imperial Potentate Crosland became the most popular man in the party by distributing a package of chewing gum to each patient in the hospital.

In the morning, Potentate E. A. Kramer and Recorder Walter T. King drove to Minnea-

polis and escorted the party to the St. Paul hotel. The ladies were taken on a tour of the stores, the Crosland boys were turned over to Eddie Kramer, Jr., who with Tom Rishworth, Jr., proceeded to put gasoline to the use for which it was intended.

An informal luncheon at noon, an automobile ride in the afternoon, tea at the Athletic Club and a dinner at the Automobile Club were the official activities of the visit.

In the morning, the party was escorted to the train by Potentate Kramer, his wife and son; Recorder King, Noble Tom Rishworth and his son, Treasurer Gooch, Chief Rabban John S. Wright and Past Potentate Charlie Ross.

Leaving St. Paul in the morning on the private car of President Charles Donnelly, which had been secured through the good offices of Past Potentate Andy Rahn of Zuhrah, and to which Noble E. T. Dakin, General Auditor N. P. Railway, Osman, St. Paul, had been assigned to look after the comfort of the party, there was consternation when past Potentate Rahn was found to be missing. A telephone message advised that he would join the party at Minneapolis and the entire party were on the rear platform to greet his arrival. Finally, a regiment of Red Caps came along escorting a heavily laden truck, containing camp equipment, valises, suit cases and golf bags.

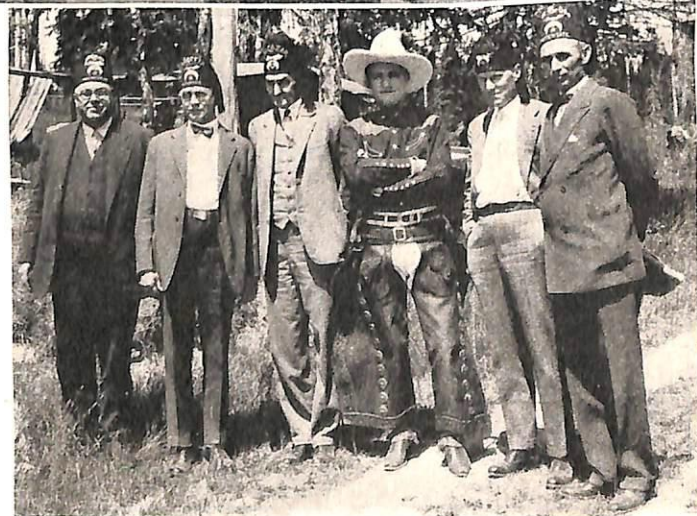
Simultaneously, a second engine hitched on the rear of the train and the whisper got abroad that Andy Rahn was bringing the patrol as escort. Shortly, he hove in sight, and then it came out that this entire shipment of trunks, bags and suit cases were his personal belongings, and the ladies of [Continued on page 55]



(Flat Head Indians, Bozeman, Mont., adopting the Imperial Potentate as one of their tribe.



(Imperial Potentate Crosland staging a dramatic holdup with Tom Mix as his victim.



(Right) The Imperial Potentate and his party photographed with Noble Tom Mix whom they met on location in Yellowstone.

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THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

[Continued from page 54]

the party began to look abashed as the average outfit of the up-to-date woman is a hand-bag and a powder puff.

At Fargo, where the train made a ten minute stop, Potentate Alexander Bruce, Chief Rabban "Dad" Stevens, Recorder Johnson and Past Potentates A. G. Arvold, Myron Baldwin, and about twenty or thirty Nobles and their wives were on the station and gave the party a rousing reception, presenting Mrs. Crosland with a lovely bouquet of flowers.

At Jamestown, the Shrine Club turned out under the leadership of President George I. Fetton and Secretary T. A. Henderson and a reception was held in the car.

IT WAS at Bozeman that the party met Imperial First Ceremonial Master Earl C. Mills, Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, Potentate and Mrs. McCartney, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, and President Walter T. King, of the Recorders' Association.

If ever a city put on gala attire for an event, Bozeman is hereby adjudged guilty in the nth degree. The car in which the Imperial Potentate rode was decorated with camels and desert scenes. Two bands reported at the scene and a patrol marched in single file one on each side of the Official car. Then came the other guests, next the cowboys and the Indians and the Nobility at large.

The Imperial Party reviewed the parade and at its conclusion twenty little girls, dressed to represent the different shades of sweet peas, for which the Bozeman section is famous, through a spokesman presented to Mrs. Crosland a large bouquet of flowers.

After luncheon came the rodeo. During its progress, the Flat Head Indians adopted the Imperial Potentate as one of their tribe, placing upon his head the dress of a chief and dubbing him "Standing Elk." He had been escorted to the center of the grounds by a committee of Imperial officers, Potentates, Past Potentates and Representatives.

Striking the Montana border, hostilities began almost at once. At Billings, Potentate Brown of Al Bedoo was at the depot to join the party.

At Livingstone, Potentate Spottswood, Algeria, Helena, and Potentate Ralph Robertson, Bagdad, Butte, also joined the escort and a reception was held of practically all the Shrine population of Livingstone.

Past Potentate Andy Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, in charge of the party, and Potentates Spottswood, Robertson and Brown formed themselves into an entertainment committee and immediately on arrival at Yellowstone Park, they went into executive session, as a result of which a special trip was planned for the following day. Noble Tom Mix, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, was on location in Yellowstone Park, shooting his new film play "The Canyon of Light." Agreeably to arrangements entered into his company shot the stage hold-up scene for the Imperial Party and adjournment was then had to his camp, where photographs were taken, Noble Mix most agreeably and obligingly loaning himself and all his facilities to anything that promoted the pleasure of the party.

IN THE morning, Bozeman was reached and the real fireworks began. Potentates and Past Potentates from surrounding Temples, were all in attendance at the Ceremonial next day, and well known Nobles from all the surrounding territory were in attendance.

In the evening a masquerade and burlesque parade was given followed by a dance under the big tent.

On the morning of the Ceremonial, Algeria Band and Patrol came in on a special train and the parade formed with [Continued on page 57]

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? Just another evening of self-enforced glumness, silence—where others smiled and laughed and were happy. And they misunderstood—of course.



FREE:
12-day test. Send
Coupon.

MEN: this guarantees you teeth brighter than ever before!

Starch is what stains teeth, causes decay. Natural,
new way ends this in 15 seconds. Thus makes
teeth brighter, more attractive than ever.

YOU men who brush your teeth most carefully, today, this is addressed to you.

Some new facts about teeth. They will pay dividends in your business as well as social life.

Why doesn't daily brushing keep teeth bright? Why do they decay too soon, despite your care?

Starch—in foods! There's the reason.

New results come now—every time you brush your teeth. They brighten noticeably, at once. This offers two tests.

Starch dangerous

An eminent dental authority declares starch, in cooked and finely divided state, to be the most dangerous of all substances—to your teeth.

Why? Because modern foods (bread and nearly everything else we eat) have too much starch for even normal saliva to digest. Partly digested, this starch is chemically akin to gum arabic. Sticky, glue-like, it can't be brushed off—stains teeth—cements the source of decay-acids tightly to enamel!

Rx Senreco
TOOTH PASTE



Senreco is the name of a delightful, new tooth-paste. It's non-abrasive, tones up the gums to healthy color and toughness.

Ends this now!

But the big thing it does is to aid saliva digest starch. This is one of the most important recent discoveries in oral hygiene. In 15 seconds, while the brush is still in your mouth, the last trace of starch is digested—changed to harmless form. Then the stain goes. Brushing, now, shows results you can see! Decay danger diminishes.

So it will pay to remember that name: Senreco.

Two tests: guaranteed!

Make a test. Apply your judgment. See if teeth really brighten.

Send coupon below for free 12-day test.

Or go to your dealer and buy a big tube of Senreco (50c).

Use it 12 days. Then if your teeth aren't actually brighter than they've ever been before—with any dentifrice—return the tube and get your money back. No questions asked. You judge.

Does that sound fair? You'll see why we do it, when you see how amazingly Senreco does improve your teeth.

FREE:—12 day test

Senreco Sales Co., Dept. 28
Cincinnati, Ohio

Send me, free, 12-day test tube of Senreco. I'll try it.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

WHO'S WHO IN SHRINEDOM [Continued from page 47]

the same fight, they became fast friends. Hill's tutelage, in fact, was the dominant influence in a training essential to Hauser's successful organization and achievement.

On this particular day, the keen gaze of Hill fell on the silent, steady young man in flannel shirt. Struck by his concentration, he stopped to speak to him. Immediately, Hauser grasped the opportunity to spring one of his dreams.

"I can board all the men on your construction work at a smaller rate and better meals, Mr. Hill," he announced.

"How?" inquired the man who wasted no words either on preliminaries.

Enthusiasms are contagious. Before another week had rolled round, a short train length of obsolete box cars was turned over to Hauser who scrubbed, painted and equipped them with long oil-cloth covered tables.

Desiring to "go the other fellows one better and give higher service," the proprietor invested most of his savings in china, instead of granite or tin. He and his brother sat up all night washing the dishes and getting them in place for breakfast which, at dawn, was to launch the enterprise.

The dishes broke before dawn. A switch engine suddenly bumped into the grub cars, shattering the china to smithereens. *But breakfast was on time.* Hauser leaped overnight into an executive. This was the place for action. In less than an hour the man who today runs a discriminating eye over the fine table appointments of his hotel, the flowers, the fine napery, was hustling around commandeering all the aluminum ware available.

"It was the best lesson I ever had," he said. "It made me more cautious and practical."

Thus, from a Hauser dream, grew the giant

series of construction catering establishments that gradually covered the entire system of the Great Northern.

The operation of the boarding cars, from which Hauser made money in the beginning, took him to the Pacific Coast where he started in the contracting business in a small way. In 1907 he built the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railroad down the north bank of the Columbia River—which brought him conspicuously to the front so far as his ability was concerned.

For a number of years he was the "silent member" of the firm of Grant Smith & Company, Hauser being the company. This company, with which his brother was connected and later his two sons, had offices in every important city on the Pacific Coast as well as in British Columbia, Chicago, New York and New Orleans. They built everything constructible from a subway under the sea to an Eiffel Tower, operating both for private concerns and for the Government.

When the United States entered the War and the call was made for ships to bridge the seas to Pershing, Eric Hauser was the first to respond. Again he kept out of the limelight, giving all credit to the Grant Smith-Porter Shipbuilding Company which he quickly established, with shipyards at both Portland and Aberdeen.

Now listen to the way Eric Hauser tells the story of what he admits gave him the "biggest kick" of his life:

"I was turned down on account of my age," he declared when I pressed him for details, "so I stayed at home and built shipyards and ships. That was all there was to it."

Hauser's contracting activities are not dis-

turbed by his hotel-owning nor vice versa. He purchased the Multnomah as an investment for the Grant Smith Company. Three years later, he bought out their interest and is now sole owner of this two-million dollar hostelry. Behind the transaction is another typical Hauser dream. His version of it is: "While on some work in Wisconsin, I got a letter one day containing a suggestion about the Multnomah Hotel that set me to thinking.

"For sometime I had been impressed with the structural value of the building—then locked and barred and considered the white elephant of the Pacific Coast. I didn't like the idea of its going to waste, giving Portland a black eye. The possibility of making a success of something others had failed in strongly appealed to me. I laid awake over it several nights, figuring on how it could be made to pay, and then I wired the firm recommending its purchase. We bought it. It paid. Now I own it. It still pays."

The Multnomah has not only succeeded beyond Hauser's dream but is of inestimable worth to Portland as an advertiser. It has attracted to the Pacific Northwest some enormous national conventions, bringing new business instead of taking it away from competitors.

It is Eric Hauser's impersonal way. His genius for sinking self in service was what landed him in a place of power.

Ask him for short cuts to success and he doesn't know any. The only recipe he gives is:

"Build up the confidence and esteem of your associates, and the public, through honorable intention and integrity of purpose!"

OCTOBER, 1926

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

[Continued from page 55]

the Bagdad Band in the lead, the Patrol as escort on each side of the gaily decorated car of the Imperial Potentate.

Following this came the Algeria Band and Patrol, the Nobility on foot and in autos; next the Indians and rodeo riders.

It was a parade that was most unusual even in the annals of the Shrine—piebald ponies, wild and half-broke horses, the gay costumes of the uniformed bodies, the caparisoned horses of the Cowboys and the rodeo riders.

THEN came the Ceremonial given under cover of a tremendous tent, large enough to seat 3000 people.

Past Potentates Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis; E. C. Day, O. M. Lanstrum, Algeria; C. E. Henderson, Bagdad; Frank T. Lodge, Moslem, Detroit; B. Calkins, Algeria; C. Beebe, Bagdad; Al Geis, Bagdad; George Dart, Bagdad; J. Harry Lewis, Osman, were introduced to the Nobility, but were not permitted to take advantage of the situation by any flights of oratory. Potentates C. A. Snyder, El Korah, Boise; W. S. McCartney, Zuhrah, Minneapolis; W. D. Askren, Afifi, Tacoma; Dr. E. W. Spottswood, Algeria, Helena; and H. D. Brown, Al Bedoo, Billings, were treated in like manner and then the Imperial Potentate and the Imperial First Ceremonial Master were driven into the tent in the gaily decorated Pierce.

After welcome at the hands of the Potentate, Noble Earl C. Mills spoke briefly, and at the conclusion of his remarks, Imperial Potentate Crosland made an extremely earnest and eloquent address, touching on many matters of import to the Shrine nationally.

The work was then proceeded with. The first and third sections were conferred in the morning and the second section in the afternoon, after which attention was turned to the rodeo, an attraction that proved irresistible.

In the evening about 200 drove to Karst's Camp, forty miles up the canyon, where a splendid banquet was spread, at the conclusion of which Potentate Robertson proceeded to show his ability as a toastmaster, most fittingly introducing the speakers, who were Potentate Askren, Potentate Spottswood, Potentate McCartney, Past Potentate J. Harry Lewis, Noble C. Henderson, Noble Alfred Atkinson, and then came Potentate Brown to review the remarks of the speakers. Imperial Second Ceremonial Master Earl C. Mills was then called upon. Then came the presentation of a magnificent grandfather's clock, the accompanying remarks being made by Potentate Brown, who showed a miniature of the clock, the original being held by the manufacturers that Mrs. Crosland might select the wood in which it was to be finished.

Imperial Potentate Crosland, in accepting this token of affectionate esteem, spoke feelingly of the impression the Montana Nobility had made upon him by their courtesy, kindness and fraternal regard. He also paid fitting tribute to the manager of the trip—Noble Rahn—for his indefatigable efforts in behalf of the comfort of the company.

THEN came honorary memberships from the three Montana Temples.

Potentate Robertson complimented the Bozeman Shrine Club, the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens generally for the warmth of their welcome and the completeness of their arrangements. He also thanked the Northern Pacific and especially Noble Dakin, of Osman, in charge of the private car as escort to the party, for the splendid hospitality exhibited the Imperial visitors.

The account of the Imperial Potentate's Trip will be continued next month.

[Continued on page 58]



He didn't hurt a bit!

Your dentist is an important guardian of your health. Consult him twice a year. He can keep your teeth and gums healthy, prevent decay and ward off serious sickness that often originates in the mouth.

4 out of 5 wait too long!

As you mingle with crowds remember that four persons out of every five who pass the age of forty may contract dread pyorrhea either through carelessness or ignorance.

At the first sign of tender bleeding gums go to your dentist for an examination and start using Forhan's for the Gums.

If used regularly and used in time Forhan's will prevent pyorrhea or check its progress. Ask your dentist about Forhan's for the gums. He will undoubtedly recommend it as your regular dentifrice. It contains a percentage of Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which has been used by dentists for the last 15 years in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It cleanses the teeth and at the same time protects you against pyorrhea which claims four people out of every five.

You can't afford to gamble with your health and happiness. Don't wait for pyorrhea's symptoms. Stop at your druggist's for a tube of Forhan's and start playing safe today! All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. · Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES [Continued from page 32]

Lady Francis Beekman coming to my room and making trouble (Looking at the door where Spoffard is) because, after all, it seems to frighten my friends.

"Robber"—Naturellement!

Lorelei—So I want you to tell her if she will stay away . . . you will promise to have the tiara for her . . . I would like to teach Lady Francis Beekman a lesson, not to say what she did to two American girls who are all alone in Paris and have no gentleman to protect them.

"Robber"—Oh, la pauvre enfant!

Lorelei—So I could take my tiara to the shop where they make copies of girls' jewelry . . . and then you could give Lady Francis Beekman the imitation and she'd never know the difference, at least until she had paid your bill and was back in England.

Thereupon the two *avocats* kiss in an ecstasy at such cleverness. *Henry* must come in and see that all is well. Tomorrow the Frenchmen will telephone. Tomorrow *Henry* and *Lorelei* will start to reform the world together. The delighted gentlemen depart, and *Dorothy* announces a calamity.

Dorothy—*Gus* is on his way up.

Lorelei—Mr. Eisman!

Dorothy—I told you you ought to open those cables.

Lorelei—What's the name of that restaurant where *Gloria* got the bad fish? . . . We could take Mr. Eisman there to luncheon.

Dorothy—My God!

The great "Button King" arrives, grinning with joy.

Eisman—Vell, baby, here I am!

Lorelei—Daddy!

Back again in New York for the Last Act. *Lorelei* is in the midst of giving a "coming out" party as part of the necessary

social background demanded by her recently announced engagement to *Henry Spoffard*. The party has now been in progress for three glorious days. *Gus Eisman* is inconsolable. He will never educate a girl again. *Henry* is thought to be safe in Philadelphia, and, at the moment, a Mr. H. Gilbertson Montrose is going strong.

Gloria—Who is this Mr. Montrose and what has he to do with *Lorelei*?

Dorothy—Well, he's a scenario writer and he's written a story that's been turned down by everybody in Hollywood that can read. So now he wants *Lorelei* to do it.

Gloria—But *Lorelei* can't act!

Dorothy—Sure she can! She's got three good expressions—joy—sorrow—and indigestion.

Gloria—But producing a picture takes a lot of money. Where will *Lorelei* get it?

Dorothy—From Spoffard, of course . . . She's started already to teach him the spending habit.

Adhering to the custom of adorers for turning up at the wrong time, this is the moment *Henry* picks out to come to New York. He brings his whole family, for his crippled father and his sister have never met his betrothed. He hears of the "party" on the way up to the apartment and is annoyed. *Gus Eisman* tries to disillusion him further. *Lorelei* is a demon of extravagance.

Eisman—Why, Mr. Spoffard—all dot girl has to do is to be seen taking lunch at the Ritz with a prominent banker, and the next day the bottom falls out of the market.

He can prove that *Lorelei* is even now piling up bills at Cartier's and other places to be presented to *Henry* after the wedding. But *Lorelei* squirms cleverly out of all this, leaving *Henry* more beguiled

than before. He must not, she decides, waste his greatness in a Philadelphian suburb.

Lorelei—When a gentleman knows as much about the film profession as you have learned by censoring all the films—he ought to make use of his intelligence and go into the film profession . . . I think you owe it to the world to make pure films . . . and show the world what pure films would be like.

Then she unfolds the Montrose scheme. *Henry* weakens but does not yet surrender. His family arrives, and the old gentleman immediately "falls" for *Lorelei*.

Lorelei—What would you say if I told you that *Henry* and I and Mr. Montrose all have an opportunity to go into the motion picture profession.

Ann (*Henry's* sister)—What's all this?

Lorelei—Well, Miss Spoffard . . . we could get you to take charge of all the studio trucks, just like you did at the battle of Verdun.

Ann—That's all right with me.

Mrs. Spoffard—Oh, but I think it would be charming—I've often thought I'd love to play in the movies myself.

And Father Spoffard could be wheeled into the studio every day and feast his ninety year old eyes upon the young actresses!

Lorelei—Then, Daddy dear, you consent, don't you?

In all Daddy's long life nothing so alluring as *Lorelei* has ever before come his way. He consents with aged dash.

Spoffard—Mr. Montrose, so long as the little girl has won us all over I really see no reason why we should not.

Lorelei—*Henry*!

Spoffard—My little sunshine!

[Curtain]

I R E M

Temple's New Country Club

IT IS axiomatic in newspaperdom that if a dog bites a man, that is not news, as dogs for time immemorial have bitten men. But if a man bites a dog, that is news, as it has the interesting element of the unusual. On this principle it is not news to tell that Illustrious Potentate Henry W. Merritt and his Divan of Irem Temple at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., held a fine Ceremonial on July 21st, with 286 novices. Shrine Temples always hold fine ceremonials. But when we say this was held under their own vine and fig tree in the open air at Irem's own Country Club, the event takes on the interest of novelty like the dog-biting man.

The Country Club is used several times a year for Out-Door Ceremonials, which are attended by from 8,000 to 10,000 Nobles at each session. A beautiful bit of flat land, bordered on two sides by stately oaks, on the back by a steep mountain, and the front by a natural mound high enough to cut off the view by outsiders, is the scene of the Ceremonial. Earthen pulpits are in place for the Officers, and in this woodland setting the voices of the Divan are carried to every point by a system of loud speakers. It is an ideal spot, and many Temples have sent representatives to see how it is done.

Every facility in the way of locker rooms, baths, sleeping quarters, dining service, grill, with up-to-date equipment, are at the service of the membership and any visitor who has a card showing him to be in good standing in any Temple of the Mystic Shrine.

The financing of this vast proposition was placed in the hands of a number of banker-members of Irem, and certain sums are set aside each year from the regular income, which with the fees of the Golf Course, makes Irem Country Club nearly self-sustaining.

A member of Irem, on his admission to the Nobility, automatically becomes a member of the Country Club without any extra initiation fee or cost thereafter.

Country Club Memberships range in initiation fee from \$300.00 to \$1,500.00 with yearly dues from \$60.00 to \$600.00. Everything that any Country Club has is present at Irem and absolutely no cost imposed, except for the use of the Golf Course, which has a family or yearly fee, or paid for each time a round is made of the 18 Hole Course, which is considered one of the finest.



*Irem Temple at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.
This progressive Temple has its own beautiful
Country Club where outdoor ceremonials are held.*

The grounds include 500 acres of cleared and wooded lands, the latter stocked with game birds.

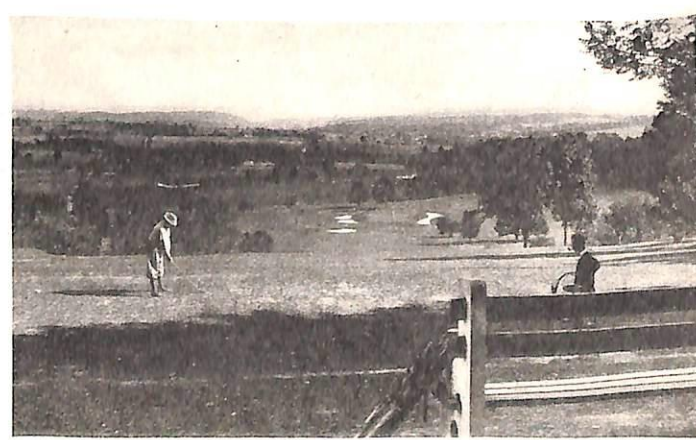
The Club House has rest, smoking, and dining-room accommodations for 300 people; ladies' rooms for rest and recreation are set apart in the Club House. A dancing pavilion

with floor space of an acre is provided with music for those who wish to indulge in dancing.

The new club has parking space for 3,000 cars (1,600 cars were parked at the recent Ceremonial) special picnic grounds with all facilities for those who wish to prepare their own food, and playgrounds suitable for children.



*Irem Temple's Country Club is set in a lovely
bit of flat land bordered by stately oaks.*



*The 18-Hole Golf Course of Irem Temple
Country Club is one of the finest in the country.*

WHAT THOMAS JEFFERSON MEANS TODAY

(Continued from page 19)

endless powers of nature has obtained slaves infinitely more productive than any of which Aristotle could dream. Man has laid the basis for a community of life in which everybody can have sufficient food, clothing, light, books, amusement, and leisure, and all he now has to do is to feel his way toward the best distribution of these advantages and the best control and management of these vast new forces.

Liberalism in this country in the political field has now no great question to confront. In France, in Germany, in Italy, in Russia, even in England profound problems of the very structure of government will apparently be active in the next decade or two. But we have only divisions on detail, such as the extent to which taxation should increase with income, and the extent to which the national treasury should help the farmer. On those subjects, particularly the second, liberals are divided: I think the most significant movements in the history of liberalism and democracy, as far as the United States is concerned, are taking place not in the political arena at all, but in the voluntary relations between capital and labor. There is a rapidly increasing tendency in Europe to recognize this fact. More often every month one can read appeals to foreign labor to follow American labor in its readiness to accept increased production and improved methods of production, and to foreign capital to follow American capital in taking a rising standard of living and of wages as a natural part of evolution.

Translated into human terms, this mass production means much of what liberals have been trying for. More money for labor means more of all those things which make a free man instead of a serf. Among the children of a brick-layer today, if there happens to be one full of ambition, worldly or ideal, there are no obstacles of a regrettable nature in his path. He will have to work much less for an education than did Lincoln, or the father of Thomas Jefferson. And the ordinary members of the family have a life that would seem a rainbow dream to the average passenger on the Mayflower.

What such increased productiveness would do to the mind of Jefferson we can only guess, but we do know that everything in mechanics, in nature's productiveness, had intense attraction for him. There was no mechanical advance anywhere that he did not become excited about. He himself invented the swivel chair. He was a farmer, and his foremost loyalty was to life in the country, and to everything that could make it more prosperous and pleasant. Even while he was President he kept the most constant notes on the prices of vegetables. But the larger fact is his interest in the conquest of the world of nature and its subordination to the purposes of man. Were he alive today his policies would, I think, of necessity be affected in some ways by the new physical basis of life.

Mr. McAdoo raised a particularly interesting question, a few months ago, about Jefferson's view of governmental powers. The former Secretary of the Treasury, distinguishing between the aims of Jefferson and the methods which he had available, is confident that if he now lived he would not object to the fullest powers of the national government to protect the individual in his economic freedom, because that particular task cannot be accomplished by any unit smaller than the national government. The thing that Jefferson cared about was the individual and his freedom, much more than about what was the best available machinery at a given time for protecting that freedom.

He distrusted every movement and every institution that threatened to make the individual count for less. It is a fairly good guess, therefore, that if he lived in our times his busy mind would be actively *[Continued on page 60]*

"Knowing all the characters before you start, is like beginning half way through your Course! Just two months' study of Speedwriting netted me a better position, and a much larger salary!"
Anne Bohack, 38 St. Mary's Street, Yonkers, New York.



"I wanted to make a start in the business world, but the thought of the time I must spend on shorthand discouraged me. Then I heard of Speedwriting! Six weeks later I started to work in a lawyer's office, taking all his dictation. That six weeks of study placed me in a most desirable position, with the best possible chances for development." Margaret E. Streeter, 228 Main Street, Pawtucket, R. I.



"After 72 hours of study of a conventional shorthand system, I only knew half the principles. After 15 hours' study of Speedwriting (because I knew all the characters to start with) I could take dictation of unfamiliar material at 90 words per minute, and read it back without trouble. Almost at once I got a better position, and more salary!" Thomas McCabe, 75 West 102 Street, New York City.

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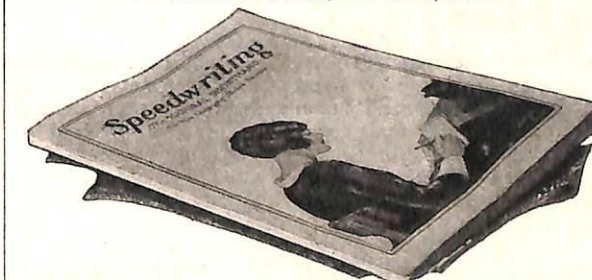
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What Thomas Jefferson Means Today [Continued from page 59]

wrestling with the increasing problem of size. The national government at Washington is being called upon for more and more work. It is becoming more and more cumbersome. There can be no doubt that Jefferson would be thinking of ways of relieving the central government of some of its functions.

And this feeling against over-grown size would extend into business. It would be unfair to tie Jefferson up to any particular device for checking the increasing size of business enterprises, but I cannot have any doubt that his sympathy would be with the small unit in business, and he would be busy every month in the year trying to think of ways of helping small enterprises to flourish.

When we come to international relations we reach a more questionable matter. Both parties were against close relations in those days. The fear was that our new and small and struggling democracy might be choked out or corrupted back into aristocracy if we did not keep apart. Jefferson created the phrase about entangling alliances, but it was a member of the other party, John Quincy Adams, who was father to the Monroe Doctrine. Jefferson, however, was not a doctrinaire but a realist. At one time he favored a naval alliance with England. At another time he, the leading anti-imperialist of his day, led a gross enterprise in imperialism. At another he wished us to intervene in foreign affairs out of mere sympathy with France. So the workings of his mind, in the wholly new conditions brought about by the world becoming smaller, our becoming its most powerful nation, our democracy becoming safe, other leading nations becoming democratic, and wars becoming more costly are quite beyond any legitimate surmise.

The next subject on which we touch is delicate and undoubtedly it is one on which many good citizens will think Jefferson mistaken in his time and a dangerous influence in ours. However, I am not writing either a support of Jefferson's mind or a criticism of it, but an analysis of it, in connection with the big celebration of this year and with the undoubted increase of interest in him which the public is now showing.

The basis of all Jefferson's thinking, his major premise, so to speak, was freedom of thought. He carried that idea so far that many of our good citizens would be as horrified by it as were many of the good citizens of his day. No statement of his is more central than this: "Government has nothing to do with opinion." We can be sure that he would throw all his strength, were he here now, against a tendency, especially noticeable since the war, to punish people, or keep them out of the country, on account of opinions they hold that we think poorly of.

At another time he wrote: "I have sworn upon the altar of the living God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the

mind of man." And in his first inaugural: "If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union or change its Republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left to combat it." This sort of belief does not belong to either of the two great parties, but to certain individuals in both of them. Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural said: "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember it or overthrow it." Even Jefferson seldom said anything more shocking; perhaps only once. That was when the Massachusetts farmers took arms under Daniel Shays and tried to overthrow the state government on the ground that it represented only lawyers and financial interests. Jefferson was pleased, saying we needed a rebellion now and then to keep the spirit of liberty alive.

That this question of freedom to think wrong is not a party question is easily shown in our own day. Nobody in the party of Jefferson has made a more famous formulation of the principle than Oliver Wendell Holmes, a Republican member of our highest court, who was discussing certain crude, violent, un-American opinions printed and circulated by some new arrivals in this country with revolutionary ideas. Justice Holmes, in a dissent now famous, said the right to circulate such opinions was as clear as the right of the national government to print and circulate that constitution to which these defendants appeal in vain.

In another case he said: "Every idea is an incitement." He was discussing an idea which to him was stupid and ignorant, but he found no reason for suppressing it. Charles Evans Hughes is a Republican. In 1925 he said: "The most ominous sign of our times, it seems to me, is the growth of intolerant liberty."

So whether that dominant belief of Jefferson is right or wrong, it has nothing to do with parties in our day. In Jefferson's time, it is true, his party was more tolerant of opinion than the party headed by Hamilton, and yet Hamilton himself sprang into the arena to protect the rights of the unpopular minority, both when the Tories of the Revolutionary War were threatened with the loss of their property and when new arrivals in the country and unpopular views were menaced by the Alien and Sedition laws. Borah and Norris, for example, are as Jeffersonian as anybody on the Democratic side of the Senate.

All this does not mean, as some readers may guess it means, that Jefferson disbelieved in the rights of property. He believed in them, but not in protecting them by loss of liberty of expression. He made no objection when our constitution, instead of the words, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as used

in the Declaration, accepted the words, "life, liberty and property." The French Declaration of the Rights of Man treated property as one of the fundamental rights which government exists to protect, and the same idea was tacit in the English revolution of 1688. Jefferson was unmistakably not a communist but an individualist. But he feared no idea.

Next to freedom of thought, which in his opinion would mean freedom of every kind, his strongest confidence was in education. He loved to collect information and to spread it among the people. He was close to the days when a price in effort was paid for it; his father was accustomed to read to the family in the evening by the light of the fire, Shakespeare, Swift and Addison. Jefferson was lucky in this father, for style is formed usually from intimacy with masterpieces, and Jefferson's style was a weapon he needed. He indeed was one of those men in whose hands the pen is mightier than the sword. The Bible and Shakespeare are the foundations for an English style. Jefferson made himself a selection and arrangement of the Bible for his own personal use, and the greatest apostle of democracy who has followed him, Abraham Lincoln, filled his system with the style of the King James version and of Macbeth. Otherwise the Gettysburg inaugural could not have been what it is.

Jefferson's broad and tolerant spirit was shown when he put a bust of his bitterest rival, Hamilton, in his home at Monticello. It was shown when he took an attitude toward punishment and its effects that is like the most enlightened view of today. The clear principles on which his mind moved was illustrated when his friends and supporters thought he was going too far and endeavored to induce him to compromise in his fight against the habit of giving to the eldest son more land than his brothers and sisters. "Yes," said Jefferson, "when he can eat twice the allowance of food and do double the allowance of work." Although the leader of the party that defended slavery, Jefferson himself earnestly opposed it.

A hundred and fifty years are enough to help us to perspective. The revival of interest in Jefferson, always strong but now increasing, gives him his place. A serious American, whether his sympathies are in general with Jefferson's complete democracy or with the brilliant defense of privilege represented by Hamilton, cannot fail to have a certain pride in the fact that the world's leading prophet of the democratic hope was born on our soil. Such is what Gibbon called "the unerring sentence of time." Education, if it is worth much, does not end when we leave school, but is found just as much in events as they arise: for example in thinking about our Sesqui-Centennial. Of real education we may say, in the words of Carlyle, that its "school-hours are all the days and nights of our existence."

was so nice I told him he must not sniffle that way but use his hanky and blow first on one side and then on the other and then wipe it clean and he did.

"Then he sat down on my bed and took Miss Flapper in his hand and between his thumb and finger he broke Miss Flapper's foot so it twisted over like mine and I cried and told him they would yell 'Hippity Hop, Flippity Flop' at her like they did at me, but he told me to wait a minute and he got some sticky ribbon and put her foot back and told me if I would let her go to sleep she would get well and never Hippity Hop again.

"He told me if I would let him give me some nice thing to smell he would fix my foot, too, and in jess a little while I could roll hoop and they would never yell 'Hippity Hop' at me again so I told Uncle Doctor to do it.

"Uncle Pleasingly Plump hugged me and told me I was a good soldier and my hair got caught in a pin he had on his coat and pulled it. He showed me the pin and Uncle Doctor had one too. It had a little sword on it like the fairies cut the heads off of big spiders in the early morning when the spiders get after the little fairies. Below this sword is Two Tiger Claws. Not big tigers but little teeny baby tiger kittens claws and Uncle Pleasingly Plump told me it was a sign of a . . . lean over here and let me whisper it to you . . . the sign of a damn good guy and then I cried some more and told him I did not want him and the other guy to die and go to hell and burn forever'n ever and they both said they would go in the bath room and wash their mouths out with soap and never say it again.

"THEN they took me in a fine automobile to this hospital, and they gave me a buggy ride on a little cart. Uncle Doctor put on a white nightie and gave me something to smell but I didn't like it. But I went to sleep and when I woke up my foot was all tied up with sticky ribbon.

"That was yesterday and I have been in this nice room ever since and Uncle Pleasingly Plump brought me all those nice flowers and the dish full of oranges over there. Uncle Doctor and another man came in and looked at my foot and said it was coming on fine and he said 'Ho hum' and did not say the naughty word or sniffle without his hanky.

"Now you have come and I am to stay in this nice room and have oranges and visitors an' candy, an' flowers and Uncle Pleasingly Plump said I would have visitors if he had to call up every other . . . lean over here, and let me whisper what he said . . . every other damn guy in the town. I jess know he will die and go to hell and burn forever'n ever and I made him go right in the bath room and wash his mouth with soap and he is awful nice. My papa isn't driving the truck any more, he is shoving the doctor around and that was him in here with the pretty cap an' the new pants and the leather things on his legs like a traffic pleeceman.

"That feels awful nice when you rub my back with that smelly stuff. Are you sniffing, too? You mustn't sniffle! You must use your hanky and blow hard on one side and then on the other and wipe it off clean. I am getting sleepy! I hope you will not use that naughty word like all the other people I love for you are nice to me and I don't want you to die and go to hell and burn forever'n ever. Put Miss Flapper over here on the pillow close to me. I think she needs a nap, too."

The plaintive little voice trailed off into silence. The big blue eyes closed. The bobbed haired nurse rose from the bed, sniffled, then reached hastily for her hanky. She blew first one side, then the other and wiped it carefully.

Then she proceeded to get in danger of going to hell and burning forever'n ever. Lean over close and I'll tell you what she said . . . she said:

"What do you know about these damn Shriners?"

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This beautiful new leather is just appearing in the exclusive shops, the sensation of the season. Rich, exclusive looking, with grain and soft brown color somewhat like pigskin. Beautiful irregular pattern of "knots" where feathers were removed, an effect you find in no other leather. About the strongest leather known, wears for years. Halvorfold in new Genuine Ostrich is an unusually handsome article. Strongly made, same as calfskin style, with Gold corners, snap fastener and special Gold Monogram Plate. Name, address, etc. in 23-K Gold Free. Price \$12

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A superb creation of master craftsmanship to meet the taste of the most fastidious. Genuine Steerhide, a durable, tough but soft and flexible leather with exquisite shaded effect in rich brown with soft green undertone. Outer edges handtooled with strong black goatskin. Shrine emblem handtooled on the back as shown gives this Halvorfold a handsome, de luxe effect such as you never saw before. Additional design handtooled on flap. Arranged inside same as calfskin style, with name, address, etc. in 23-K Gold Free. Price \$15

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Mark here which Halvorfold you want:—
☐ Genuine Black Calfskin, \$5 ☐ Genuine Ostrich Hide, \$12 ☐ Handtooled Steerhide, \$15

Name _____ Address _____

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Send Coupon TODAY!

A Few Notable Features of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children [Continued from page 45]

for his hospital by selecting from among the many distinguished practitioners in the various medical and surgical lines representative men of the different classes, such as specialist for eye, ear, nose and throat, (usually one man covers all these), who goes over the physical aspects of the child; an internist, who deals with the lungs, heart, kidneys, etc.; a dental surgeon, who examines the teeth and makes routine examinations and inspections and gives proper treatment; a pathologist, who makes chemical analyses of blood, urine, etc.; and a neurologist, who makes routine neurological examinations. These specialists who constitute the staff are distinguished scientists in their respective lines, who from noble and humanitarian motives are willing, and usually anxious, to serve the crippled children without compensation. There are also many citizens of various professions who cheerfully volunteer their services along different lines, and at many of the hospitals local barbers claim the privilege of coming at regular intervals and clipping the children's hair. Love and sympathy for these afflicted children seem to strike so deeply and spontaneously into the hearts of all who come in touch with them that there is a wonderful spontaneity of desire on the part of every one to render such service as he or she may be permitted to give.

DURING the period of isolation and observation the child is put through a rigid physical examination. The Surgeon-in-Chief and his

assistants examine the child's deformities and injuries and such other features as pertain to orthopedic surgery, while the various specialists enumerated above make their examinations and render such services as are necessary. All of this is done because sick children must be put in good physical and mental condition before an operation can be considered. If any children are found afflicted with disease they are turned over to the member of the staff whose duty it is to look after that particular feature, who takes hold of the child, handles the case and treats it so as to get him or her into good shape and eliminate that particular malady or complaint. At some of our hospitals we have isolation wards for any who develop infectious or contagious diseases, and where such wards do not exist such children are sent to a proper institution on the outside.

THUS it will be seen that children coming into the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children receive a thorough overhauling from head to foot, internally and externally, with respect to their physical condition.

During the period of convalescence there is an opportunity for making any reconstruction procedures necessary, such as removing tonsils, adenoids, etc., and continuing any treatment which may have been found originally necessary and not corrected by previous operation; so that when patients go out from the hospitals they are improved in every way, mentally, physically and spiritually. These children

carry with them when finally dismissed or sent home for recuperation, the training which they have received in the hospital; such as regular washing of the teeth, etc., which even helps the families, as the children go back home and teach them the things they have learned.

AND, finally, let it be said that too much praise cannot be accorded to those noble and unselfish specialists who constitute the staffs at the different hospitals and render these wonderful services to the patients in our hospitals which fit them to become sound, wholesome children, and in due time self-respecting, self-supporting and respected citizens of their respective communities.

Much more might be written about the various services rendered to the crippled children at our institutions and by the auxiliaries connected therewith; but much must be left to be dealt with by others equally or more familiar with the work.

Meanwhile, allow me to recommend to those interested in these matters the reading of the following pamphlets, which may be obtained from the Records of Shrine Temples, viz.:

"Temples of Baby Smiles, 1925."

"The Story of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, 1925."

"Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, 1926"; and lastly and one of the finest of such publications,

"Arabian Tales" May, 1926, published by El Zaribah Temple of Phoenix, Arizona.

The Changing Winds of Trade [Continued from page 13]

group. People now go to Rome and Milan for development of musical talents, instead of Vienna and Berlin. Italian music stores have spread all over the States. Music teachers no longer precede their names with "Herr". German-born music teachers have changed their own "Herr" into "Signor". Singing teachers are Italian. And though piano manufacturing is still controlled by the families of the founders of the industry, there has been a great change in the working personnel. The Italians, who at first bid very strongly for the trade, were replaced by French workers, who were much finer cabinet makers than the former. The Czechs are now rapidly replacing the French workers. The woodwork as well as the key-boards of pianos is mostly done by Czech workers. So far we have had only little of Czech music in this country. Still, the symphony based on native American tunes, the New World Symphony, so frequently heard at concerts here and abroad, was composed by a Czech, Anton Dvorak. The Russians are now attempting a monopoly of everything musical. If nothing happens to avert it, we shall be Russianized in the next few years. Russian art, Russian literature, Russian theater, and Russian music are fast gaining ground in this country, as well as in other countries.

No country has ever had any confidence in its own art. It has always flirted with that of another nationality. In Italy they like French and German music better than their own. In France they prefer the music of the Italians and the Russians. In Russia the French and the Spaniards hold sway. In Spain, Spanish composers speak with great enthusiasm about the music of the Czechs.

THE Greeks were the first in this country to start the rug business. Of course, the rugs they sold were supposed to be of Syrian and

Persian origin. Then Syrian business men came over here. Because of their great knowledge of rugs and of the places in the Orient where they were made, they were able to give better values for lower prices than the Greeks had been able to do. In ten years the Syrians had achieved a monopoly of the business. And then the prices soared, as they always do when a nationality has absolute control of a trade or business.

But soon the Armenians arrived on the scene. Better traders than either the Greeks or the Syrians, they underbid and undersold and threw so many rugs on the market from one end of the country to the other, the Greeks and Syrians were only too glad to get out from under. The rug business thus fell into the hands of the Armenians. The prices have soared again. Now the Japanese are struggling to oust them from the trade. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, Japanese rug shops are underselling the Armenian rug dealers; Chinese and Japanese rugs are replacing the Oriental ones.

WHEN a waiter finishes his day's or his night's work, he goes to one of the coffee houses where people of his profession foregather to spend an hour or two before going home. I have dropped in on these waiter's cafes from time to time to observe how those who served are being served.

If we were to demand the kind of service professional waiters get from other professional waiters, there would not be as much hard feeling against the "slinging" fraternity. All the fine points of "service" are exacted by the waiter-customer. The waiter who serves him does not have an easy time of it if fork and spoon are not laid exactly at the right angle, or if the water is not placed exactly in the center. Those who serve at the best hotels

thus revenge themselves for all the disagreeable experiences they have had during their day's work.

Of course, the coffee houses of the waiters are not all of the same standard and do not all cater to the same class of waiters. There is not a large city in the country that does not have at least several coffee houses for waiters, each fitted to the degree and the purse of its clientele. In the finest of these places, just before the dinner hour, the dining room looks like an assembly of men-about-town, for every one is immaculately dressed and groomed.

IN THE cheaper coffee houses for waiters, one used to see people of all nationalities, Italians, Germans, Greeks and Austrians. In the better coffee houses, however, there were only Frenchmen. In the best hotels and restaurants the chef was French, the maitre d'hotel was French, the names of the dishes were French; and one usually dined well when one dined on French food served by French waiters.

Today the Austrians have begun to supersede the Frenchmen as chefs and waiters in our best dining rooms. There was a short interim during which Greek waiters had attempted to get a foothold in the upper classes of the waiting profession, but they were forced to give ground to the Austrian waiters, who have dislodged the Frenchmen and all others.

Most of the Austrian waiters are men who have once been in different circumstances. French waiters were trained to the profession by degrees, and had to climb step by step to reach the top. One began as bell boy, omnibus, and rose higher only after mastering the fine points of the trade. Not so with the Austrian waiters. They have learned the profession, many of them, from being on the opposite side of the table. The clean-shaven, aristocratic men arranging your service in the

expensive places were once themselves sitting in the chairs you are sitting in now, and were served by immaculate French waiters in Paris, Vienna or Carlsbad. It frequently happens that Austrian waiters are sons of Austria's aristocracy that came crashing down after the World War. Scions of Austrian nobility arrived here in considerable numbers—in droves. They had culture but no profession. They were untrained in business. They were unable to do manual labor. Their politeness and savoir faire made them a preferred element with the maitre d'hotels and heads of dining rooms.

There are barons and counts and even princes among them, who went into the profession temporarily, until the conditions under which they formerly lived should be re-established in their country.

If the future points to anything, it does point to the change of the Frenchmen's reign over the dining room table and his supremacy over our stomachs. There are already a number of Austrian dishes on the menus. Words like Schnitzel, Strudel, and Vienna Braten appear more and more frequently on the menus of our best hotels. There are over a quarter of a million people in the waiting profession in this country. But there is a fly in the Austrian ointment. The Russian nobility living in America is fast going into the waiting profession, too. It will, no doubt, be a question of the survival of the sleekest!

PINK & WHITE MAGIC

[Continued from page 37]

The self beautifier first. Now the home method is comparatively the cheaper, although, as I discovered, it can run into very tidy money. While it has advantages of economy and time it suffers from the fact that human nature is what it is. If you think it is hard to exercise five minutes before breakfast every morning just try putting on three preparations before you go to bed and two before you go out to catch the early worm. After the first week or so of dramatizing yourself as an incipient beauty, it gets to be a steady grind, and anything can put you off your task if you aren't careful. You are too tired to care, you are too unhappy to bother or you are so exhilarated that you think you are doing well enough as it is.

When I say "cheaper" please remember my qualifying adverb before you rise up and scream at the list to follow. For it's easy to spend sixty dollars a month at one of the great shops which in addition to treatments make their own creams to sell all over the country. An aunt of mine was indignant at my surprise when I learned she spent an average of fifty dollars a month on various developing creams and reducing salts (for different geographical sections of her anatomy of course).

"Why it's a third the price of a new dress," she said in an abused tone. "I'm sure your uncle would think I was wasting money on clothes if I didn't see that I looked nice in them."

Incredulous that so much could be spent to fill a toilet table and spread the surface of a human being I made a secret visit to a prominent beauty scientist and got a list of what she has to offer. The various properties of her products are too long to go into here, but as I write, and if you haven't too strong a character, as you read, there is an intermission to put just a pat of skin food around your eyes—after all, you can't tell what it might do. The disturbing part about this beauty business is that you come to scoff and remain to buy creams.

Following are some of the things you can purchase, according to your purse and need. The more affluent you are, the more you'll find you need. Me, I'm amassing a fortune to no other end but purchasing the whole list.

A cream to cleanse, massage and nourish, \$2.50 to \$7.50 a jar

[Continued on page 64]

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after \$500 to \$1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

STYLISH, LONG WEARING SUIT

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

WEARS LIKE IRON!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

TREMENDOUS DEMAND

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit. And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit \$9.95 for Only

Think, \$9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money, we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders.

C. E. Comer, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details. **This Suit \$9.95 Only**

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn \$30 or \$40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make \$1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

Complete Selling Outfit Sent Free

If you want to make \$10 to \$20 a day, if you want a chance at this big money-making opportunity, mail the coupon below. We will send you our complete selling outfit absolutely free. With it will come full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete description, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. 14-U: Dayton, Ohio

MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

C. E. COMER, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 14-U, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me at once complete selling outfit on your new \$9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as \$1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



In addition to the big earnings, I have a plan whereby you can get a Chevrolet Coach to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon for full details.

POINK & WHITE MAGIC [Continued from page 63]

Beautifying Skinfood; The clear skin cream, \$1.00 to \$7.00 a pot
Muscle Oil, \$2.50 a bottle
Open Pore Paste—for men, women and children, \$1.00 and \$2.00
Balm Rose Cream—A Powder Foundation, \$1.00 to \$6.00
Ether Skin Lotion, per bottle, \$2.50 and \$4.50
Astringent Jelly. The tissue tightener for younger women, \$1.00 to \$4.00
Night Cream. Lines, wrinkles and crows-feet gradually disappear (and they do, cheap at) \$5.00, \$10.00 and \$20.00
Day Cream for face, throat and hands, \$5.00 and \$10.00
Astringent Lotion to follow day cream, \$4.00 and \$7.00
Sun and Windproof Balm. Prevents freckles. ("And honestly," is the cry to the high heavens, "mightn't it?") Up to \$6.00
Bleaching Soap Paste, \$1.50 and \$3.00
Bleaching Cream, \$2.00
Freckle Lotion, \$3.00 and \$5.00
A cream for a red nose (A famous queen used to send for this regularly), \$3.50 and \$6.00
Skin Rejuvenant, \$30.00, \$55.00 and \$100.00
Eastern Forty-eight hour treatment sets, \$30.00, \$60.00 and \$100.00

Of course the products mentioned here are the very best but Beauty creams and lotions may now be had at all prices, to fit every woman's purse.

And that isn't all, there are lotions for arms, legs, hair, eyes. Things to make your skin stop doing everything it ought not be doing and turn it to the paths of loveliness. Surely here lies perfection.

These preparations are merely the groundwork for beauty. Most of them are put on only to be rubbed off when they have had their effect. Strangely enough the showy "surfacing," as we may call it, costs much less. A good lipstick costs a dollar to a dollar and a half, and unless you use it for writing notes to the milkman, lasts four months. A box of rouge is fifty cents to a dollar, according to size and will last a month or two. Powder is more expensive and must be used lavishly in ratio to the neckline of the gown. Powder compacts, the darling equipment of every feminine hand-bag are costly, since they break with even the tenderest care.

THE fact that it has recently become the mode to use different tones for different hours of the day and different occasions must be a satisfaction to the makers of the purely decorative products. There are different colors for sports, for shopping, for dancing. A beauty expert I talked to recently told me that make-up should match your clothes.

"There is always the question of appropriateness to be considered," she said. "You wouldn't wear a sport hat with a lace dress, or high-heeled slippers with a knitted suit, and conversely your facial make-up should harmonize with your costume. So it does with women who are careful. If one wears sport clothes for example, the assumption is that one does all the things which sport clothes represent—walking, golfing, tennis, skating, riding and so on. Now if one does do all these things, the complexion will naturally be a healthy warm, tanned tone with a touch of pink or red. So clever chemists have provided, both for the real outdoor girl, and the ones who just want to look the part, richer, warmer tones of powder than the usual white and flesh. A pinkish brown powder was good last year and for this year even ruddier tones are predicted.

"White powder still exists, of course, but it is used rightly now only by women with exotic, dead white skins, or possibly for evening when

a particular frock demands a skin of marble pallor."

The manufacturer and beauty expert also command you to change your make-up (and perfume) with your emotions. If you are in a calm, business-like frame of mind, your complexion and therefore its colorful needs are different than if you are passionately excited. Two rouges, two lipsticks, two powders right there. It is not stated what you do if your mood changes while you are away from your dressing table. Perhaps though, that is the explanation of the growing custom of putting on make-up in restaurants and on street corners.

BUT to inspect the second course to beauty, that which has to do with treatments: it is an easier and more entertaining road if you can afford to follow it. Given in the delightful places I have described they are a luxury and a temptation. It is fun to be fussed over and many women find it a charming way to spend an hour or two of a long idle day. The salons herald themselves in the most alluring ways. One great place advertised recently in some such way as this:

"Just how beautiful are you? Are you sure that you have realized your best possibilities? Are you sure that the most individual and scientific attention cannot reveal some hidden charm?"

"At — under the care of a graduate nurse an hour or two of treatment will afford you a delightful surprise. Our face molding treatment will bring forth a radiance of complexion and firmness of muscle that will reflect itself in every fibre of your being. Really you haven't the slightest idea how beautiful you can be!"

And really, if you read it on one of those days when the fine pencil stroke of a line seems like a furrow, wouldn't you be apt to go and find out?

Beauty is in your own eye, as much as the beholder. If a woman thinks she is beautiful she is going to act beautiful and you'd be surprised at how often she can put over just "acting beautiful." These facials are great builders of backbone. As I said the theory of them is to surround you with rest and charm from the moment you get inside the door. Soft carpets, soft lights, crystal cabinets lit to display salves and tonics as if they were jewels. You immediately feel less grubby.

When you are turbaned in clean linen, laid back in a chair and spread with the first layer of cream which smells like an orange orchard blooming above Sorrento, you can easily forget that in an hour you'll be going back on the subway to your job. After you've been patted with the perfumes of Araby, stung with lotions like small electric daggers or blankets of needles, smoothed again with cream like England in May and been powdered and rouged and penciled, you rise and go out feeling as if your face could sink a thousand ships—and perhaps you can even overturn a canoe.

It is in treatments that the beauty industry makes money with mathematical simplicity and it is easy for the bookkeeper to add up cosy round sums. Five for this and ten for that and twenty for that. If you are lazy enough not to want to do anything for yourself, and rich enough to indulge the desire, you can spend a hundred to a hundred and fifty a month with no effort at all.

Take sunburn treatments. They say that sunburn ages a person more than thirty years of strenuous living; so it has become the proper thing to have all traces of an outdoor summer removed. For this a course of ten to twenty treatments is recommended. Price per treatment, ten dollars.

It must not be thought that the beauty establishments coin money in return for a slap of cream and a dash of powder. Some treatments take a long time and require much service and many costly materials.

Since personal loveliness has become almost as popular, if you could call it that, as dentistry, the beauty industry must fill its ranks with experienced people. The vast proportions of the business have made it impossible to train girls as operators by the apprentice system once in vogue. Schools for beauty are running with great vigor all over the country, and they offer the most astoundingly thorough courses.

One in New York occupies a seven story building and has about three hundred girls in training all the time. The training takes from four to six months and is conducted on academic principles.

The girls, who practice on each other, go out from the school much improved by the months of intensive care, and very fair advertisements of their work. They learn so many things in the way of massage, hair treating and manicuring that a visitor ponders on the vast opportunities for self-improvement with unresigned despair.

BESIDES the outer woman they must learn the inner man. Anatomy, circulation, respiration are lectured on by visiting specialists.

They are taught the psychology of the beauty treatment—which is that people must be encouraged, that the operator should not insist on appreciation from the client, that, according to a legend on the classroom blackboard they must get their own minds working cheerfully, "Rub smiles in, not frowns."

Day and night schools are held in this building to satisfy the demand of eager beauty workers. Actresses take the course so that they can fill in a black winter. Kind friends send high-school girls and elderly women make a valiant attempt to become wage earners.

From the schools the girls either go into shops or open places of their own. One student had been sent by the women of a small isolated Montana town. The woman's club decided that they needed a good beauty specialist more than a course of lectures that year and had clubbed together to have one of the town girls go east and learn enough to open a shop. You can almost see them in the bare schoolhouse where they met, thinking how ravishing they'd be this time next year.

AT THIS particular school the short course costs \$150, the longer one \$250. While men are not admitted to the regular classes they may take private lessons in marcel and permanent waving.

Similar schools are located all over the country. They range in size from the institutions like the above to smaller groups trained for certain of the great beauty salons.

The making of toilet preparations themselves is a great lush field which cannot be gone into here. Some recipes come from ancient Egypt, some from the harem and some are mixed, more prosaically according to modern chemistry.

Columbia University gives a course in the composition and manufacture of cosmetics, toilet preparations and perfumes. Huge classes have listened to lectures which disclose all the secrets of face paints (liquid and dry), hair dyes, tonics, creams, synthetic perfumes.

Creams in this course are called by none of the alluring names of the trade. There are starch creams, casein creams, glycerine creams. Rouge is no longer a red badge of courage, but a formula.

It's lucky for the beautiful young ladies who sell these things all over the country, and the beautiful, beautiful ladies who buy them that the names of marigold, waterlily, pine, and even cucumber are still blazoned across bottles and jars to appeal to the imagination. Even if beauty has swept the country, even if it is a great commercial enterprise, it's much more amusing to believe that it's still pink and white magic.

[Continued from page 9]

be a large one—of whisky. Then from you or the God-blessed Company, the where-with to write a short letter. And be quick since I am late and a short letter takes a long time."

The factor was no man to permit such abuse of the Company from one who was there by the grace of his kindness and interest. Impudent now from his drinking, was he?

"Do you think a factor will take high talk from a dog-driver?" he cried, planting himself meantime in front of the younger man. "Out of the place this instant and sleep off this insolence with your dogs. Insubordination, this is—against the Company's interest—and I shall report it."

'Twas the other man standing there so still misled him. For though never a brawny man, since factors are chosen for rarer gifts, he so mistook his indignation for honest rage that he shook a fist under the nose of Jean Baptiste. "Is it for a drunken half-breed—" But that was as far as he got. Jean Baptiste gripped his wrist at the joint with the sudden movement of an animal. He was a tall man and wolf-lean and seeing him so still there, after that lightning grasp, and noticing his eyes so blue and very much colder than he had thought, 'twas no more than decent the factor should recover his composure.

"Let us not disgrace ourselves by fighting," he suggested.

"We will not fight," said Jean Baptiste, gripping the factor's wrist the harder and so seeming taller than before. "We will not fight, since I have no mind for a killing. I am not drunk. As for being a half-breed—yes. Half Scot!"

He flung the factor's hand away and stood there where he had stopped on entering the room. 'Twas so profound an insult that the factor, being of the noble race himself, could only grope for the depth of it as Jean Baptiste spoke again:

"There will be no mail go out," he said, "unless I write a letter. And to write a letter I must have a drink."

It was plain to the factor now that the young man was under the stress of some great excitement. He wondered over it while pouring the whisky; a big drink for Jean Baptiste and an extra drop for himself.

A VERY curious thing it was to see them then, the young man straining himself before the ink-pot and paper on the table and all the cold courage sweating itself out of him in the labor of writing his letter. And just outside the glow of the poor feeble lamp, the factor watching him, thoughtful. How conceal his regard for the lad and lure him somehow into the way of virtue in faithful Company service? What a valuable man he could be for fighting the competition of the upstart Revillon Frères. The Indian half of him making him free with the notions and ways of the tribes, and the Scot of him giving the delicate balance of values in a trade. What a compound of guile and sagacity! For he was the cut of a true Scot, sitting there with his dark fur cap and the heavy brows over his eyes.

Why must it be? So ready he was at times to encourage the faith of a lonely old man; very close in the mouth, and the gifts of a devil in handling a delicate errand. But always by his own leave. Not a bit of decent fear of the Company's displeasure; plain scorning the chance of winning a touch of its trust and esteem. No duty in the man! That's the wrong in him; no pride! The look of him now; debasing himself before an ink-pot and a square of paper! Not two words has he written and the night passing fast.

Then as if in a flash he was busy all at once. He reached to the calendar hanging before him on the wall and tore off the page for the month. Then to the factor's eyes he turned wholly Indian for a minute, crouched there, marking with signs certain dates [Continued on page 66]

WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR

A Travel Accident and Auto Policy

for

MASONS ONLY

Sold by

UNITED CRAFTSMAN INSURANCE COMPANY, Inc.

Home Office: 168 Bridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Established 1908

For \$2 a Year

Payments in One Sum:

For Loss of Life	\$2,500.00
For Loss of Both Eyes	2,500.00
For Loss of Both Hands	2,500.00
For Loss of Both Feet	2,500.00
For Loss of One Hand and One Foot	2,500.00
For Loss of One Hand and Sight of One Eye	2,500.00
For Loss of One Foot and Sight of One Eye	2,500.00
For Loss of One Hand	1,250.00
For Loss of One Foot	1,250.00
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For injuries sustained in the manner described in the policy (For a period of 15 weeks)	10.00

Mail your remittance with coupon.

I do hereby apply for Travel Accident and Auto Policy, and for that purpose make the following statements

Have you ever had fits or disorders of the brain?

Are you in whole and sound condition mentally and physically?

Are you now insured in this Company, except as herein stated?

Dated at

this

My occupation is

Address

My beneficiary is to be

My Masonic Lodge No.

Signature of applicant

Mail this coupon with remittance to UNITED CRAFTSMAN INSURANCE COMPANY, Dept. S, 168 Bridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

"What Ails the Small Town?"

by

Earl Chapin May

AN INTERESTING SURVEY OF MERCANTILE
CONDITIONS IN RURAL COMMUNITIES

Read this Article in

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

for November

Jean Baptiste MacDougall *[Continued from page 65]*

on the page. Sign-writing, the old factor reckoned it would be, though the light was but a poor feeble thing, for all his peering at the young man's hand. But the page was whipped into an envelope and sealed with apparent distrust of the power of so thin a bit of gum to hold so precious a thing safe from curious eyes.

"Now which is the light bag of the lot?" asked Jean Baptiste, looking about him for the bags of mail all ready to go.

"Tis no matter about the bags," said the factor, "since yon letter has no address."

"Why, so it hasn't!" says Jean Baptiste, all surprised. "I'll just give it one, since you are postmaster and require it."

So after much careful thought he wrote again and held it out for the factor to see for himself. He had written:

To a Woman
In a Cabin
On a Creek
In care of the Driver.

"Such an address is foolish and improper and not in the Postal Register. I refuse to accept it for the mails." The factor was quite content at the moment with all the authority reposing in him as postmaster. "And for the matter of a stamp now, I take it you imagine there'll be none required—in your case. Just to be marked 'On His Majesty's Service' is it?"

The factor was standing a little apart with his hands clasped behind him. He was rocking his weight up on to his toes, then back on his heels in the way a man sometimes will do with the best of an argument. Jean Baptiste listened closely to the factor's sarcasm.

"True. I had forgotten 'On His Majesty's Service,'" said he and he fell to writing on his envelope. When he held it again for the factor to see, in place of a stamp it bore this legend:

O. H. M. S.
Penalty for private use \$300.

FOR a moment the factor stood wholly aghast at such outrage. Perverting the very code of the Government to his own wicked uses! Jean Baptiste hefted the sacks piled in the corner and stood with one in his hand fumbling with the lock, when the factor's comprehension returned to him. He charged across the room, straining for speech and not quite achieving it. Both arms he flung around the bag in the younger man's grasp and strove to wrest it away.

"Stop!" he yelled. "In the name of the law I command you to halt!"

"I am not moving," said Jean Baptiste.

"Put down the bag, I mean. 'Tis fraud and misuse of the mails," said the factor, still pulling away at the bag, "and you are under arrest this minute. I have the authority and I am using it now. Malfeasance of office such a letter would be!"

Jean Baptiste he remained full of patience, giving way a little as the factor pulled and taking it back each time.

"I will explain it all later," he said.

"And highway robbery, for forcibly taking the mail from the lawful custodian," panted the factor.

Jean Baptiste he seemed wishful to avoid further contention and he looked about him for some reasonable way of ending the struggle without giving up the bag. Then at once he smiled at the factor and said:

"If it's highway robbery, I'd best not take it from you. I'll let you keep it."

With both hands then, in a mighty heave, he lifted the bag and the factor clinging to it, the full length of his arms up in the air. On the end of a heavy nail driven into a cross-beam of the building he hung them, the bag and its lawful custodian, by hooking the strap that closed the bag over the end of the nail. And it is to the credit of a most tenacious race that, with his feet several inches above the floor, the

factor refused to be parted from the bag, but clutched it the more firmly in his arms and hung on for the dignity of his official position. Jean Baptiste, he no longer had to look down at the factor. He held the letter with all its outrageous violations of the Postal Penalties Act two inches in front of the man's purpling face.

"I will explain it all—now," he said, with great patience. "This letter I cannot carry in my pocket since I cannot be certain of reaching the one to whom it is to go. I may meet someone else. And there might be trouble at such a meeting. Or I might meet no one at all and still find great trouble for myself, since the mail team goes down the smooth river-ice and the snow is so fine a background for rifle-sight. Now is that a good reason that nothing found on my person might bring trouble to one who has already known far more than enough?"

The factor did not think it a good reason but he could not say so, being near to collapse with the strain of hanging to the bag.

"As for your responsibility to the Government," Jean Baptiste went on, "that is simple. If I deliver the letter there is no more to it. If it should go on to Fort Vermilion and be sent back to you for explanation, you can say, 'I know nothing. The villain had a key to the bags no doubt.' That will be true," said Jean Baptiste, producing such a key, "since you are a stubborn old man and will not pack tight the precious bags of mail-order catalogues as I have asked you to do, so that my sled has upset or steered badly and I have often cursed you. But that is no matter! If the mail should come back to you now, you could take out the letter and burn it, could you not?"

The factor could not say whether he could or not. He was in sore straits indeed, but he would not turn loose.

"The Company—" he gasped through his teeth and scowled dreadfully at Jean Baptiste.

"May the Company rot," said Jean Baptiste.

"You are a thing of Company making, hanging there like a man on a gallows and in mortal fear that you drop from weakness and the Company hear of it and discharge you as unfit for its services. It is a terrible thing," he went on, speaking sadly into the factor's ear hanging there before him, "a terrible thing, that a man should outrage his courage for such a cause. For love, yes! That is different. I would hang by the heels gladly, an hour for every minute I might have with the woman I want." He was grim all at once. "And I'm going to have her. I'm starting now," he continued, "though I'm strong of the mind to lose my patience with you and truss up your heels to the opposite beam, just to make your struggle worth while. How would you like that, eh?" he demanded.

The poor factor could not say how he would like it for at the moment the strap broke and he would have taken a fall with the bag on top of him but for the younger man. Still he could almost stand and his character was proved to be free from weakness. He had not let go of the bag.

Jean Baptiste he guided the old man into a chair and poured him a drink of whisky. Then, while he sprawled there, lifting his cup with both hands, Jean Baptiste picked up the bag and replaced the broken strap with a good one and transferred the padlock with his own key. He put his letter into the top of the bag and secured it in a bundle of other letters, snapping the lock. Then he opened the door and dragged all the bags to it and threw them outside.

"I'll be going now," he told the factor, pulling himself into the fur short-coat and mittens. There was that in the swift and silent manner of his preparation that made the factor feel lonely and forgotten there in his chair.

He left his chair to stand in the open doorway, holding his lamp that the younger man might see to the loading of his sled in the darkness. Jean Baptiste had taken the long, light toboggan from its pegs under the wide eaves

and thrown it down crosswise of the trail that led away to the river. He spread the stiff tarpaulin across it and piled on his bags of mail. At the rear, next the backrest, he put on top the mail, his roll of bedding, a bag of food for his six days' journey down the river and the bag of frozen fish for his dogs.

Jean Baptiste folded the tarpaulin over his load and strained at the lash-ropes, tying them fast till the sled and its load were one. He worked in silent fury of haste as if his mind were already far ahead of him down the river. Then he released the eager dogs from their shed, one at a time, and put them in harness. They squatted there in a row, their short shadows beside them, barring the great yellow lead dog whose bulk was turned sideways to the team, to foster the fear of God it was, in those who ran behind him. Jean Baptiste took his place behind the sled and flipped the lash of his whip. They were up on the instant feeling their harness and their little sharp ears cocked sidewise watching the lash.

"Mush!" he called and the team plunged to the right, racking the long sled free from the grip of frost beneath it.

They trailed from the narrow spread of lamp-light and Jean Baptiste held up his left hand in salute as he followed into the darkness, with the black length of whip-lash gliding behind him like some evil thing over the snow.

BACK in his chair again the poor factor sat lamenting the ruin of his good intentions. Now Jean Baptiste was gone, openly looking for trouble. And it would be impossible to save him from the Company's wrath. He would deserve it—discharge and perhaps prosecution and maybe his own long years of service to end in disgrace over it. What a shame! The factor sighed, admitting heavily that his life was at once very empty and that at some time or other all men are fools.

By mid-afternoon Jean Baptiste turned his over-driven dog-team away from the broken river trail into a creek that found its way to the Peace from some rift in the Whitemud Hills. He broke trail up this creek as it wound through the scrub-covered flats for a mile or something like it. Behind the end of a low ridge, in a clump of young spruce, he found a squat log cabin at the creek-bank.

From either his Scot or Indian half, caution was a ready thing in Jean Baptiste, as the factor had often noted. At sight of the cabin he stopped. Stone-cold the mud chimney was and no sign of life in the place whatever. But still must he stand listening, with the cap lifted above his ears and watching the great yellow lead-dog for his opinion. At last he swung the dog-whip above his head and snapped the rawhide of it with a sudden crash like the bang of a carbine in the air. When this brought no sign he turned his dogs about to face the way they had come. Then with his letter, taken from the light bag at the top of the load, he made his way directly to the cabin.

He satisfied himself that this was the place he sought before stopping outside the closed and padlocked door. He looked for and found small moccasin tracks along the edge of the packed bit of snow around the water-hole in the ice of the creek. At the side of the cabin, a length of cord was tied between two trees, and on this line hung a clean piece of white cloth. A woman lived there. It is not likely that the sight of that heavy padlock did anything to lay the cold anger that had ridden Jean Baptiste since his return from Grouard. The woman he sought lived here; he was sure of it. He rapped sharply on the door with the stock of his dog-whip, and was relieved to have no answer.

He stood before the door searching it and the log walls about it with the very blue eyes he had, and thinking. She was out on the trap-line. She had locked the door herself, since

her father had not returned from Grouard where Jean Baptiste had been told of his presence the day before.

His eyes stopped roving and fastened on the first log showing above the snow. A few inches from the doorway the roughened curled-up bark on top of the log was lately broken; crushed down by some smooth, rounded weight. And then, either from some native Indian instinct or the native Scottish sagacity in him he read it aright. He raised his moccasin foot and the very toe fitted! A smaller moccasin had pressed there.

At the height of his eyes a short peg had been fitted into the log for the convenience of hanging snow-shoes, no doubt. He grasped it and lifted himself slightly with his toe where the other had been. Then he must have smiled from the very certainty of his wits. Without need to lift himself up as a short person must have done, he reached and put his hand into the crack between two logs and his fingers closed over the key.

From the open doorway he made swift survey of the little room. At one side a crude bunk made of the poles of the little poplar, matted with the long slough-grass and covered with heavy blankets. A masculine litter of extra socks, moccasins, tools and parcels of food supply crowded underneath. Along the opposite wall was a similar bunk, smaller, more neatly arranged, having a cased pillow of some material and curtained along the side by the most of a blanket hung from the roof-poles. On a shelf above this bed was arranged a pitifully meagre display of intimate feminine possessions. Amid these lay a single moccasin, small and ornately beaded. When Jean Baptiste saw the moccasin from the doorway all question concerning the cabin or its occupants left him. He stepped across the room and lifted it from the shelf. There was maybe the least bit of relief and pride softening the gaze of his eyes then as he regarded it. It was his gift to her; the precious symbol of his history and the little he could know of his beginnings. And it was at once the sign of her faith in him. Inside it he stuffed the letter carried till now in the cuff of his mitten. Turning back the blankets of the bed he laid the moccasin inside and re-arranged the covers as before. Then he left the cabin locking the door behind him and returning the key to its hiding place.

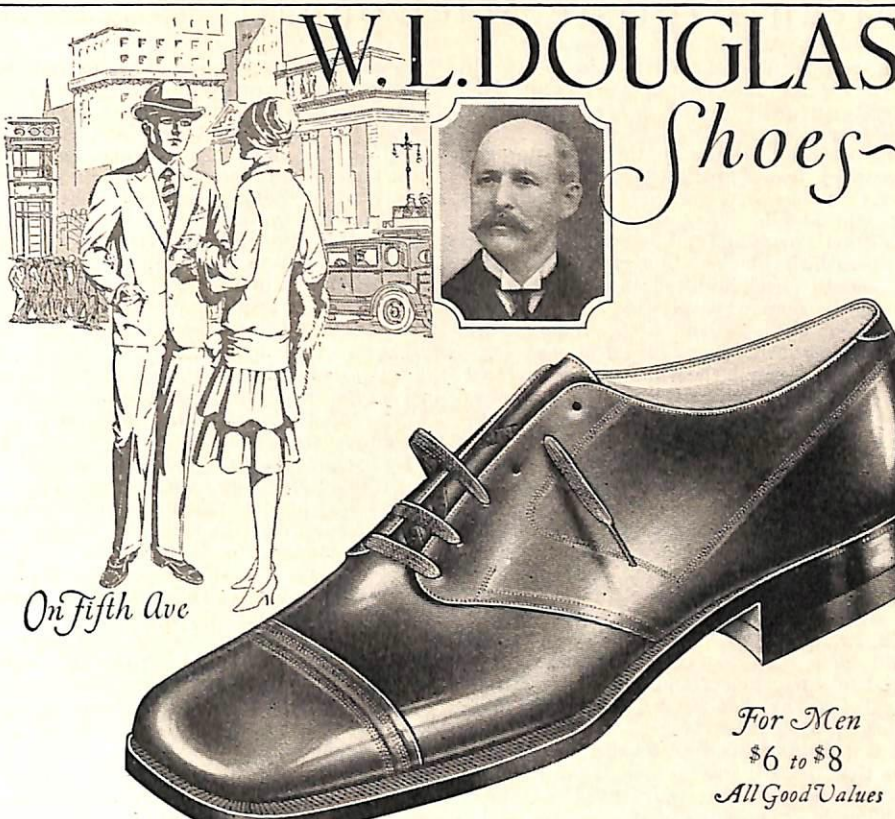
By the time of his arrival at Fort Vermilion there was little left of the strain of anxiety and anger that had begun the journey with him. Still the factor at the post there could have nothing from him during his stay over night, in gossip of the doings of "the outside."

ON THE twelfth morning of his trip, or on the morning of the last day it would be, he broke camp and hitched his dogs when it was still dark and the natural time for sleeping. And it was no doubt a wonderment to the dogs, eager for the end of the homeward run, that he should divert them again to traverse the bed of the small stream as they had done going down.

'Twas only by piecemeal, bits at a time, that the factor finally had a full account of the happenings of that second visit to the cabin among the trees. Jean Baptiste was never one given to chatter in those days and he talked not at all of himself. But certain it is that he exercised an even greater caution than before. The constable, on his visit to the place later, was able to observe that Jean Baptiste had halted his team and turned his sled back when still a long way from the cabin. There would be no doubt of his silence in approaching the place, even in the faintest light of dawn; moving slowly through the dry feathery snow.

The young woman herself was to tell long after of being at the water-hole in the middle of the creek, plying her axe to the night's freezing, when in a moment of silence a broken stick snapped sharply in the shadows of the opposite bank. The great butt of a dead spruce, undermined and torn down by the spring floods of past years, lay close to the opposite bank. Its tangle of outthrust roots *[Continued on page 68]*

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Jean Baptiste MacDougall [Continued from page 67]

made a cavern of blackness and as the girl stared for the meaning of the sound, Jean Baptiste stepped from this cavern and stood there—waiting.

'Tis a grand tribute to the character and honesty of Jean Baptiste as a man and as a lover that they were surprised and there was any fight at all. They were standing so, in each other's arms and him stooped the needful bit to crush the black stubble of his jaw against her smooth cheek uplifted to him. For 'tis certain the man who spies over her shoulder in kissing a girl is philandering. And a coward seeks shelter for exposing his affections. They were half-leg deep in the white snow and armed only with the dog-whip of Jean Baptiste hanging from his wrist when the father's bellow of rage sent them apart.

"Zo! You had found him again, is it?" He was standing at the water-hole not thirty feet away, a burly size of a man with a white breath steaming through the white brush of his beard. He came stooping toward them with his arms out-stretched in vengeance and mumbling horribly in some low foreign tongue. At fair sight of him the girl bolted toward the cabin, circling to pass him and half leaping she would have been to escape the snow. He veered to intercept her and as she eluded the clutch of his hand he kicked clumsily at her setting up a white shower.

It is doubtful if his foot touched her at all. More than likely it was that she tripped in the clutch of snow so that she fell full-length forward into it. The gross offence of that kick would have stirred Jean Baptiste without sight of the beast's figure of the man moving to lay hands on her as she rose. There was the creak and hiss of the whip-lash and the dull thump as the tip laid hold. The young woman regained her feet and fled as the father staggered back and raised a hand to his face. The skin was torn away in a neat strip from the side of his nose to his ear, and blood, warm and sticky, was running down through his red boar's beard.

He backed slowly away from Jean Baptiste till with a sudden rush he was at the water-hole and in his hands was the double-bitted axe with its long light handle like an ancient warrior's battle-axe. There was no more nor less than a murder intended. He stood with the axe balanced over his shoulder, both hands grasping the handle and cunningly poisoning himself to get the distance in the dim light of dawn.

Some advantage was with Jean Baptiste. The big man stood in the open space of snow and was visible. Behind Jean Baptiste was the black butt of the great uprooted tree that blurred the outlines of him. So that when the axe came as it did with a sudden lunge of the great man's shoulder and arms, Jean Baptiste was able to guess the line of its whirling flight and throw his body away from the reach of it. The other man shouted again in an animal roar and charged straight at Jean Baptiste.

Now 'tis a strange thing that so few of the races or nations of men have actually any downright sagacity to rely upon when needful. Impulsive the whole of them are, save one of them, or maybe two, and led into difficulties by the wretched control of their emotions. Consider how the big man was his own victim in this. For whereas the girl had appeared on the ice fully dressed, prepared no doubt for the meeting and flight with Jean Baptiste, the father was but half clothed. It may be his rage, spying at her from the door was all that had room in his head at the time. He had come down to the ice with no mittens, no cap and no coat, and the shirt but half stuffed into the top of his trousers.

Now such covering as this will not protect a man's back from the dog-whip in the hands of such as Jean Baptiste. A terrible thing it was with the length of it and the weight, it being cored with a row of heavy shot, all thrown into the bite of its tip. And the stark rage of Jean Baptiste whetted to the point of unreason by the attack on the girl.

'Twas in the using of his whip that Jean Baptiste was almost to forget his own caution though he was half Scot, it is true. For he might have left the other man unable to crawl to the cabin after his beating. And frost-bite in a wound means gangrene and a slow terrible dying thereafter. The girl returning from the cabin caused him to stop. She stood by him and watched after the father making his way to the door. Beaten he was, welked and torn in a score of places.

"That is all," said she. "I took his rifle apart and hid it."

They trotted in file along the river ice behind the sled and the dog-team. The whiplash of Jean Baptiste trailed behind him, a vanguard of defence. Clutched in her hand was a small beaded moccasin.

The yelping of the dogs welcoming themselves home again brought the factor to the door of his quarters. Jean Baptiste was already freeing his dogs from the harness and the young woman stood waiting with her face all hooded with the cap and deep collar of her coat. The factor stared at them, believing his worst fears were realized and his heart was full of bitter disappointment in Jean Baptiste. Entangling himself in another girl-scare and thinking by the look of it, to bring her into the home he'd been permitted to share! It was too much after the anxiety of all these days over the head of the wretched and wicked letter. The which he should never have permitted to go. 'Twas a fault in discipline that must be righted just now. On the heels of this came Jean Baptiste, finished with his dogs and motioning him aside from the door. The factor raised his hand with the full strength of his authority.

"Stop!" he ordered. "You cannot enter here. I forbid it. 'Tis an outrageous thing you would do, Jean Baptiste! Have you no decency whatever? Bringing a woman with you and into the place itself! A shame it is, a wicked shame, young man, that you should repay the kindness and consideration I have given you by such conduct!"

JEAN BAPTISTE said nothing. The factor took heart from this and was roused to greater wrath.

"A woman," he cried, "bringing a woman—" He broke off to stare at the young woman now standing beside Jean Baptiste. It was she of the Grouard trouble. He pointed a finger at Jean Baptiste. "Have you no had difficulties enough over yon hussy—?"

At this point, Jean Baptiste reached up and seized the factor by the middle, dragged him from the doorway and cast him off the steps. Then with the young woman he entered, closing the door behind him.

Now consider, will you, the plight of the poor factor whose whole world seemed to have tumbled with him into the stinging snow. No dethroned monarch could feel a keener loss of his kingdom than he felt, raising himself to his feet before this bulk of a building where he had been czar for all the years. 'Twas unthinkable! He would avenge this indignity; at the cost of his life if need be. And in a burst of fury he flung himself at the closed door.

But alas, how it is sometimes, that defeat and frustration beset a man's noblest endeavors! Jean Baptiste had not turned the wooden latch that locked the door as might have been expected. So that the door merely crashed open before him and the poor factor was back in his proper place again, but on the floor, stunned and hurt by his fall and with all the vengeance and spite dashed out of him. Jean Baptiste gathered him up into his strong young arms and seated him in his chair. Then he poured a drink of the whisky and stood by the old man's side, one hand on his shoulder.

The factor put down his glass and noted the young woman was not in the room.

"Lad! Lad!" he mumbled, speaking low for

just the two of them, and there was the hint of moisture in his eyes, from either the raw whisky or his composure not yet returned to him as he looked up at Jean Baptiste. " 'Tis not needful for this thing to go on now, is it? Surely you can see how it will be in the end; no happiness for anyone and trouble and the ruin of your own prospects. Let it stop now before it is too late." He lowered his voice still farther and continued his plea:

"She will have people, no doubt they will follow. Let you go now. I can help, I have influence. The police are making a party of trackers to seek out a man who went mad on the spirit river. You can join them. And in the spring, 'tis soon now, I can make sure you go North with the Company's scows and the freight down to the Arctic. A long way from any trouble you'd be on the Mackenzie. And back the next spring with the fur and all this forgotten by then. Unless it was something serious—down river."

HE SEIZED the hand of Jean Baptiste between his own in his concern.

"Tell me was it anything serious?"

"No," said Jean Baptiste looking away from him toward the door of his own room.

"Then go at once, tonight, while 'tis easy. The Sisters at the mission, they will take care of her till her people come or she can be sent to them. And 'twill be a fine experience for you in the Company's service—"

Jean Baptiste he whipped his hand away from the touch of the factor.

"It seems that I must talk since you can see this thing with but one eye and I have no mind to lay hands on you. Do you never consider that a man might want for other things than the favor of your God-blessed Company? You would have me desert her, would you?" he demanded in the full of his anger now. "Well, damn you, for a barren selfish old man. You will be witness to my wedding tomorrow, since she is of legal age today."

He was towering before the factor then and the sound of his voice had brought the young woman into the room. As she came to him she was holding in her hand the moccasin he had given her. At the sight of it he seized it and whirled to the factor.

"I should kill you I think. Look at this! Look at it! It is this that makes it a shame for me that I serve your Company or that I own to a name of your kind. It is a shame, not that I am a half-breed. Nor that I am an orphan all my life and a bastard, but that I am half Scot!"

He hurled the moccasin to the table before him.

The factor stared at the little moccasin like a man confronted by the ghosts of long-dead dreams. The hand he put out to touch it was trembling and his eyes were wide. He turned to a drawer of his desk and took therefrom a small bundle, shielded by many wrappings. He undid these and placed another moccasin on the table beside the first. Then he bowed his head into his arms.

Jean Baptiste and his woman stared past the factor's shoulder at the moccasins. They were a pair.

But there was great happiness and pride yet to befall the factor. And how do I know? How could I say these things except I was factor at Peace River Landing; now long since retired on the Company's bounty. And I was the factor's assistant there at Lac La Biche, so long ago it is now. I am Baptist MacDougall I am named. Is it strange to you? 'Tis a name well remembered by the Company's officers. But she I lost—the young mother that died while I cursed my soul away at the melting snow, she had no knowledge of the English tongue. She called me Jean Baptiste in the French we shared.

Jean Baptiste MacDougall was named for his father.

QUEER STREET

[Continued from page 41]

given to perceive, that had been responsible for the old man's spying and prying, the constant watch he kept on the front door and his persevering efforts to meddle with their private lives who had found shelter in the old house with him; fear lest there be numbered among those who passed in and out one who was or might by some means become a party to the secret he shared with the wife he refused to acknowledge. Just as it must have been fear adding his old brain which had led him to identify John Palmer with that enemy of whose advent he lived all his days in sleepless dread.

What manner of guilt could this be which so rode Machen's conscience that his every gesture and inflection must betray its influence?

Palmer at this stage in his deliberations discovered that he had left his perch on the bed and was, in accordance with his custom when preoccupied with some awkward problem, rambling about the room with hands in pockets and a cold pipe in the clamp of his teeth.

He pulled up and took thought of the hour. Before long the windows would be turning grey. And he must snatch some few hours of sleep against a morrow that promised to be wearing.

He started to undress, but stopped short with only his coat off and his collar half unbuttoned. The color of introspection lifted from his countenance like a cloud and left it bright with intelligence.

SOMEBODY had been busy in the room without its tenant's knowledge. The evidences were slight but in his sight unmistakable. The man was afflicted with an instinct for method and order, a legitimate inheritance of which he was secretly a little ashamed and which he was doing his best to outgrow, as a trait incompatible with his artistic pretensions; but as yet he had not succeeded in casting off the habit of 'a place for everything and everything in its place'—and few of his belongings were now precisely as he had left them the last time he had locked his door behind him, hardly a single article had escaped being meddled with, taken into unknown hands, inspected, and put back in careless haste. The dictionary which, as the work of reference to which he most often resorted, always rested on top of his Roget's Thesaurus, now was the under dog. His writing materials had been tampered with, even the sheaf of virgin copy paper which waited on his pen had been shuffled and replaced with the edges of the sheets out of alignment. And the second-hand despatch box he had bought to hold the manuscript of Queer Street and keep it sacred from Mrs. Fay's eyes . . .

Palmer stooped and took the box from under his writing table: Mr. Deacon of the Knickerbocker having been given the carbon as well as the top copy of Queer Street, it had little weight more than that of its metal, contained only a handful of unsold short story manuscripts. Its lid came up at a touch now, whereas Palmer had left it locked. The lock hadn't been picked, however, but had been treated with more primitive methods—its hasp cleanly broken off, presumably by a cold chisel in experienced hands.

The oath that indignation prompted died on Palmer's lips, a grunt of dull wonder smothered it half-spoken; the clue he had been pining for was in his grasp at last.

The nebulous fog of doubts, surmises, and incredulities, of half-formed suspicions, the fruit of signs misinterpreted or slighted altogether, condensed suddenly into a direct pelt of circumstantial evidence, so strong that, even had he wished to, he couldn't ignore it.

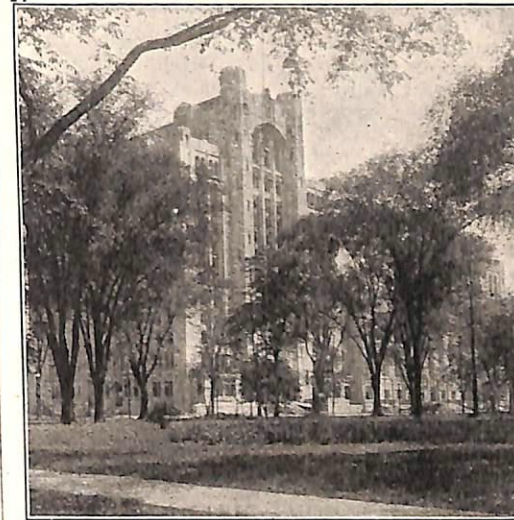
Now he knew why Machen had made that futile gesture of flight: so, too, was the face revealed of the fear which had inspired it.

And all at once Palmer gave a curt, uncomfortable laugh: the [Continued on page 70]



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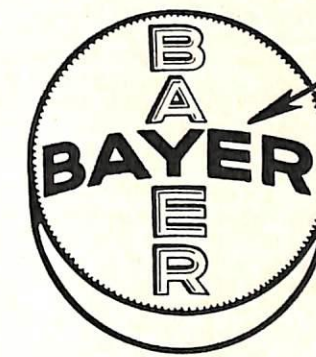
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READ

"Can Housework Be Made House-Play?"

In the Shrine Magazine for November

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 69]

feeling he had made fun of when May shyly had confessed to it all at once possessed him as powerfully as a waking nightmare might: a sense of utter unreality in every phase of this affair, even extending to his own corporeal existence; a sense of being less the man he knew, who had a real if humble place in the social history of mankind, than a puppet in a play who was performing its part in its unfolding only as the author willed.

"As if," he mused aloud, "I had written myself . . ."

THEY were windows ghostly with high dawn that saw Palmer, though not before he had thoughtfully jammed the hall door with a chair, doze off while trying to mature a scheme of conduct which would see him safely through this coil whose threat he had been so slow to seize, and lapse into a species of lethargy that was slightly akin to sleep but a more haunted midworld of the mind wherein he labored without rest, by turns the hunter and the quarry of an amorphous shape of evil which played hide-and-seek with him through all the ways of Queer Street and at the end of every passage unmasked the features, livid and drawn in a villainous leer, of Machen. Thus ever and again the harassed young man would start awake to imaginary alarms, only to feel himself weighed down by sheer weariness once more to his pillow, once more thrust back into that plumbless pit of horrors: it was hours ere his unconscious ceased from seething and permitted him to taste true rest.

His was nevertheless the easier lot . . . The man whose malignity rode Palmer's mind and lent that nightmare strain to all his dreams knew on his own part no sleep at all that night. Even one to whom imagination, in a flash of insight as vividly revealing as lightning that sheets an unknown landscape at dead of night, had discovered the heart of Machen's black secret—even John Palmer, grimly bent as he was now on compassing the destruction of his enemy without the least delay, could he have seen the old man must have reckoned his condition pitiable.

Long after the fearful ear he fastened to the seam of the drawing-room doors had heard the last of Queenie's caterwauling, Machen continued to range like a beast in a pen the two rooms whose walls for nearly a quarter of a century had bounded all his world; though the creature whose purposeless weavings he copied was never a captive king of the jungle but rather a quaking coyote, half-mad with native cowardice.

The flesh of his cheeks and jowls had fallen into ghastly folds, grizzled by nearly a week's growth of beard. His temples had become bluish concavities, and veins that resembled blue welts stood out, pulsing, upon his narrow high forehead. Wild gleams played in those dark recesses beneath unkempt eyebrows and the lips in the ragged shadow of his mustache, though stretched by a mirthless grimace, were never still. So were the hands restless that had gone too long without benefit of washing, incessantly busy, cracking their joints, clawing at Machen's mouth, or finding a rag of handkerchief with which to mop the sweat that streamed from his face. For every window of the rooms was locked and airtight, every gas jet in full blaze, the heat infernal.

At intervals measured by pure caprice he would leave off his shaky prowling to inspect the bolts of all the doors and windows, as if afraid to believe he had overlooked no safeguard, or eavesdrop at the doors for questionable noises in the body of the house. But as the night grew old, his strength, even that fictitious store which was the gift of his terrors, began to run out, and eventually he subsided into his chair by the library table, in a state of collapse so general that many minutes went by before he was able to open the drawer

and lay his hands on his flask of brandy. He bent a haggard glare upon a brace of worn and sturdy kit-bags which lay, locked and strapped, and swollen like swine, under the yawn of an emptied safe—a heavy old strong-box set in the wall back of a hinged section of book shelves which rested not at right angles to its usual position.

A mental effort inconceivably painful harked back to the event which had given body to a suspicion long since conceived, as long ago as that hour in which John Palmer had made his first appearance in Queer Street. And a cruel trick of memory visited Machen with a vision as graphic as though he were standing again in the bay of the front windows and peering down through the slats at a young man who had just dropped a bag to the sidewalk and turned to study, with a faint, bewildered frown, the raddled face of the old house; and with this vision came bitter recrudescence of that first foreboding which had breathed upon his heart with breath as chill as a tomb's.

And seeing Palmer now as clearly as he had seen him then, Machen searched his lineaments anew without being able to fix on any that might be taken as absolute identification of the man grown with the boy whose father had been found dead in that very room, so many years ago, there on the floor where the carpet was spotted with a dark, accusing stain. Never before this night had proof been granted him that his old man's spirit had been sensitive and sure where grosser senses had failed him. Had he not felt his marrow shudder then and heard his hour tolling in the flat peal in the basement which answered Palmer's tug at the bell-pull on the stoop? And when Queenie had reported that the young man had taken the selfsame third floor room which that little boy of old time had occupied, hadn't Machen divined more than simple coincidence in that, and been quick to set a trap for the new lodger?

Again, he saw Palmer as he had been on the occasion of his first visit to the library, lounging in the lame arm-chair by the desk, studying his host with enigmatic eyes, and treating every attempt to draw him with an address no less baffling; and yet again as he had been only a few hours ago, a rather more restive tenant of the same chair, visibly older by as many years as he had spent weeks in the house, and proportionately more reticent and wary, saying, in that tone which his hearer was free to interpret as either an expression of impatience or an ambiguous menace, "I've settled on my killer, all right"—that illegible regard of his never wavering—"I know who he is"; a sequel to which he had pronounced that blunt refusal to take Machen into his confidence and let him read the tale which he pretended to be writing with the old house for his stage and its forgotten tragedy for his theme.

After that, surely, nobody but a fool would have continued to hesitate; and Machen had proved himself no fool.

He had needed not so much to satisfy himself as to the accuracy of the only inference it had seemed reasonable to take from Palmer's attitude as to come by some inkling, if any existed to reward a search, of whatever plan of action the young man, in his chosen rôle of Nemesis, might be incubating. So he had gone on post at the hall doors to wait for Palmer to go out again as he was wont to every night now, since he had elected himself the Wilding girl's protector, and leave the coast clear. And this having duly come to pass, Machen had three times sneaked out to the foot of the stairs and thrice been sent scuttling back to his hole by some untimely stir in the hallways; after which Queenie had dragged up to turn the lights low, with the upshot that Machen had felt constrained to fudge up an errand to the drug store for the woman to run, knowing as he did that she would never come back without looking in at the neighborhood blind tiger.

With Queenie at last out of the way, Machen had felt warranted in taking his fate in his hands together with the pass-key which made him free of every room in the building.

Never before, since Queenie had turned the premises into a rooming-house with Machen already in occupation of the drawing-room suite, had he found any excuse for venturing above the first floor. Much water had run under the bridge since that day, but how much Machen had never stopped to think until fear had whipped him into making that long climb. Only yesterday, as his sense of elapsed time went, it would have been nothing to him; tonight it had seemed interminable, and he had arrived on the third floor all out of wind and a-tremble, an old man at last even in his own esteem, old and worn and spent.

But the bitterness of that truth which he had been forced to swallow had been too soon forgotten in the exquisite bitterness of finding, in Palmer's rooms, his direct premonitions realized to their last letter. He hadn't appreciated till then how he had, for all the cloud of dread which latterly had loomed on his days, been clinging to straws of hope. Even since that last talk with Palmer, which had driven him to undertake this forlorn adventure, he had been hoping against hope. But in this upshot, when rummage of the room had turned up nothing to confirm his suspicions but the locked document box, and he had crawled downstairs and up again with a cold chisel to do for its hasp, Machen had fairly reeled and been fain to lay hold of the bedstead lest he go to his knees under the brutal impact of the revelation which the box had held for him. For, aside from half a dozen stories in typescript, signed by John Palmer, it had held nothing whatever, never a solitary scrap of writing to show that any novel entitled Queer Street had ever existed other than in the tissue of lies which Palmer had woven.

NOW, the man aghast had assured himself, he saw all the hellish cunning of the toils which Palmer had contrived to take him in.

Wanting any evidence whatever that his father had met death but by his own hand, and aware that, had any such evidence ever existed, the attrition of Time must years since have wasted it away without trace, but doggedly persuaded that double crime had been done and that its author, if still living, might be hounded into admitting his blood guiltiness and making restitution, the son of the murdered man—so Machen conceived—had come back incognito to the home of his childhood, where his first cast had found the man he was seeking, and found him only too ready to play his cards into the hands of the enemy.

For Machen could not deny that he had himself alone to thank for the shadow of doom which, since the advent of John Palmer, had cast its bleakness like a pall over all the ways of his old contentment. The very first gambit which, pricked on by fear, he had ventured, to trick this pretender into admitting that he was John Franklin come to man's estate, had—and how craftily!—been turned by Palmer to his own uses, adopted, improved upon, and made over into an instrument predestined to bring about his prey's undoing.

How keen he had been to welcome the suggestion that he write a tale founded on the tragic history of the old house! how quick to insist it must be a tale of mystery with a murder for its motif! how subtle to profit by the delays that always wait on an author's work and let suspense prey upon the nerves of this criminal till he had been not once but a dozen times all but ready to purchase ease from its torture with a free and full confession!

And how inhuman the patience Palmer had displayed in biding the hour when the tension, grown too great at last, must snap, and with its resistless backlash whip the murderer into the electric chair!

And taking it for certain then that he had not a minute to spare if he were to effect his escape before Palmer could find out, from the violated document box, that his designs had been fathomed, Machen had stumbled down the stairs to lock himself in his rooms again, make a hasty change of clothing, open the hidden safe, unearth the kit-bags which had so long been stored away against just this emergency, pack them, and run out to charter a cab.

In spite of the stew of heat in which he sat, Machen felt that the sweat was cold which started upon his forehead when he remembered the appalling risk he had run in leaving his rooms unguarded while he shambled down to Fourth avenue and on the corner waited, waving his arms at every motor car that passed until a taxi had consented to pause and take him back to the old house. And he was racked once more by the unforgotten agony of that hour during which the cab had waited, while within doors he had wrestled alone with the kit-bags and spent his poor strength in efforts to budge them, till at last, perceiving that he must either abandon them or forego all hope of salvation in flight, he had felt forced to call the cabby in, promise him a princely tip, and chance his surmising the contents of the kit-bags from their outrageous weight.

The comment which had followed the first test of their heft was quizzical: "What d'ya think I am, anyway, a truck horse? What d'ya think I'm drivin', maybe, a dray?"

But the man's next remark had honored with frank distrust the dull yet musical crash in which his one attempt to shoulder a bag had ended: "What's th' big idear, fella? been robbin' th' mint? Whatcha got in them bags, anyway? gold money?"

MACHEN retained only the haziest recollection of the manner in which he had succeeded in hustling the fellow out of the room. He knew, however, that he hadn't neglected to shoot the bolts before tottering back to the library; when he had come to, after lying in a faint beside the bags for nearly an hour, it had been to hear the drawing-room doors taking a series of rude assaults between quarrelsome clashes of Queenie's voice with the cabby's.

He trembled now and felt a little sick, foreseeing what he had to expect, now that Queenie and Palmer had heard the cabby's side of the story.

At whatever cost to himself, they must never be permitted to find the bags as they stood, fat with evidence that the man's shot in the dark had been well-aimed.

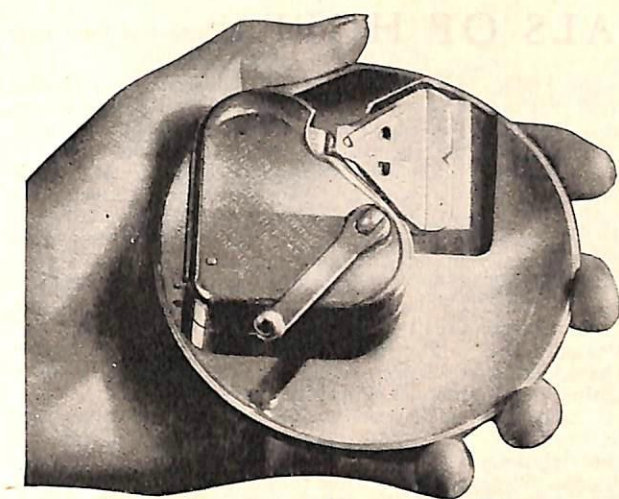
And spurred by this consideration, Machen got up, shut the sliding doors, drew their heavy portieres further to muffle every sound, and turning to the bags with shaking hands unlocked them.

Then, squatting on the floor between them and the safe, he settled down to a task that, even in his desperate stage of exhaustion, proved strangely still a pleasure.

Both kit-bags were packed to the brim with specie in parcels of every description, in containers of canvas, cardboard, and paper. The old man labored till late into the morning transferring these to the shelves of the safe. Some were old and weak at their seams. Before he had finished Machen sat in a little pool of golden coin, the half-eagles, eagles and double eagles of the United States mixed with a sprinkling of British sovereigns, French napoleons, and the twenty-crown pieces of Germany and Austria . . .

The fingers that fathered these up caressed them, a glow of doting kindled in lack lustre eyes, terms of fondness rustled on quivering lips and made a muted unholy mutter in the hush . . .

High noon was hot upon the town, the pour of sunshine through the windows told Palmer as soon as his eyes were fairly open. The sense of guilt which flooded his consciousness forthwith brought the young man to his feet on the floor in a [Continued on page 79]



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THE PORTALS OF HOPE *[Continued from page 48]*

we require is that a child must be normal mentally, under fourteen years of age, and that the malady is capable of being cured or helped. The work is one hundred percent charity, and no one is accepted whose parents are able to pay for its treatment elsewhere. No, we don't accept incurables, poor little things, because one of our objects, besides curing or helping, is to make our children as self-supporting and valuable to the state as possible."

"Are your children all Canadian?"
"No, indeed. The Montreal unit serves Eastern Canada, of course, but it also embraces all the states within its radius. We have kiddies from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, Vermont, Washington, D. C., and one from Moose Heart, Illinois. Special arrangements have been made with the immigration authorities on both sides of the border, and they are very nice about assisting our children to get here. Transportation is provided either by the Temple which sponsored them or by the parents. The only thing that they have to pay is railroad fare, and for braces. Everything else we supply free."

"What is your medical staff?"
"We have forty doctors—that includes consultants, of course—and five graduate and nine student nurses. There are fifty beds, you see, and most of them are full. We have thirty boys, now, and seventeen girls. Would you like to go through?"

And so, to a running commentary on the work of the hospital, its aims, and the hopes and tribulations of its little patients, we inspected it.

"This is the admitting room and out-patient department," said Miss Dickson, opening the door to a large, well-lighted room furnished with benches. Then her eyes lighted as, from the farther end, a girl rose and walked to meet her.

"Winnie," she cried, "how well you are walking now!"

The girl laughed, shyly proud.
"I'm doing better every day, Miss Dickson," she said.

"Winnie is one of our old patients, who is well enough to go home, now," Miss Dickson explained. "When she came to us her feet were almost turned back on her ankles, but by means of plaster casts and manipulation we got them into shape. She comes back periodically for inspection and further treatment. Most of our out-patients are children who once were inmates of the hospital. They seem to like to come back and see us now and then—don't you, Winnie?"

The girl's instant smile was sufficient corroboration.

Upstairs were the spotless wards, bright with sunshine and scrubbing, and warmed by the smiles and cheery words of the staff to the little ones in their care. It was evident that here was no "institution" in the accepted meaning. Contentment was written plain upon the face of every child, no matter how drawn with suffering, and the bright, eager responses of the children to their nurses advertised the spirit of happiness that reigned there.

"Our children get so attached to the hospital that they don't like to leave," I was told. "They have plenty of amusement and company. A school teacher comes every day and teaches common school subjects, and twice a week an instructor in occupational therapy goes from bed to bed, and shows them how to make baskets, and light work of that kind."

"What is wrong with the majority?" I asked.
"Fifty percent have infantile paralysis in some form. Twenty-five percent have tuberculosis of the bone, and the rest are miscellaneous. Oh, here is our baby! Look!"

We stopped beside a cot, where a round, pink

face and tiny nose beaded with the perspiration of healthy slumber showed above the covers. Sweeping black lashes fringed the baby cheek, and the little mouth was moist and red.

"Donald has a paralyzed arm," Miss Dickson went on. "When he came to us some time ago it took days to get him really clean and well nourished. He was brought from a home in terrible poverty, and looked like one of those sunken-eyed, starved little Armenian children. He is going to get better, though, aren't you dear?"

The black eyes opened for a second, then drowsily closed. The nurse drew the covers more closely around his tiny shoulders.

"It seems such a pity," she went on, "that our children have to go back to bad surroundings. We had one case, though, of a boy who was saved from it by the Shriners after we had cured him. His name was George, and he came

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to us, starved and beaten. His eyes were sunk deep in his skull, and the skin was drawn tight over his cheek bones. When we approached him at first he threw up his elbows to ward off the blow that he so obviously expected, and screamed with terror. He was just a little starved, ill-treated animal, wild as a lynx, and we had to win his confidence by slow degrees. His amazement when he found that he could eat as much as he liked without being thrashed was pitiful. And he could not walk, mind you, his legs were twisted so.

"After treatment—he was a dear little chap when we had gained his regard—he could manage to get around on crutches and finally, one day, he could walk alone. It was a wonderful moment for him—and for us, too. We simply could not send him back to be starved and whipped into a little wild beast again, and his case was taken up with the Shriners. Of course they responded, and Luxor Temple in New Brunswick is looking after him. They have put him in a private home, and he will soon be completely well."

In the wards each child had a separate room—that is, a glass-enclosed cubicle with running water, facing on the ward, so that a certain seclusion was attained with no loss of light or air. The patients moved haltingly about the long room on crutches, or with the aid of sticks, or with legs heavily braced, and others lay on their beds, limbs enclosed in plaster casts. The little girls smiled primly, when questioned, then belied their demureness by giggling under their arms at their neighbors, while the boys were frankly boisterous, and hugely amused at the stranger, and were ripe for any devilment their active young minds could compass. It takes more than a twisted back or a club foot to down the irrepressible spirit of youth.

"Do they make good patients?" I asked.

"Oh, wonderful. I simply cannot describe their patience, facing suffering. They will bear anything to get better, and their courage under treatment would put many an adult to shame. They are regular little stoics. Crippled children are very sensitive to ridicule, and normal children are thoughtlessly cruel.

They tease those less fortunate, and leave mental scars that sometimes take long to heal. But these youngsters are full of hope, every one. They just *know* they are going to get well. We have one boy who—but wait a minute. You will see for yourself."

Crossing the hall we stopped beside the bed of a bright-faced lad of twelve. His crippled legs lay still beneath the coverlet, and his hands picked restlessly at the sheets. But he looked up and grinned cheerfully at us, and his dancing eyes showed him to be all boy, and a young limb if he had the chance.

"Arthur hasn't walked for fourteen months," Miss Dickson said in an aside, then—"What did you want for last Christmas, Arthur?" she asked.

The grin widened and Arthur sat bolt upright.

"A football," he replied, then added triumphantly, "I got it too, didn't I—and I'm going to kick it soon. You wait and see!"

On the next floor there were two perfectly outfitted operating rooms, a major and a minor, a surgeon's dressing room, complete with a shower, a sterilizing room, and another small chamber which, it was explained, was a recovering room.

"A recovering room?"
"Yes. You see, it might worry the other children to have a patient brought back to the ward in an after-anaesthetic delirium, so we keep them here until the effects have passed, before returning them to their beds."

"There seems to be a sort of common brotherhood of suffering, among the children," my guide resumed thoughtfully, "that makes them 'considerate of each other. We have only to mention that one is not well to get immediate and lasting silence in the ward. And you know what that means, where children are concerned. They are cheerful and smiling always, and the way the older children mother the young ones would make the most bitter cynic pause to think. Their overwhelming response to any affection shown them, particularly in those who have been unhappy at home, is wonderful compensation for any extra trouble we may have to take with them."

I commented on the excellent appearance of the children's teeth and received additional evidence of the care with which they are surrounded. Every little patient is examined upon admission, and the teeth attended to, and no child is allowed to leave until it has been thoroughly instructed in oral hygiene, and every tooth made as sound as dental science can compass.

In the kitchen, which we visited after inspecting the comfortable living quarters of the nurses and staff, Miss Dickson became engaged in discussion too intricate for mere male comprehension, except that of the cook himself, about a new and improved method of making doughnuts for little teeth to add holes to, and I was able to observe how the spotless cleanliness of the hospital was carried out here in the rows of shining kettles and twinkling utensils. Savory odors steamed from bubbling pots on the big stove, and the cook's two assistants were busy preparing the mid-day meal. The hospital has an up-to-date ice-making and refrigerator service, and all the kitchen fittings were of the most modern type.

While we were examining the completely outfitted X-Ray room and the laboratory where it is planned shortly to establish a research man, so that the hospital may do its own work, I learned of another phase of treatment which has nothing directly to do with the mending of little broken bodies, perhaps, but which exercises great influence upon their value as future citizens.

"We cannot expect all our youngsters to be

OCTOBER, 1926

morally perfect, coming as they do from all types of homes," Miss Dickson commented, "and some of them swear like troopers at first. Their language and conduct reflect their past environment in the most unpleasant way. We take them aside and explain why they should not do so, and ask them to correct themselves. If that is not effective they are isolated for awhile. Kiddies are intensely gregarious, and this mild discipline generally is sufficient. At seven o'clock every morning the Lord's Prayer is said aloud, in which all—children and staff—join, and a choir comes up from the city every Sunday morning."

As we returned to the office I tried to crystallize my impressions, but they refused to toe the line. Over the whole establishment, patients and staff alike, was an aura, indefinable but unmistakable, of sunlight, hope, happiness, and the clean bracing health of all the winds that blow. Perhaps it was the brightness of the day; perhaps the effect of the frosty, sparkling air around that Temple of Mercy on a Quebec hillside. But there once was a Teacher in Galilee Who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me—"

[Hospital Notes continued on page 76]

NO LAUGHING MATTER

[Continued from page 17]

"What was it you heard?"
"Jimmy backed up to the mantle with his hands in his pockets. 'Dad,' said he, 'if you really love mother, why the devil don't you baste the tar out of her when she talks to you like that?' Think of it! Our Jimmy! I am filled with tar and to get it out I must be basted!"

"What on earth made him say it?"
"Daniel was so flabbergasted, for a time he couldn't talk. And Jimmy went on, scornfully: 'You don't love her enough to beat her up. The trouble is, mother's got a jungle mind, father. She's got to be made to obey. It takes about three good socks on the jaw to make her respect you, and three more to make her begin to love you. All women have jungle minds. To flatten 'em out is a sign of affection. Dr. Houghton said so.'"

"My stars and bedsheets!"
"Well, both of us had got Jimmy by the collar by that time. But the harder we laid it on, the more stubborn he became. And the young colt's gone off with the idea planted in his head that the real test of a man's love and devotion is his willingness to become a wife-beater. And he made one remark that's got us worried sick. He said: 'Let Ernestine try any more of her high-hat tricks with me. I'll show her whether I've reached man's estate. I'll show her how much I love her!' Then he escaped us and we haven't seen him since."

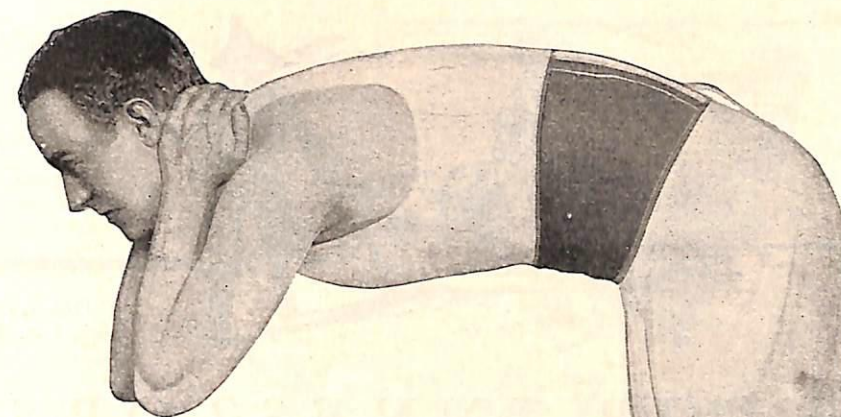
Mrs. Daniel Budkins went down the parsonage steps and up Highland avenue at exactly the minute her aforesaid son, six miles southwest of Woodlawn, was introducing himself to the most illuminating experience of his gullible adolescence.

Jimmy had met Ernestine that noon in front of the Owl Drugge Shoppe. At first she affected to ignore him. But he halted his gas-propelled mechanism—sans paint, mud-guards, streamlines or much human stability at the steering gear—in front of her in such manner that she could not use the cross-walk without going around it.

"So it's you?" was her comment.
"Who were you expecting—Rudolf Vase-lino?"

"No such good luck. Anyhow, he wouldn't be driving an animated license-plate. He'd have an automobile."

In addition to her Christian Endeavor nose, Ernestine's chin had a disastrous dimple. She had a mannerism of giving this dimple great prominence when addressing what she was pleased to describe as: Her Human Dumbbell. Hands in the pockets of a blue-sweater coat, feet wide apart, she inspected the salient transportational qualities *[Continued on page 75]*

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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

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These facts, Mr. Investor, account in good part for the difference in yield between investments which, to all intents and purposes, are equally safe and well protected. It is always easier and cheaper to borrow money in a financial center where a large amount of money is gathered for investment.

New York today is the cheapest spot in America in which to secure funds. That is because there is a heavier volume of cash in Gotham awaiting investment than anywhere else in this country. Such funds are competing for investment and the prices they bring are correspondingly low. For years it was cheaper to borrow in London than in New York. Larger sums then were gathered in the capital of Great Britain than anywhere else in the world. Now the ratio between the two centers is about even.

Western Demand and Eastern Supply

Frequently investors ask why it is that higher rates of interest are demanded and higher yields on investment returned in the west than the east. This is due to the fact that there is a larger supply of cash in the east and a larger demand for cash in the west. The older communities have progressed further with their programs of expansion. Many of their factories, their railroads, their power plants and their highways already are built. They stand, therefore, in less need of cash for the pioneering work of industry, commerce and trade.

The less settled districts have much of their development before them. They need money to provide for the needs of a constantly and rapidly growing population. In consequence, when financing is necessary, the demand there is greater than the supply and a premium must be paid for funds as compared with the rates charged in the more thickly settled communities.

Money Is Timid

Then, too, money is timid. Despite the fact that there is a constant ebb and flow of funds through the commercial and financial channels of the world, money is a hesitant traveler and must be either bribed or coaxed to lure it far from home. Most of the east has its permanent abiding place in the big financial centers. The further away the borrower wishes to take it, the more the lender charges him for the privilege.

The more lucrative returns from investments far off from the financial centers therefore apply not only to the west, south and north in the United States but to the foreign nations as

well. Higher yields usually are to be obtained on foreign investments than on those at home. Many of the great railroads of the west were built largely on British capital. The English financiers looked across the water and saw the opportunities of the great west. Funds were needed to develop those opportunities. They provided the funds and made America pay high for getting them. The Frankfurt, Berlin and Paris bankers and investors did likewise in a smaller way.

Sound Investment Policies

Incidentally it is notable that as a result of sound investment policies the national wealth of Great Britain has increased in the last twelve years from sixty-four billion dollars to a hundred and nineteen billion while that of the United States has risen from two hundred billion in 1914 to nearly four hundred billion today.

America's chance is now at hand. Investors in this country are reaping high returns from money placed in foreign lands. Since 1918, it is conservatively estimated that over ten billion dollars of American capital have gone into industrial and commercial enterprises abroad. No small part of Canada's development is being undertaken with American dollars. The volume of money which has gone into Central American, South American and West Indian investments is enormous, exceeding that loaned to Europe since the war. Resources of China and Japan sooner or later will be exploited through the funds of American citizens.

No Threat In Money Rates

As to home investments, there is no present indication of a serious tightening of money rates this fall. The harvest season, with its heavier demands for credit, has failed to arouse any great apprehension as to the cost of borrowed money. There is nothing in the money situation which seems to threaten the enhanced prosperity of the country, although rates may advance to a certain extent. The stability indicated should have a heartening effect on the investment securities market. The prospect is that well protected bonds will continue in sharp demand with a firm general price tone.

Since the advent of the Federal Reserve system twelve years ago, the seasonal fluctuation in money rates, which usually sent them up in the fall, has been partly smoothed out. This has had the effect of stabilizing the investment markets. However, the directors of the reserve banks and the Federal Reserve Board itself can influence the trend of credit conditions by authorizing either the purchase or sale of investment securities.

Federal Reserve Policy

The security holdings of the reserve banks at the time are very heavy. Should those in control of the policy of the board decide to curb business or speculative activity this fall,

they undoubtedly could do so by unloading a part of their investment security holdings. This would affect the bond market but such action is scarcely probable in view of the present healthy trend of business.

There is abundant evidence that general business activity will continue. The expected late summer slump failed to reach the usual proportions.

New Capital to be Needed

All this means that new capital will continue to be needed. Trade activity and steady employment at high wages will provide that capital and the potential investors of America will grow into actual investors in rapidly increasing numbers. With practically every citizen either an actual or a potential investor, it is well for every man and woman to realize what good cause money has to be timid.

The hardest headed business men of this country are not afraid of failure to make money. They are desperately afraid of not being able to hang on to it. The estates of captains of industry who are known to have amassed huge sums frequently are found, after their deaths, to amount to only a tithe of the sums their families and closest associates anticipated. The small investor is not subjected to the intensive effort to separate him from his hard earned money that is brought to bear on the big capitalist but let news of a legacy or even a raise in salary get abroad and see how long it is before the beneficiary is approached with a multitude of alleged investment opportunities.

Two Kinds of Liars

The reason why money has to be coaxed or bribed away from home is because at close hand its owners can watch it. Distance may lend enchantment and bring high returns but it also provides opportunity for the liar. In the investment game, the liars are of two sorts, the conscious or deliberate liar and the unconscious prevaricator.

The former is easily guarded against and is rapidly being eliminated from the investment field. The latter is likely to let his enthusiasm run away with him and actually come to believe his own statements. During the great Nevada mining boom of 1905 and 1906, the motto "Don't Knock" was lived up to more consistently than ever before in the world. The mining promoters of that state were enthusiastic and boasted every prospect. Finally they began to believe their own boasts, and put everything they made into holes in the ground. When the bottom dropped out with the panic of 1906, few got out with a nickel although scores had made millions—on paper.

It is well, therefore, to check every story and to have some cold blooded, honest investment banker put the acid test on any scheme presented to you.

Anybody Can Be Bitten

A big Chicago bond man says anybody can be bitten and the investor is lucky if he knows who bites him.

"Unless he is careful" he explained, "he may wind up like my old friend Mickey Fitzgerald who, until lately, worked in the Park City mines in Utah. On a recent pay day, Mickey descended upon Park City and invested largely in alleged vinous, spiritous and malt liquors. Two days later, somewhat the worst for wear, he wended his way up the canyon toward the boarding house. As he stopped on a boulder to rest, a snake crawled by his foot. Mickey sat still.

"If you're real" he said, addressing the serpent, "I got some of the antidote right here and I'm goin' to take some of it now." He hauled a bottle of synthetic gin from his pocket as he spoke.

"That night Mickey Fitzgerald died. The snake did not bite him but the bootleg liquor did. Which all goes to prove that no investor can be too careful."

No Laughing Matter [Continued from page 73]

of the unwrecked tin-roof on four wheels confronting her. Jimmy broke the icy silence. It had to be broken by one of them. He said: "You don't dare get in here with me, for half an hour of galloping landscape."

"Don't?"

"No, Mrs. Vaseline nee Dalrymple, you don't!"

She got in. She sat down—almost on the floor.

"I want to go up to my grandmother's on Pearl street. When we reach Pearl street Hill, you have my full permission to get out and push. I spent my carfare for a sundae or I might think twice about risking my life."

Jimmy did things with levers thrusting up in weird places that sounded like a Neanderthal butcher disemboweling a cast-iron dinosaur and dropping the entrails on a galvanized roof. The bus moved all at once, so to speak. But Ernestine's head was a trifle tardy and she only retained it by possessing a neck.

"Hey! . . . can't you get away in this junk cart any neater than that?" She meant what she said and she said it with meaning.

"Vaseline could . . . what?"

"He wouldn't be driving something that listens like the shredded wheat factory going over Niagara Falls!"

They dodged two street cars and a woman with a baby carriage. So close did they scrape this last that if Mrs. Frequently had been coated with paint they would have hung the baby on a nearby pole. Down Highland avenue they zoomed, till a truck turned out of Green Street. Jimmy stepped on his gas, dodged a boy on a bicycle, ripped two hub-caps from a fruit-peddler's flivver, knocked the dummy policeman into three parts—like Gaul!—and left the truck driver to steer a crooked line into a street excavation from which four Italians popped out like peas.

"Where on earth are you going?" inquired Ernestine with warmth. "I said Pearl street—my grandmother's! You're headed for jail!"

Down Highland avenue Jimmy went roaring, took the curve toward the Boulevard, kept on it six blocks, then yanked to the left for a skid into Cass street.

"Jimmy Budkins! You hear what I'm telling you! I've got to go to Granny's or mother'll curl my hair."

"I'll do it for her, without any heat."

"You stop this crazy suicide or I'll scream for help!"

"Go ahead and scream your head off. Twon't make any difference. 'Cause when folks turn to look, all you'll be is air!"

Up the Cass street grade went the bus like a streak, crossed over the top and down the south side. Ahead, Bay Road opened. Three cars were approaching the common intersection. But only Jimmy seemed to know what to do. He did it so expertly that three other drivers stalled dead in a halt—to try to figure out what had failed to happen.

"All right," announced Ernestine, "get your little movie over. But keep to Bay Road. We'll meet a traffic policeman quicker, who'll bring you to your senses."

"They'll waste a lot of gasoline if they try to do it."

"Do you know where you're going?"

"You bet your sweet life."

"What's happened to you, anyhow?"

"I've been psychoanalyzed!"

"You've been what?"

"You've played with a grown man's passions for the last time, Ernestine Dalrymple. The reckoning's at hand."

Ernestine paled then in all grimness, though Jimmy failed to see her. Jimmy was far too busy, anyhow, calculating the turn into the Grist Mill back-road. She stole a glance at his tight-lipped profile.

"What's that you said?"

"You'll learn at the Grist Mill."

"I'll learn what at the Grist Mill?"

"How much I love you."

"Are you going to prove it by breaking my neck?"

"At the Grist Mill . . . perhaps!" With a tremendous dustcloud and a wail from Ernestine, the bus took the corner. It flattened a fence, tore madly through a briar-patch, whammed back in the road and vanished in pine woods.

THREE miles down in the heart of the woods, an ancient and abandoned grist mill stood in a clearing beside a trout stream. Its yard was choked with briars; its roofs were falling in. Water poured languidly through a broken dam and the tract was deserted but for honey bees and chipmunks.

"Get out!" ordered Jimmy, when his engine died to silence.

"I won't," returned Ernestine, tilting her chin.

"Then I'm gonna drag you out. If you don't believe me, watch!"

"You lay a hand on me, Jimmy Budkins, and all you'll touch afterwards will be a lily."

Jimmy gulped twice. The girl's eyes were misty yet he quailed at what they held.

"You might scare me by such talk back in civilization, Ernestine Dalrymple. But now . . . here? . . . do you get out or do I snake you out?"

"I dare you to snake me out. You are crazy! The heat this summer has turned your head."

She held her ground—or rather, her car seat.

"If I'm crazy, it's you that's made me. I've suffered enough from your jungle mind, Ernestine Dalrymple. Dr. Houghton said so."

"My jungle mind! See here, Jimmy Budkins, are you calling me a monkey? And what's Dr. Houghton got to do with you dragging me off to this grist mill?"

"He'd beat up his own wife any old day. Any man would—who really loved his female."

"If Dr. Houghton calls his wife a female, and beats her up too, I'll tell my father and you see what happens. They'll kick him out of his church."

Frightful vacillation seized on Jimmy Budkins. Now that he had actually succeeded in getting the one girl in the world off here in the leafy woods, every adolescent instinct in him shrieked to pet her, not to larrup her. Still, Ernestine was defiant, a female to be mastered . . .

The trouble seemed to be, that Dr. Houghton and psychology proscribed no expedients when the lady in the case refused to budge from the floor-seat of a cheap tin motorcar. Did manly men grasp them by their hair, throat or clothing? Beneath her sweater-coat, Ernestine's frock was pink, organdie. To grasp it meant to tear it. As for her hair, getting a firm hold in a head of human locks that has first been shingled, is a feat for Houdini. And Jimmy was no Houdini. Jimmy was a badly scared youngster, feeling that he had precipitated a situation he might need help to withdraw from. Blindly, breathing hard with the dare of it, he compromised by clutching for Ernestine's right elbow. Despite her panic, it was soft, frail, girlish. Jimmy had a horrible presentment of tearing it from its socket and having a perfectly messy time explaining to her parents how he had come by it.

"Ernie," he begged huskily, "get out!"

"I don't stir from this flivver. Not till you tell me what insane thing you've brought me off here to do."

Jimmy's voice did not seem his own as he explained: "G-G-Give you the beating of your life."

"What!"

"You've got a jungle mind. The only thing a jungle mind knows is force. Please get out! I can't b-b-beat you up in a four-wheeled tin can. There isn't room enough!"

To his heightened perturbation, the girl leaped up. With a [Continued on page 77]



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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

(Continued from page 73)

SOME OFFICIAL CHANGES

Noble Alden P. Coates has been named as auditor for the Board of Trustees, and Noble Samuel J. T. Coe has been appointed publicity director. Both are members of Cyprus, Albany.

TO BUILD CONVALESCENT HOMES

The Daughters of the Nile are about to undertake the matter of construction of eight Convalescent homes for children whose treatment is far enough advanced to permit of their removal from the hospitals proper. A committee was appointed at the national convention to devise ways and means for raising the needed funds, they to report to the next annual gathering.

NEW AUXILIARY REPRESENTATIVE

Potentate Frank W. Sisson, Tripoli, Milwaukee, has appointed Mrs. Martha F. Miller as state representative of that Temple to the Women's Auxiliary in connection with the Twin Cities unit. Mrs. Miller is ex-president of the Children's Home Society of Wisconsin and has had extensive experience in social service work.

CORNER STONE LAID

With impressive ceremonies the cornerstone of the Mobile unit at Lexington was laid by Grand Master G. Allison Holland, following invocation by Rev. Howard Stevenson. The Grand Master was escorted to the hospital by the uniformed bodies of Oleika Temple and the membership of that body. After the ritualistic work had been performed Judge Cheater D. Adams, Oleika, spoke on the work and aims of that Temple in connection with the new hospital. The visiting members of the Board of Trustees were introduced and Chairman Sam P. Cochran gave an interesting résumé of the history of the hospital movement. Early in the day, the visitors and their families had been entertained by Past Potentate John G. Cramer, chairman of the local board of governors. The hospital will cost approximately \$80,000, every penny of which has been donated by Oleika Temple.

PORTLAND UNIT DONATIONS

The children at the Portland unit will shortly have a swimming pool through the generosity of Joseph Simon, a former mayor of Portland, Ore., who sent a check for \$2000 to be used for that purpose.

Among recent donations to the unit are: Brother Jonathan Haas, Enterprise, Ore., \$500; Affi Temple, Tacoma, \$300; McMinnville Shrine Club, \$25.03; Dallas Shrine Club, \$38; Mark A. Mayer and Sam Simon, \$9,103.33; Brother James Cosgrove, Tacoma, \$2121.75; Marian Miller, asking for donations for a portable organ, received \$6 in excess of needed amount and the organ is now installed and in use; Noble Angus Flemming, Al Kader, \$50.00; Ceremonial of Al Kader, \$500; Noble Clarence Bishop, \$100.

Anah, Bangor, paid a visit of inspection to the unit at Springfield, Mass., and became enthusiastic converts to the work. Drum Major Wade Brackett handed his baton to one of the boys and he proudly led the Anah Band. One other of the lads, ready for discharge, accompanied the tourists in their return home.

At the Spring Ceremonial of Anah, Bangor, Noble George M. Hendee, chairman of the Springfield unit, was the guest of honor and

threw on the screen a reel of hospital activities from that unit. He also spoke at length on the accomplishments of the hospital.

By the will of Edward C. Von Der Ahe, St. Louis, the unit at that point will divide an estate valued at \$100,000 with Bethesda Home, on the death of one residuary legatee. No record can be found of Mr. Von Der Ahe being a Shriner. He was the son of the former owner of the St. Louis Browns.

Ismailia, Buffalo, is making a well-directed effort to secure a hospital for that city, the Shrine having secured an offer from the city of a location on ground adjacent to the \$3,800,000 city hospital, the site to cover about ten of the seventy-five acres the city has set aside for hospital purposes. The city further agrees that, in perpetuity, no special taxes for improvements shall ever issue against the property, that light shall be furnished free and the Nobility of Ismailia guarantee to raise \$100,000 to be applied on the building cost.

Olympia Daughters of the Nile Club of Olympia, Washington, held a tea and bridge party, the proceeds to be sent to the Spokane Mobile unit. Sixteen tables were in play.

Almas, Washington, has contributed \$1000 toward the furnishing of the Philadelphia unit. Rajah, Reading, sent in \$1700 and Zitta Temple, Daughters of the Nile, Baltimore, sent in twenty-five dollars.

Noble Cliff Carpenter published a most exhaustive and unusually interesting article on the hospitals in the most recent issue of Arabian Tales, official organ of El Zaribah, Phoenix.

At the Springfield unit, 209 patients out of 261 admitted have been discharged with benefit or are still undergoing treatment. In the out-patient department 3487 treatments have been distributed among 466 local patients.

Chairman Wade, Chicago unit, reports the hospital at that point filled to capacity already and advises that an aquarium had been presented by members of the Masonic fraternity who are identified with the Lincoln Park police force.

On April 9th, the Ladies Auxiliary of the Winnipeg Mobile Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, gave a dance at the Minto Street Barracks. A check for \$1150 was turned over to the Ladies to provide comforts for the little patients. The Ladies Auxiliary has, by its own efforts, raised in the last twelve months over four thousand dollars, a large portion of which has been expended in clothing, toys, books, school supplies, etc., for the Hospital.

WATCH AND CHAIN PRESENTED

Lloyd Hanson, of Salix, Iowa, was about as proud and happy a lad when he gathered together a watch and chain, gifts of two Temples, and received them at the hands of the Imperial Potentate as any boy could be.

And thereby hangs a tale.

In November last, Potentate Arthur H. Vincent, Medinah, Chicago, wrote the Twin Cities unit, asking if it would be possible for him to show the films of the hospital and at

the same time have some of the discharged patients to illustrate the excellence of the work that was being done. As a result, four boys were escorted to Chicago by two nurses from the hospital and were royally cared for by the big Temple in Chicago. On the day following the Ceremonial young Hanson and one of the committee were awaiting Imperial First Ceremonial Master Thos. J. Houston, who had promised to be guide in a sight seeing tour for the youngster, to whom Chicago was a revelation. During the wait, Lloyd asked the committeeman if he knew whether an Ingersoll watch could be secured for \$1.50, he having saved that much for the purpose of acquiring a timepiece. The committeeman said he didn't know anything about prices, but would undertake to guarantee that Lloyd would possess a watch of some kind when he left for home. Noble Houston, being detained by some business matters, put in appearance an hour and a half late and was told by the committeeman that the only way he could square himself for wasting time was to supply Lloyd with a watch as a penalty, giving the range from platinum to Ingersoll. Gracefully, Noble Houston agreed to the proposition, but he had no sooner made the promise than the telephone rang and Potentate Vincent was on the line, asking if everything was going smoothly. He was told of the watch incident and at once came back with the statement that there was nothing doing, that Lloyd was the guest of Medinah and if he wanted a watch Medinah would see to it that he got one and a good one. And it was left at that.

ABOUT Christmas time a handsome watch, properly engraved, was sent to the committeeman and he at once communicated with Potentate D. C. Brownell of Abu Bekr, Sioux City—Lloyd living only sixteen miles from there—asking if the Band and Patrol couldn't make a trip to Salix some Saturday afternoon and make the presentation to Hanson. Potentate Brownell was willing, but suggested that more good would result if the matter were held in abeyance until the Spring Ceremonial, at which time Lloyd would be a guest of Abu Bekr and the presentation made.

The Spring Ceremonial was also the occasion of the visitation of the Imperial Potentate so the committeeman put the watch in his pocket and made treks for Sioux City, where the Potentate grabbed the watch, fitted it with a platinum chain and turned it over to the Imperial Potentate for presentation.

At the Ceremonial, the hospital films were run and in them was Lloyd, showing the fact that he was unable to navigate except on all fours, which had always been his means of locomotion. When Lloyd came on in person, walking on crutches—and he had never walked in his life until after leaving the hospital at fourteen years of age—there was a burst of applause that was deafening and prolonged.

Imperial Potentate Burger told the story of the watch and chain and then presented them to Lloyd. His presentation was a masterly effort and appealed not only to the lad, but to the entire audience as well. Lloyd is not much given to public speaking so he only bowed his acknowledgments, but the look of joy on that little face was return enough for the small offering of the Nobility. Lloyd is now in the seventh grade, has ambitions for high school and then college. He is a prompt attendant and an earnest student and is mighty proud of the fact that he can now drive a flivver.

These little by-the-side deeds count for so much more than the donors can possibly imagine and it is a regrettable thing that every Shriner could not have been present on the occasion of this presentation.

[Hospital Notes continued on page 78]

No Laughing Matter [Continued from page 75]

whisk of pink organdie, she was down on the ground.

"Now, James Merle Budkins, we'll see about this nonsense. What is it you've got me out here to do?"

"B-B-Beat you up."

"Say it again, Jimmy Budkins. This is no laughing matter!"

"Good gosh, am I laughing?"

"All right . . . you start right in and do it." Hands dug in her hips, chin tilted higher than Jimmy had ever seen it, she waited. Theatrically. She made a pretty, dangerous picture as she stood there before him. Jimmy seemed mesmerized by the tiny pink vein, throbbing in her milk-white throat.

To match these theatrics James M. Budkins stalked, almost against his will, to a gnarled wild apple tree some twenty feet distant. There he seized at a "sucker" and tried to pull it loose. The sucker bent but would not come off. Jimmy thrust one Oxford bag against the tree trunk and strained at it balefully.

The sucker left the tree limb suddenly. Jimmy reeled backward, spiraled on his neck and turned a neat somersault. He beheld a confused transition of sky and ground. Grass and grit rammed his mouth. One hundred and twenty-five pounds of pink organdie, silk sweater and spitting wild cat hurtled upon him, clawing at his face, ripping gouges in shirt-front, spitting and screaming and pounding and slashing. "Hey!" yowled Jimmy, blinded by the onslaught.

"Beat me up, would you? Lick me with an apple-whip! All right, why don't you?"

There were several reasons why Jimmy didn't, the chief one being that he never got a chance.

Over and over they rolled together.

Pins in the girl's clothing stabbed Jimmy's flesh. Wire-like fingers got twisted in his hair. Her teeth were like pinners when they closed on one forearm. They not only closed but bit down savagely. He yowled in reflex torture and struck in self-defense.

"Let up!" he bellowed like a wounded calf. Blood was in his eyes, gravel in his mouth. Half of his body had writhed into briar thorns. He had kicked off one shoe.

"Go ahead and do it! Go ahead and do it!"—and a length of crooked stick came down on Jimmy's stomach.

Ernestine, too, had been stung by the thorns. But the stick was good punishment and she applied it generously. Jimmy couldn't rise without scratching himself in slices. Ernestine belabored him.

She whacked his shins, his shoulders and his forearms. He twisted on his chest and she hammered his back. His shirt was torn to ribbons, his trousers were a mess.

"Ernie! . . . cripes, Ernie! . . ."

"Get up and fight, you coward. You dastent! Beat me up, would you? Well, why don't you do it?"

Jimmy fought to get out of the briars. They dragged at his clothes like the clawing fingers of parasitic relatives. He smeared a badly bruised arm over an equally besmirched face—and looked around for Ernestine whose blows had suddenly stopped. Ernestine had reached the flivver. A great noise shattered the leafy quiet. Again the shredded wheat factory plunged over Niagara Falls.

"Ernie! Come back! You can't drive that bus. You don't know how to work it."

"Don't I, though?" And Jimmy saw the bus leap forward, thrown about by the mossy stones.

"Ernie! . . . come back. I'll have to walk home."

But from all appearances, that was exactly what Ernestine intended. The roadster rocked out of the clearing. A moment later the only noise on the grist mill tract was the purling of mellow-brown water and the chattering of the chipmunks. These and Jimmy's snivels.

He sank down on the ground and continued

sniveling. While he sniveled, he felt strange bumps and bruises. This cost some effort, they were so queerly scattered about his person. He pulled what remained of the sport-shirt from him—mostly strips of dirty rags. He did not notice the loss of his shoe until he started for the brook. A piece of old bottle quickly doubled him up. A mashed lip began bleeding profusely. At once it started swelling. He ached in every muscle.

Alone in the chagrin of his defeat—a catastrophe—a debacle—he reached the brook by crawling and plunged his bruised and throbbing body in the cooling balm of its waters.

But the bottom was slippery and he gyrated wildly. With a tremendous splash he went in to his neck!

He was crawling out on the bank, bedraggled and strengthless, when he heard a voice.

"J-J-Jimmy! . . . are you hurt much? I d-d-didn't mean to hurt you, Jimmy. But you made me awful mad!"

Jimmy tried to see straight but his vision was fused.

"What you done with the bus?" he demanded in reflexion.

"I parked it up the road. I couldn't leave you to walk home, Jimmy. It'd be a dirty trick."

"I'm all wrecked. All over me, I'm wrecked."

"I guess you are, Jimmy. Between you and a mess there isn't much difference."

"My head's all funny bumps. I've cut my tongue. I'm stuck full of briars and there's water in my lungs. People drown that way. What'll I ever tell Mom and Pop?"

He sobbed in earnest then, and the girl sat down beside him. Strange to recount, scarcely a strand of hair or fold of her dress was disarranged by the recent mix-up.

"You could tell 'em the bus turned over, Jimmy."

"It'd be a funny accident that hit me in so many places at once. Besides, the car's all right. It's me that's ruined."

"All right, tell 'em the truth. Tell 'em I did it."

"You think they'd believe that, either?"

"Oh Jimmy, I'm sorry. Couldn't you go away on a visit to relatives—something like that for a month—till you looked enough like yourself so they would believe you?"

"Look what you've done. If you had to do it, you needn't have done it so much. That's the trouble with you women. You lose all self-control."

"I said I was sorry, Jimmy. Sit over here closer. I don't care if you are all wet. Let me bind up your foot."

He sat over closer, but she did not bind his foot. Instead, soft girlish arms went around his bruised shoulders and pulled his battered face down against that little pink vein in Ernestine's throat. "I love you, Jimmy, all the same," she said.

"You do, Ernie? Honest?"

"Cross my heart and hope to eat a sour pickle."

"Do you love me enough to always keep it a secret that you beat me up like this?"

"Now that I know I can do it . . . yes!"

AT SEVEN o'clock that night, Dr. Samuel Houghton, specialist in nervous disorders, was called to his brother's front door—by request. A young man stood there, smelling strongly of arnica, liberally plastered with patches.

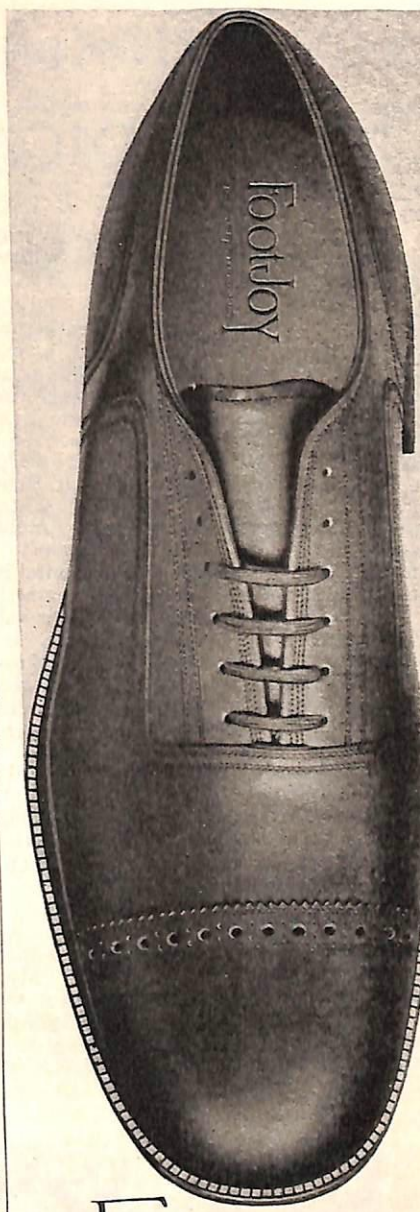
"Oh, it's you?" cried the physician, not a little worried. "I suppose you've called to tell me you took my advice?"

"Yes," said Jimmy Budkins sourly.

"Well, what's your opinion of psychology now?"

"It's a lot of apple-sauce! And if you weren't the minister's brother, I wouldn't tell you that much."

Jimmy Budkins turned and limped painfully down the walk.



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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

The DEDICATION of the Philadelphia Unit Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children

FORMAL Dedication of the ninth unit in the chain of hospitals at Philadelphia was an event of more than usual interest. The new hospital was turned over to Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, LuLu, by Secretary James R. Watt, Cyprus, Albany, representing the Board of Trustees.

That Philadelphia should have a hospital is most fitting, for it was through the earnest effort of Noble Kendrick that the hospital movement received its initial endorsement. It was his recommendation that started the hospital work in 1920 and on his 52d birthday the unit, with 100 beds, was formally turned over to him as Chairman of the local Board of Governors.

More than 2000 persons attended the dedication, LuLu Temple playing a most important part, with its Mounted Guard, Band, Patrol, Legion of Honor and a goodly number of policemen and firemen holding membership in LuLu Temple.

THE Rev. William Barnes Lower gave the invocation and the assemblage sang "My Country 'tis of Thee." Then Potentate William J. Highfield, LuLu Temple, welcomed the assemblage.

LuLu Temple's choir next sang "Unfold Ye Portals," after which Potentate Highfield in-

troduced Past Potentate James R. Watt, who formally turned the unit over to the local Board of Governors.

Once more LuLu Choir sang, led by Noble J. Marvin Hanna. The selection was "The Worship of God in Nature."

Then came the introduction of Honorable Henry J. Elliott, of Montreal, who is Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children in that city.

NOBLE Elliott, acknowledging the introduction of the Chairman, dwelt at length on the happy relations existing between the two countries and, handing the two national emblems to Mrs. W. Freeland Kendrick, said: "In furtherance of the thoughts I have just expressed and in appreciation of the great work, I have decided personally to make this gift to W. Freeland Kendrick and through him to the hospital at Philadelphia. I ask Noble Kendrick to take these two flags and place them as we have placed them intertwined, so that these children will continue to respect these two flags which have stood for law and order, keeping their folds lovingly entwined; and may they be a symbol of one glorious arch of peace and progress."

In presenting the next speaker, Potentate Highfield declared, "I confess I hardly know what to say. He is a man who has been an animated factor in fraternal life in LuLu Temple. He is a man who is solely responsible for and father of the thought of the Shriners

Hospitals for Crippled Children. Today he is fifty-two years young and in addition to dedicating this hospital, I know I voice the sentiment of this Temple, when I say we are here to pay him homage and to wish him well, and the man, none other than the Mayor of this great city of Brotherly Love, and our beloved Past Potentate, is Noble W. Freeland Kendrick."

To which Noble Kendrick replied in his usual eloquent strain.

After the dedication address, Vice-Chairman Highfield and Mrs. Kendrick, accompanied by Secretary Watt and Noble Elliott, proceeded to the new flag pole and raised the Stars and Stripes, while LuLu Band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Clarence H. Woolston.

Potentate Highfield then declared the hospital open and invited those present to avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect the building. [Hospital Notes continued on page 86]



Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, LuLu, whose recommendation started Shriners Hospitals.



William Abrahams, Member Board of Governors Philadelphia Unit.



Charles H. Grakelow, Member Board of Governors Philadelphia Unit.



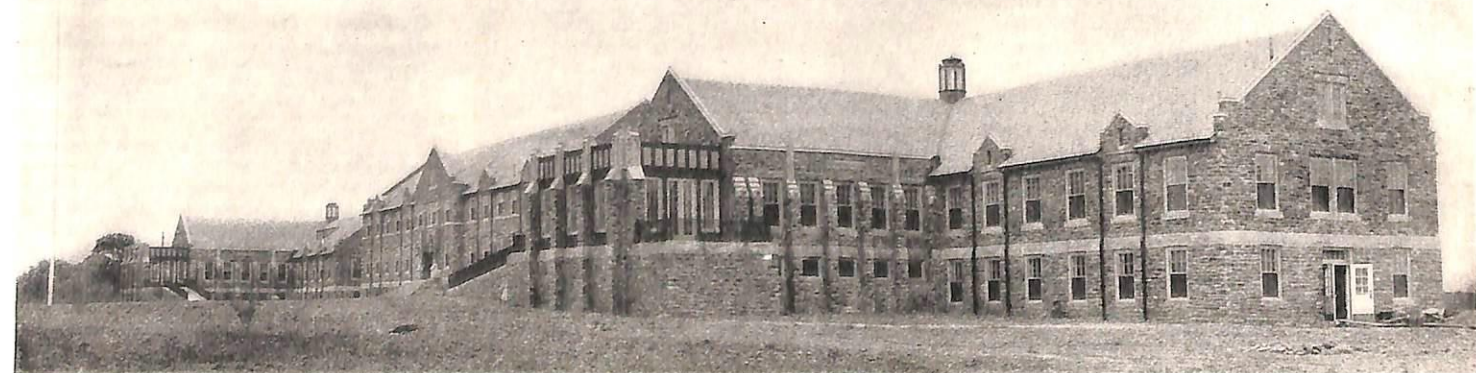
R. R. Brinburg, Sec'y Board of Governors Philadelphia Unit.



Harry Dolfinger, Member Board of Governors Philadelphia Unit.



Charles L. Martin, Treas. Board of Governors Philadelphia Unit.



The beautiful new building of the Philadelphia Unit Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children which has just recently been dedicated.

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 71]

jiffy; and when he had shaken his head to settle the dregs of slumber, and appreciated why it was that he felt so much a sinner, the word he said was a bad one.

But damning himself for a sluggard and a waster was no good, the damage done to his overnight plans by the loss of the morning hours was past mending. And since this was so, the only thing that really mattered was what May must be thinking of him; and Palmer was not so poorly versed in the ways of lovers to fear in his heart lest she be slow to forgive him.

He made the most expeditious toilet he could manage, however, to be ready to receive her as soon as she knocked, and put on the coffee pot to boil over a gas jet before going to look for his mail.

But the postman had brought him nothing that morning, it appeared; he found only his newspaper on the floor outside the door, and a small three-cornered fold of typewriter paper that had been tucked in under it, May's first love letter:

"You must have been simply dead for sleep when you got to bed last night, poor darling. I've knocked three times without your hearing. The third time I was a little worried, so I listened at the keyhole till I heard your breathing and knew you were all right. I did want to see you if only for a minute, of course, but I'm so glad you are getting a good sleep, goodness knows you deserve it, my disappointment doesn't matter. I'm off now to obey orders and find a new roost at a safe distance from Queer Street. I know you've got a lot of running around to do, too, so I won't ask you to meet me anywhere before dinner. You'll find me waiting at the usual place at half past six, dearest; that is, unless I'm lucky enough to find the right room without having to hunt all day for one, and you happen to be in when I get back. That's too much to hope for, I know; but it's going to be a dreadfully long day if I have got to wait for you till evening. You see, I'm too much in love, dear, to be philosophical and patient. Anyway, old philosophy's only for unhappy people, so you needn't expect it of Your May."

This communication Mr. Palmer was unoriginal enough to put away in a pocket that covered his heart, to be taken out at odd intervals in the course of the afternoon and re-read with unflinching refreshment. Characteristic was what he called it, as simple and direct, as quaintly unaffected as its writer. Coming from any other girl, he was certain, every sentence in it would have been cloying.

Nothing in the general tone of the establishment, he was interested to observe on his way out, retained any special flavor of last night's excitements, unless, indeed, it were reasonable to see something of the sort in the rather abnormal suspension of surveillance over the traffic of the entrance, with Mrs. Fay keeping out of sight—nursing her poor head, no doubt, in her lair below—and Machen conspicuously not on duty at the drawing-room doors. But then he would hesitate to show his nose, one would think, for very shame—if not for fear of reading in Palmer's countenance that his secret was no more his only. For it were hardly credible that he could think Palmer so naive as not to see his hand in the business of the broken document box, as well as the relation between that piece of impertinence (not to call an act of burglary by its hard right name) and his subsequent attempt to fly the premises which he had so curiously been moved to relinquish.

"He'll stay put," Palmer assured himself—"till dark, at least."

Ignatius Loyola O'Ryan gave a cheery hail as Palmer made to pass his stand, and the

young man pulled up on abrupt inspiration. "See here, Nig," he said: "I want you to do something for Miss Wilding and me. Here's two dollars: I want you to keep an eye on the house we live in; if an old man with a rusty grey mustache and a very pale face comes out at any time, follow him. Don't lose sight of him on any account—take a taxi if you have to—and wherever he alights, make a note of the address. I'll look for you here on the corner when I need you."

"Sure, fella!" The urchin, beaming, secreted the money. "Shadderin' a guy same's a detectatuf—say! dat's me fav-rite dish."

The picture his fancy had painted to Palmer was out of drawing only in point of under-exaggeration. Ever since his recovery from the stupor of exhaustion into which he had sunk as soon as his treasure had been restored to the safe and the shelf of book-shelves replaced, Machen had been creeping about his quarters, unable to rest in one spot more than a few minutes at a spell, like a maimed animal in a pit. What rendered his torments all but intolerable was the knowledge that the pit was of his own digging; and now that he had succeeded at last in turning even Queenie against him, he had trapped himself in it beyond any hope of extrication.

HIS appetite, that was normally voracious in spite of his inactive habits, of late had begun to leave him. In the nervous tension of these last days, he had been eating little or nothing. Both his luncheon and dinner trays had been sent away yesterday practically untasted, and today he hadn't had so much as a cup of coffee to put heart into him: Queenie having answered his ring for breakfast with such threats and squalls of vituperation that Machen, aware that he was no more, in his enfeebled state, a match for the woman, had not dared unbolt the doors. Until and unless she chose to drink herself into a comatose condition, he might not stir a foot beyond his threshold to find himself nourishment. Even then, and even if he had strength enough left to carry him as far as a food shop, starvation were preferable to the hazard of his treasure. Anybody might force a way in and find it in his absence, Queenie, or Palmer, or that night hawk cabby who had been the first to surmise its nature. Yesterday he would have felt free to leave it for a few minutes, or hours, if obliged to; for yesterday no other living soul in the world had been aware of its existence. But since last night, since the cabby had aired every detail of his grievance to Palmer and the Wilding girl, that old sense of security was forfeit. It couldn't be long now, the miser was persuaded, before those would come who wouldn't scruple to rob him of all that made his life worth living.

Almost his first act of today had been to unearth a revolver, bought second-hand at a pawnshop on the very day when he had taken possession of the premises, and oil and reload it.

It was Palmer whom he had to be most on guard against, he believed, Palmer and the forces of the law which he would assuredly before long set in motion. The cabby, a criminal type if Machen had ever met one, might, when he had turned the affair over in his mind, decide to come back by stealth and have a go at stealing the treasure. But Palmer had a stronger motive to urge him into speedy action. Machen prepared to shoot through the panels in the event that Palmer should show any disposition to force an entrance. The young man was never to know how near he had stood to Death during those several minutes which he had wasted in the hall. When he pelted down the front steps, Machen would have shot him in the back had he been able to reach the windows in time to take steady aim through the blinds.

Time dragged after Queenie had retreated, muttering, to goon watch [Continued on page 80]

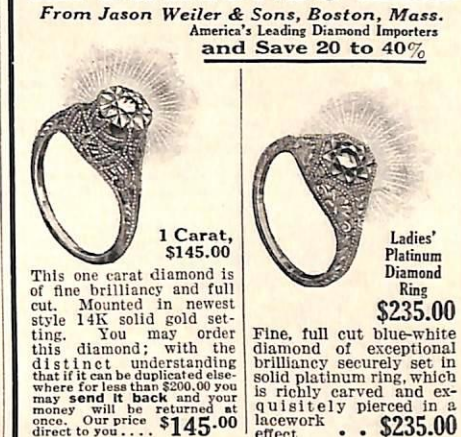
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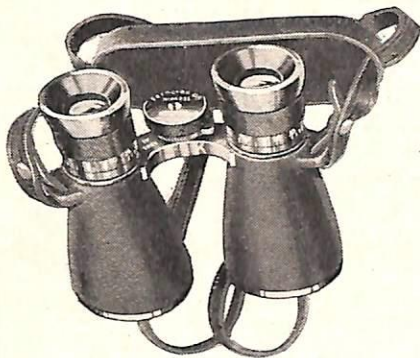
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QUEER STREET

[Continued from page 79]

again with her bottle at basement windows. Machen almost welcomed the infrequent clatterings of the doorbell, though it never failed to halt the action of his heart for an instant, then start it going like an automatic rivetter, parch his mouth till he tasted copper, and afflict him with a sense of nausea; and gun in hand would prick up greedy ears at the doors when Queenie came to let the callers in. But the afternoon was near to its fag end before one turned up with an errand that held any sort of interest for the eavesdropper.

Machen hadn't been quick enough to inspect this person while he waited on the door-stoop; but the patois in which he addressed Queenie in the hallway was enough to label him beyond dispute a native son of the neighborhood.

"They's a skoit name' Wilding lives here, ain't there? Well: I wanna see her."

"Shain't in," Queenie thickly answered. "G'dafter—"

"Easy wit' that yer, lady—easy! Ain't said I was goin' yet, have I?" That tone, while not ill-humored, was strong with an authority which Queenie instinctively bowed to. "Maybe like you say, she ain't in; I say, maybe you don't know everyting—maybe she is. You go tell her a gempman's come to call on her, gempman name o' November, Yid November. Gawn now! what's all th' stallin' an' starin' for? Gawn an' do like I tell you."

The morning newspaper was one of the few luxuries which Machen indulged in. Furthermore, the activities of the neighborhood gang that called itself "the Third Avenue Cowboys" more or less directly affected the life of every denizen of Queer Street. The alias under which their leader captained the guerilla warfare they waged on society in general consequently stood for something very real in Machen's understanding—and for nothing less in Queenie's, whose furred tongue was prompt to take a comparatively ingratiating whine.

"Shain't in, I tell you—'sno use makin' me climb all them stairsh on a fool's errand. I'm 'nole woman an' weak on me pinsh. Gwan up yourself, 'fyou don't believe me, an' knock on her door—fourth floor front, thash Miss Wilding's room. 'Sall ri' with me if you wanna make sure, Misht' November—'sall ri' with me."

After a moment, evidently given to weighing this invitation, November decided to take the woman's word for it and save himself thankless exertion.

"A'ri, gran'ma, I believe you. But lis'n: I got t' see this same t'day, account o' sumpin' important, see. So I'm comin' back t'night to see her. But I don't want she should know about me bein' here th'afternoon an' askin' for her. Get that, gran'ma? It's up to you: keep yer trap shut an' say nuttin' to nobody, see, 'r I'll come back some time an' put that other lamp of yours in mournin'."

A chastened mumble from Queenie, the front door closing, the slip-slap of unsure feet making for the basement stairway: Machen shambled in haste to the windows.

He must have been too late notwithstanding if the object of his interest had not been a hero of gunmen, in hourly peril of assassination by rival gangsters, his life hanging on the precautions he observed at every turning. November, before descending to the street, held back in the grimy vestibule to reconnoiter and make sure he hadn't been followed. When, satisfied, he did at length leave cover, it was to be halted on the stoop by a sharp hissing—"Pssst!"—behind him. He whirled on a heel, a hand dropping to the pocket that held a pistol, but in the next breath reassumed his nonchalance, finding himself threatened by nothing more alarming than the head of an old man which showed through a chink in the bow window blinds. And when he honored this phenomenon with the stare it deserved, he saw that the ghostly smirk which was coloring its countenance was unmistakably meant to be a more than friendly,

even a cordial and a winning smile.

"Come in," Machen huskily pleaded: "I've got something to say to you, Mr. November, I'm sure you'll find interesting. Come in—I'll open the door—but be careful, don't make any more noise than you have to: I don't want my landlady to hear us."

The wondering gangster hesitated one more instant, then yielded to inquisitiveness and gave a short nod. "A'ri," his guarded voice consented: "I'll come in an' take an earful, gran'pa—but shake a leg, willya?"

And in the animation of new hope Machen shook a brisker leg than he had been able to boast in years.

With a forefinger to his lips, he admitted November to the hallway, led back into the drawing-room, made their privacy secure, and turning to the gunman, gave his hands a dry wash of gratification.

"It is a privilege to meet you, Mr. November," he declared in some return of his grand manner—"a gentleman of whom I have heard so much—"

"Uh-huh," November graciously assented; and without removing his hat dropped into a chair to which Machen waved, and crossed his knees.

"I HAVE a little business proposition to make you, sir," Machen drew up a chair for himself, close by his guest's. "There is a job I want done for me—in the matter of a little personal embarrassment which I am sure you can, if you will, relieve me of. I shall be glad to make it worth your while, of course, well worth your while, if you are agreeable to oblige me."

"Gwan, I'm listenin': shoot the works." "The situation is this, Mr. November: I am in momentary danger of losing my life. An enemy has come to live in this house, of which I have been for a great many years a quiet tenant. This man—his name is Palmer—this young man believes he has been wronged by me and threatens to take my life as an act of revenge. He is wrong, of course you understand—"

"Just a minute, gran'pa: What name did you say?"

"Palmer, John Palmer—"

"That's enough: he's wrong, all right. I'm all for you, Gran'pa. Come on, now: le's have th' rest of it. What's your idea?"

"I need to be rid of this young man, Mr. November. Now there are, I understand, ways in which such annoyances may be quietly and expeditiously disposed of—that is to say, put out of the way—"

"Y'mean, bumped off."

"Precisely. And if you think you might arrange matters to have this Palmer boy removed and silenced—as you say, bumped off—I can promise to reward you handsomely, Mr. November, very handsomely."

The gunman gave a curious laugh, pushed his hat back from his forehead, and held the old man in a grinning regard till Machen could wait no longer.

"I well understand, Mr. November, that grave risks go with jobs like this, and that those who run them must be well paid—in fact, their own price—"

"Ah! I don't know about that," November demurred in his best humor. "It all depends on how you look at it. Lookin' at it my way, it's a shame to take the money. You call bumpin' this bozo off a job—I call it a pleasure. They's only one t'ing keeps me from sayin' I'd do it for love: I ain't in love wit' you, gran'pa."

(To be continued)

(Yid November, the gangster, starts out on his deadly mission, leaving Machen to realize how completely he has placed himself in the gangster's power.)

Promoting World Peace Through Sports

[Continued from page 33]

their men over six thousand miles of sea and land to report the series. And there will be baseball writers specially sent from Cuba, Mexico, Canada, South America, and Europe.

To depart temporarily from the World's Series and consider just what it exemplifies as a significant factor in the world, it may be pointed out that baseball is gaining appreciably in England and that in France the boys are beginning to play the game; in Japan baseball is now the national game as it is in the Philippines and Hawaii. Viewed as an international symbol this World's Series is getting to be a glittering jewel.

This summer the University of Washington nine played through Japan against college out-fits; Wisconsin frequently sends her nines to the Orient; Japanese teams often invade this country, meeting the best of our collegians upon even terms of manual ability and knowledge of the game.

READ the following account in the Jiji of a contest between Keio University and a nine made up of Americans from Honolulu.

"The heaven-born Honolulu team by the grace of the gods won the toss and the Keio Invincibles had the first chance to swat the honorable ball—that emblem so beautiful of Uncle Sam.

"The Honorable Kauki of the first base, descendant of a hundred Samurai and beloved of all, grasped his bat as if it were the two-handed sword of his ancestors. Alas! His honorable legs were not winged and the ball beat him to the first rice bag.

"No score was made by either of the honorable sides, though they hewed holes in the atmosphere like foresters. In the fifth inning the gods smiled on Honolulu and the team scored one honorable run. Then the gods laughed while Keio piled up three tallies.

"Keio's 4,000 rooters then drew their honorable breaths with a pleased hiss, waved their royal purple flags and exploded like a bunch of firecrackers while the Honolulu uttered her weird war cry of 'Skidoo doo, doo for Honolulu! Razoo razoo Honolulu!' At least an American present said this was what the honorable rooters meant.

"Not until thirteen innings had been played was Honolulu vanquished when the whole Keio team with innate courtesy apologized for their breach of hospitality in defeating a visiting team."

Does that look like war between the United States and Japan? If so then pulse beats are misleading.

IN fielding, so Buck O'Neill, who went through the Orient with two teams of big league American players three years ago, tells us, the better Japanese teams are beyond criticism, but in pitching and hitting they have yet room for development.

The game is popular throughout the empire, O'Neill says; it is, in fact, the national game in all that the term implies. And the courtesy of the players and spectators, he adds, might well be emulated in this country.

Who knows but the time will come when the crowds that block all spaces in front of the scoreboards of two nations will represent the United States and Japan? And later France and the United States? Big leaguers who have been in France say that when the French take up the game as they have boxing and lawn tennis they are going to shine as vividly as they do in these sports.

And if these World's Series affairs become international what a time there will be! Certainly the furore, now countrywide when the Series is on, would be akin to nothing of less size and importance than a war when extended overseas.

In the first World's Series in 1903 the receipts

were fifty thousand dollars. Last year the takings amounted to more than a million. And the importance of the games in the eyes of those who transmit the accounts of the contests will be grasped when it is stated that once a series is started nothing is allowed to cut in on the wires save an event of national importance such as a great earthquake or the death of the President.

Outside the offices of an American newspaper in the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris last October stood several thousand exiles in a drizzling rain, their eyes intent upon a scoreboard. The French looked on with wonder and amazement while this queer, incomprehensible crowd gave a shout whenever a little black figure appeared on the big chart above.

And there are so many angles, so many elements to this World's Series show.

Have many of you fans paused to wonder how it is possible, when the winners in the respective leagues are often not known definitely until a day or so before the Series begins, for tickets to be ready to be distributed on time? There is a lot of mechanism back of this.

As early as last month in the offices of ball clubs which have an excellent chance of winning the right to participate in the Series, the work of preparation was under way.

By Labor Day in the two clubs which were leading in the race in either league the business forces, not daring to wait any longer, had placed advertisements stating that applications for tickets for the first, third and fifth games would be received, or, as the case may be, the second and fourth.

Within a day the applications were pouring in, hundreds in each mail. In a week or so they were rolling up into the thousands necessitating the hiring of extra office space, the engaging of additional clerical assistance.

And when all has been attended to came the check-up to be sure that the tickets were going into the right hands. Speculators, of course, are keen to secure seats. They must be circumvented. Telephone books, city directories, lists of all sorts, are used for this purpose. Big Ed Barrow, of the New York Yankees, told the writer that just before the World's Series of 1925 and during the time the play was on, he spent most of his waking hours separating the wheat from the chaff of those who wished to buy seats to resell them at a profit.

By the end of last month the office doors were choked with long lines of customers, anxious to buy seats. A dozen telephone bells were jangling; messenger boys were coming in relays bearing telegrams and cables from all over the country, from all the world, signed by fans who wished to secure tickets.

The setting sun saw no surcease of labor in these offices, the fans were hungry and they had to be served.

Yet all this was but one side of the complex problem faced by the business men of the club.

Up at the ball park there was just as much rush and confusion as there was in the offices. A hundred and one tasks had arisen overnight; extra bleachers had been raised and raised in a hurry; ushers, special police, ticket takers, gate-men and other attendants had to be hired and trained, contracts for food, for printing, for advertising, for programs, for a dozen other things had to be given out.

Provided a club has been through the mill and has the whole process systematized and under control a certain confusion and lost effort is absent. But when the honor of figuring in a Series comes to a club that has not previously won this right, then the weeks preceding the event are hectic to say the least.

Right about here you are likely to wonder what happens if the club in question flops a week or a few days before the Series and loses the pennant. This is [Continued on page 82]

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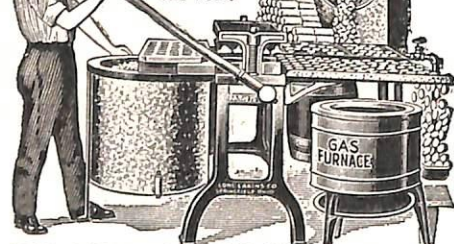
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Promoting World Peace Through Sports

[Continued from page 81]

by no means an impossible situation. It has, in truth, happened more than once. It is certain to happen again in the future and very often, baseball being what it is.

Well, when this does occur, what then? What about those tickets? Those extra stands? That huge clerical force and everything behind it? The answer, of course, is that all these preparations are absolutely and entirely wasted.

Which is the reason why whenever a pennant race is close all clubs with a reasonable chance of winning must get ready for the great climax. If they lose out in the end they are simply unfortunate.

IN 1922 Bob Quinn, then manager of the St. Louis Browns spent more than ten thousand dollars distributing seats, erecting stands and the like, preparing generally for what he hoped would be the first World's Series that the state of Missouri had ever seen.

But the Browns were beaten by the Yankees in the last week of the regular pennant season. In 1920 the cost of printing tickets alone took fifteen hundred dollars from the treasury of the Cleveland club, tickets that the fates ordained were never to be used, and the previous year Brooklyn spent two thousand dollars for tickets to a Series in which Brooklyn expected to figure, but did not.

This is the gamble of the pennant contender. If a club happens to win it must be ready to accommodate the throngs who will come to the great post-season struggle and the few days between the end of the season and the start of the Series are never sufficient—unless a good deal of groundwork has been laid in the previous weeks.

Press arrangements must also be made ahead of time; for the strain upon traffic which must carry intelligence concerning the contests throughout the country and the world is enormous. Last year, for example, the Associated Press in its account of the final, deciding game, operated the longest single telegraph wire in history, 46,500 miles in length, or enough to encircle the globe about three times.

This organization had more than eight

hundred operators working from its single wire at the field, all transmitting the detailed story of the game. Over a hundred and fifty electric scoreboards were used throughout the country and eighty broadcasting stations gave out play by play accounts of the game. All these had to be supplied with running information.

From that one wire on the field four hundred cities the world over were hearing how the fortunes of war were turning and you may readily imagine how important it was that the wire should function properly throughout the entire game. In sooth, never for a moment was it allowed to remain idle and if the operators had no message to send they transmitted a set signal to show that the connection was working and in good order.

BUT when you go to a World's Series game you realize how worth while all the trouble has been. You become a mite, a nonentity in a vast army as you near the ball park, its ramparts vivid with snapping flags and bunting. This is good for your egotistical soul, if for nothing else. It is still good for your sense of personal proportion when, like a helpless log in a sluice you are swept into the enclosure through the entrance gate for which your ticket calls.

The great steel and concrete stands are like ant heaps. Groups of rosters armed with fish-horns, motor sirens, dinner bells, ear-splitting rattles and what not make the hour hideous, or enlivening, in accordance with the state of your nerves.

Yet through all one catches the staccato clatter of telegraph instruments sending introductory stories of the game out over the singing wires.

Movie operators and cameramen are plying their activities from grandstand to outfield. The atmosphere is tense with excitement.

Then the workout of the rival teams. The warming up of the pitchers, the conference of captains and managers with the umpires—and then finally a lull such as comes in a storm at sea, a vast silence. And then:

"Play ball!"

The Wind-Ship Man [Continued from page 29]

whaler before today, sir, and I can handle a boat in any sea. Give me the bosun and one other hand—there's a man aft there is willing to go—and we'll make it."

WELL, they argued the point ding-dong, and for a minute I was afraid the old bad blood would return, but they were fighting on different grounds, now, you understand, and in the end Radcliffe had his way. One of our quarterboats had been stove in and carried away, but we made shift to bend tackle to the other and get it shifted to the lee side. The mast was stepped and all made ready for lowering. Then Radcliffe, who had been earnestly regarding the derelict for some minutes, came over to me.

"Will you tell me our last position, sir?" he asked.

Wondering, I gave it to him, and was about to ask what he required it for, when the bosun announced that everything was set for putting off. The bosun and the other volunteer, who had once been a yachting hand in Auckland got in with Radcliffe, and the crew tailed on to the falls and lowered away. They waited for a rise, unhooked the blocks and manned the oars, and a receding sea whisked them down again. Again the seas swept rail high, then dropped to a hollow, and a powerful sweep or two of Radcliffe's steering oar brought them

clear of the Tanganyika's side. Surely the grace of the Almighty smiles on poor Jack.

The boat rose to a crest. The wind caught the rag of sail which had been set and she shot like a plummet out of sight to reappear on another crest a good hundred yards away. Radcliffe was in his element, his burly figure braced against the sweep, and he even turned for a brief fraction to grin at us on the bridge of the Tanganyika, before he bent his full energy to cheating the eye of the wind in his beat up to the stricken vessel. The boat was towing a length of marline, light stuff which paid out over the side from the coil with a gentle swish, and we could keep check on their progress by its diminishing bulk. We had to chance the marline holding, for even light line would have been too heavy to pull against wind and sea, but to the end of the marline we had bent light line, and, when this was hauled aboard the wreck, they could take in a sheavier stuff, for the breeches buoy.

Well mister, by Radcliffe's superb boatmanship and the help of God they made it, although our hearts were in our gullets a score of times, as the boat, only a dancing speck now, was swallowed in the belly of a greybeard only to rise and shoot through the spume to the next. They got the line aboard the Jap, and stood by with the boat until every man aboard was landed, half drowned, and exhausted, but wildly grateful, on the Tanganyika's deck, and

we sent them to food and sleep below, all but their skipper, who would not leave our bridge until the boat returned. He was a hard bitten little sweep, but water stood in his eyes, as he tried to describe to us his opinion of the Tanganyika's black sheep.

It was nearing dark before the last of the Japanese was aboard, and we rigged out cluster lights to guide the quarterboat home. Darkness fell, and the cry of the wind and the roar and smash of breaking seas, made us anxious for their return. An hour passed, and they did not come. Two hours.

SUDDENLY a light winked up from the direction of the wreck.

"What the devil!" the Old Man exploded in mingled relief and exasperation. "They must have boarded her. But what for? Why don't the fools come back?"

Just then to our astonished ears, came a faint voice from out the night.

"Ahoy the Tanganyika!"

"Ahoy the boat!"

Into the glare of the cluster lights danced the quarterboat, Radcliffe alone at the sweep.

That Thing Called Youth [Continued from page 23]

him with a violent desire to clean out the entire place, and he escaped as soon as he could, strode back to the field. There, at least, he could exhaust some of his emotion upon spark plugs and carburetors.

At last he had the motor turning over and in the smooth, contented song of twelve cylinders which hit perfectly he forgot, for a few minutes, the thoughts that were tormenting his mind.

A CAR swung into the field, stopped near hangar. Caroline and Crossland got out. Rip, from the cockpit of the plane, studied the other man covertly. He was of medium height, immaculately groomed—a little too groomed—and his face had a conventional handsomeness which was just beginning to be obliterated by puffiness. It was a face that suggested an indolent ease of life rather than dissipation. His mouth was thin, rather sensitively cut; it had, combined with definite hardness, a facility of expression which his dull eyes lacked and which gave to his face the only animation there. He moved beside the girl with a sort of familiar assurance, which, to Rip, was maddening.

Rip throttled the motor, drew himself out of the cockpit and slid to the ground.

"Rip—this is Mr. Crossland, Mr. Mason." He nodded, wiped his hands on a chunk of waste. "How's it hitting, Rip?" asked Caroline.

"Beautifully! Ground the valves out this morning." He studied her face, trying to divine her attitude towards himself and towards Crossland, but nothing in her expression gave him the least clew to her thoughts.

"Sorry to short-skate on you this morning," she said, smiling; "but Gerald and I wanted to have a talk."

"Nothing you could have done—just a messy job. Hope you had a nice luncheon."

"Ever so nice, thanks."

Crossland was watching him calmly as if he might have been something on exhibition. A trace of a smile flickered about his lips and vanished. "Nice looking plane," he said, finally, in the manner of one who quite obviously makes a remark because it is time for him to speak.

"Not so bad," answered Rip. He knew it was a good-looking ship; and as he turned to glance at it, Crossland let drop a remark in French to Caroline.

"Not at all!" she retorted promptly. He had said: "But what a dirty way of making

"What's the matter?" the Old Man roared through cupped hands. "What the hell are you playing at? Where are the others?"

"They're safe aboard the schooner, sir." Radcliffe's voice was astonishingly loud and clear, and I realized that the wind was falling rapidly.

"What for? Why didn't you bring 'em back with you?"

"We're not coming back, sir."

"You're what?"

"We're not coming back?"

The Old Man hopped with rage.

"What are you driving at, man?" he roared. "You get those men and come back aboard and look smart about it, and no more of your nonsense. D'y'e hear!"

"I'm sorry, sir," Radcliffe shouted back with the glad note in his voice of a man who has come into his own. "I don't mean to be perversicous, but that 'ere craft is seaworthy. She's got a hundred thousand dollars worth of Japanese oak aboard and I'm going to sail her into Portland for you. We'll send you help when we get there!"

He did.

a living!" She went on: "There's lots of sport to it!"

Crossland shrugged. "I daresay," he answered negligently. "One ought to have a mechanic to do the work, though."

Cold anger filled Ripley Mason's soul! Then he heard Caroline's calming voice saying, humorously, "That's really a great idea, Gerald! But mechanics like to have a regular salary."

Rip moved to the plane, simply because he knew instinctively that any sort of motion would help him control his temper. His unseeing eyes glared into the cockpit. He felt Caroline's hand upon his arm.

"Don't lose your temper, Rip," she warned him.

"I'll knock his block off! High-hat me!"

"Promise me that you won't! Please be nice!"

"All right—I promise."

She gave him a pat, sauntered back to Crossland, who was leaning upon his stick, gazing without much interest at the plane. Rip, having let his anger subside a little, joined them after a minute.

"I'm giving the motor a run-in before I test it in the air," he explained, in an effort to be agreeable.

"Ah!"

"Ever been up?" asked Rip.

"Oh, yes—any number of times. Between London and Paris. Always in the big planes."

"They aren't any sport!" protested Caroline.

"All the fun's with the small planes."

"Would you like to come up and look the town over?" asked Rip, affably. He could feel Caroline's eyes upon him.

"Thanks ever so much," answered Crossland.

Rip wasn't sure whether he was accepting or refusing.

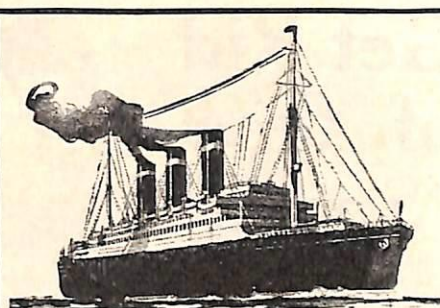
"Hop aboard, then."

"Ah, you—you don't mind, Caroline?"

"No, of course not! I'm glad Rip asked you. You'll understand why we've had so much fun."

RIP caught a wavering note of uncertainty in her voice, and he didn't risk glancing at her. With Crossland stowed in the after-cockpit, he mounted to the step, bent over and attached the belt about the man's middle, drawing it tightly; then swung into the pilot's cockpit, attached his own belt, gave the controls a final test and opened the throttle.

The plane jerked forward, gathered speed. With a slight pull upon [Continued on page 84]



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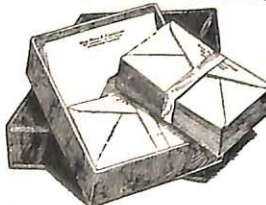
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That Thing Called Youth [Continued from page 83]

the control stick, Rip brought them into a wavering flight and held the plane a yard above the earth, full throttle. This was his own element; here he was at home. Savage elation filled him as the Empty-Seven gained momentum.

Ahead of them loomed the huge black tank of the Planet Gas Works. At the last fraction of a second before disaster, the plane reared its nose skyward and they shot vertically up the side of the tank, leveled off and plunged down the other side until it seemed that they were about to bury themselves in the ground. Once again skimming the earth they made for a big smokestack, wrapped themselves around it in an ascending spiral until they reached the top. The hot fumes from the stack struck them and the plane bucked convulsively in the disordered air. Equilibrium again, and another prodigious "zoom" into the sky until they slipped off on a wing in a rushing side-flight to earth. Another "zoom," leveled off at the last moment, and another. They went up by huge steps into the sky. Finally a last straining vertical flight. A moment while the plane seemed hung there, motionless. A slip to the side, and then a spin.

The city of Planet, the green fields, the river—all became mixed upon a whirling disc, the central point of which appeared to be a graveyard. The white tombstones swept about in dizzy abandon. The plane stopped its spin, took a straight nose dive, suddenly reared up and over in a loop. Two loops, three loops . . . a dozen loops. A half-dozen neck wrenching barrel rolls; a tightly drawn spiral with another loop at the end of it.

In a series of diabolical leaps, rolls, loops and spins the plane drew closer to the field. At last it entered a slow spin, down and down; then, magically, it ceased its spin, squatted tranquilly upon earth and rolled up to the hangar.

Rip unfastened his belt, rose and faced Crossland. The man's face was a slightly yellow ashen color.

"Quite a bit different from the big planes," said Rip nonchalantly, loosening the catch of Crossland's belt. Crossland, eyes bleary with the tears the wind had driven into them, jaw sagging with terror, stared at him. Several times his jaw wagged as if he were trying to speak.

For the first time in days, Ripley Mason felt lighthearted—until he saw the expression upon Caroline Brewster's face. It was a thunder-and-lightning-storm expression, and he knew only too well that it was about to break upon him.

Slowly, Crossland regained his power of speech, and he commenced to spit curses.

"Shut up!" ordered Rip. "Can't you see that Caroline's beside you?"

"I don't give a damn who's beside me, you—"

"Shut up, or I'll knock you shut!" interrupted Rip. He slipped to the ground. Caroline didn't so much as glance at him.

"Better get out, Gerald," she said. The man stood up, awkwardly put his leg out and let Rip guide his foot to the step. He would have slipped and fallen if Rip had not caught him under the arms. As it was, he promptly sat down upon the ground, sickened, utterly done-for.

RIP, conscience smarting, looked from Crossland to the girl.

"Go away!" she ordered, disgustedly.

He turned and walked slowly into the hangar, stood there, out of sight, motionless. "Well," he muttered at last, "I'm cooked! Blithering, damn, rotten-tempered fool that I am! I ought to be kicked from hell to breakfast!"

It wasn't until he heard the crunching of the wheels upon the car that he dared look out. The car was rolling from the field, but Caro-

line had remained behind. He saw her turn slowly and approach the hangar.

"I hope you're ashamed of yourself," she said coolly, facing him.

"Yes, I am."

"You ought to be!"

He nodded. "I apologize with all my heart. I lost my head. I'll apologize to him if you want me to."

I don't think he cares anything about your apology," she answered. "It doesn't mean much to me, even. I know you lost your head. You've got the Mason temper. Your grandfather had it; your aunts had it. Oh, I know the Mason temper well enough!" She shrugged. "I wanted Gerald to like you, because I'd been telling him how fine you were and how very kind you'd been to me."

Her eyes were upon him, flashing. "You see," she went on with her indictment, "I wanted him to understand why I had decided to stay here. I like Gerald—in some ways—but I didn't want to marry him because I haven't ever had very much respect for him. And how can I have much more respect for you, when I see you do something that's cruel and stupid? Why, both of you might have been killed! You have no right to stunt a plane like that!"

In a sudden climax of emotion tears pressed into her eyes.

"Caroline!" began Rip. He moved toward her, drawn helplessly.

"Don't touch me!" she ordered. "Don't dare to touch me! I don't want you to come near me!" Unashamed, she let the tears roll down her cheeks.

"Caroline!"

"Go away!" Then, since he didn't obey her command, she obeyed it herself; she turned, strode from the hangar. Rip, stricken, paralyzed, watched her go.

NEVER, in all his days, had Rip Mason felt so lonely as that night; and never had he felt less like seeing any one he had ever seen before. Instead of returning to the apartment, he went to a restaurant a mile away, ate alone and sauntered home in a roundabout course through the evening, pulling at his pipe.

The apartment was dark. He had his hand upon the switch when he heard Caroline's voice.

"Rip?"

"Yes."

"Your father isn't home yet."

"Oh . . . well . . . nothing to be done about it."

"Will you turn on the light?" she asked.

She was standing in the living-room, arms limply at her sides, white against the blue of her frock. Her face was pale, solemn, and her dark eyes searched his.

"Why didn't you come home for dinner?"

He paused before answering. "I thought I'd better not," he said quietly. Then: "But you've had dinner, haven't you?"

"I had some tea and toast here. I wasn't very hungry."

"But you must have something to eat. Can't I take you to a restaurant? Not the Busy Bee—some decent place."

She seemed not to hear him, to be deep in her own thoughts. "Rip," she said suddenly, "I may be wrong, but—this morning while I was changing to go out to lunch I left your father talking with Gerald. I came into the room just as your father was telling him that he'd be glad to show him where he could get something to drink. After we'd left, I told Gerald that he mustn't under any circumstances do that. I explained why."

"And you think—"

"Well, I've been worried about it," she admitted. "Gerald might do it—just for revenge. I went out and telephoned to his hotel but he wasn't there."

Rip's face had hardened. "I'd better go downtown and find out about it."

"I'm going with you," she announced, eyes blazing.

He smiled. "You've got a little of the Mason temper, yourself."

A quick, fleeting smile answered him.

The street car rumbled and clattered on its way to the center of the city. They sat silently until, at last, Rip said: "I'll take you to Devino's and you can have dinner there. I'll leave you and make the rounds of a couple of joints I know of. I'll be back in half an hour."

She nodded her assent.

IT WAS nearly eleven o'clock when he returned, and she glanced up anxiously, read in his eyes that he had had no success. He sat down, called for the check.

"I've been to five different places but they haven't seen him. Nothing much more to do, except to try the hotel again on our way home."

At the hotel, the night clerk told them that Gerald had checked out an hour before. "He caught the ten-twenty," he volunteered.

"That's for Boston, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Could you tell me if there was an older man with him this evening—a man about sixty?"

"Yes, there was."

"Were they sober?" asked Rip bluntly.

The clerk made a grimace. "Well, you understand we're not allowed to talk about our guests."

"This is very important," pleaded Caroline. Her darkly luminous eyes turned a beseeching gaze upon the clerk and he succumbed.

"They were not any too sober," he admitted. "But they caught the train."

"Both of them?"

"Sure. They reserved a compartment for themselves."

"You don't know where they were going in Boston, do you?"

"They left an address for the baggage to be forwarded," answered the clerk. He flipped out a card from his file. "They didn't have time to pack anything."

Rip read the address, that of a hotel.

"What should we do?" asked Caroline. "Telegraph?"

Rip's head shook. "Thanks ever so much," he said to the clerk. They moved away from the counter. "What's the use of telegraphing? No satisfaction in that. No—Gerald and I are going to have a personal interview."

Her gaze was burning into his, and her jaw was set. "You can forget about that promise not to—knock his head off!"

"Thanks. I'm going to shove off for Boston at daybreak in the plane."

"We're going to shove off, you mean!"

"Do you want to come?"

"Want to!" she repeated scornfully. "I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

JOHN EPHINGHAM MASON lolled back against the pillows, newspaper propped against his knees, and mouthed the smoke of a long Havana. His eyelids drooped a little and he yawned at intervals; but he continued to read the paper, warding off sleep as though he were waiting until the desire for it achieved an ultimate, perfect ripeness. It had been a hard night.

There was a rap upon the door.

"Come in," he said; then, in elation, "My children! My dear children!"

Caroline and Rip stood before him, grim-visaged.

"What an enjoyable surprise!" continued John Ephingham Mason, beaming at them. "Sit down, my darlings, and tell me how you happen to be in Boston. Flew, undoubtedly."

Rip took in the fact that he was undeniably sober.

"I'm looking for Crossland," he announced truculently.

"Ah!" breathed his father, folding the newspaper neatly and putting it to one side. He hoisted himself a bit higher on the pillows, paused to puff luxuriantly at his cigar before he made the sententious announcement: "Our dear friend Gerald has gone!"

"No use trying to protect him," warned his son. "I'll get him and wring his neck!"

"You'll have a cold, wet swim, I'm afraid."

"But tell us about it, Dad," begged Caroline. She sat at the foot of the bed, expectantly, lips slightly parted, hands in her lap. Rip took a chair, hitched it closer to the bed.

John Ephingham Mason, his stage set, glanced from one to the other as though to insure silence.

"Yesterday afternoon," he began, "I went to call upon Gerald to offer my services—merely as a courtesy to a stranger within our gates—in helping him to find a drink. He needed a drink, I might say. He seemed badly shaken."

"Shaken is right," agreed Rip.

The old fellow ignored the interruption. "An hour or so passed," he continued. "It struck me that our friend Gerald was far more interested in having me drink than in drinking himself. In fact, I caught him spilling one of his drinks upon the floor when he thought I wasn't looking. Do you wonder that I became suspicious? A man who would throw good liquor away!"

FOR a moment he pondered deeply over this violation of the code. "And then," he went on, "my mind conceived the idea that Gerald should wake up this morning with a large and throbbing head. Nothing more than that. Unfortunately for him, his tongue commenced to babble, and he expressed a certain displeasure at finding you two young people so intimately associated in a flying venture. Gerald disapproved! You must hear this, Caroline, even though your heart may break. It was a thing, he confided in me, which quite unfits you to become Mrs. Gerald Crossland. You had lost caste! You had become decadent, my child, beyond the pale of that exalted world in which our Gerald has his being!"

Caroline was singularly unmoved. "I refused him three times at luncheon and twice after," she announced, calmly.

Rip glared balefully and he nursed the knuckles of his right hand.

"An idea—may I even say a remarkable idea—came to my mind," said John Ephingham Mason. "As you know, I brought him to Boston, where I stowed him here in the hotel at eight o'clock this morning, quite incapacitated. Next, I went out to interview an old companion of my younger days. To him—and I might say that he is a shipper of beef on the hoof—I explained my problems. As always, Uriah Fleming was quick to act!"

The old man sat bolt upright in bed, raised his hands in an oratorical gesture. "Dear Gerald is now upon the high seas, bound for Genoa on a twenty-five day voyage aboard a ship which Uriah Fleming guarantees to be the worst cattle boat in the Atlantic trade! Even at this moment, Gerald is dusting and manicuring several hundred head of cattle! A veritable cow's chambermaid!"

He leaned back against the pillows, face wreathed in that faun-like smile, eyes twinkling, mouth turned up at the corners. "Oh-h-h!" breathed Caroline.

Rip arose, strode to the window and back again.

"Dad," he said finally, "you're a knock-out! I—I'm proud of you! I—well, that's all I can say. I'm proud of you!"

"My boy!"—John Ephingham Mason's voice became deep and rich—"that means more to me than wealth or fame or honors!" And then the old rummy brushed away two tears.

Half-way between Boston and Planet, the engine of the Empty- [Continued on page 86]



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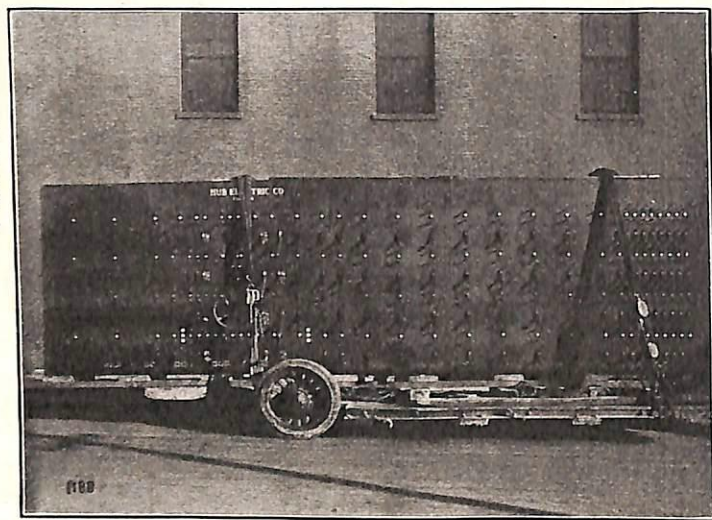
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THAT THING CALLED YOUTH

[Continued from page 85]

Seven commenced to choke and spit. The needle of the engine speed indicator dropped off two hundred revolutions and did a wavering jig. Rip shook his head, throttled down. "Have to land!" he yelled, turning in his seat. "Got your belt fastened?" She nodded. He leaned outboard, studied the terrain beneath them, selecting a long, clear field. The plane swept downward in a gentle spiral. "Carburetor," he explained over his shoulder. "Dirty gas. That chamois-skin looked as though they'd used it for a target."

HE settled himself at the controls, brought the plane into the field and let it sink to earth in an easy landing. They had rolled nearly to a stop; then he suddenly threw the controls to the left, opened the throttle. But it was too late to avoid a small chuck-hole, filled to the brim with weeds and nearly invisible. The right wheel caught in the hole, wrenching the plane about. The landing gear cracked and gave way. They were hoisted in the air as the plane nosed over. The propeller touched and disappeared in a thousand bullet-like splinters. The right wing crumpled. Then silence.

Rip jerked about in his seat, shot a glance upward at the girl. "All right?"

"Yes." "Wait there." He scrambled out, leaped for the tail-skid and drew the elevated body of the plane to earth. She climbed from her cockpit, jumped down, and they stood, side by side, inspecting the wreck.

"It wasn't your fault," she said. "No," he answered passionately; "I couldn't see that blasted hole until I was right on it."

She glanced at him curiously, as though she half-expected to see him commence a wrathful war dance about the plane, yelling in indignation, throwing stones at the offending hole. Instead, he seemed entirely concerned with his appraisal of the damages.

"The old hulk is worth about a thousand dollars as she stands," he announced, more to himself than to her. "I'll get the Empty factory on the telephone and tell 'em I want to rent a plane for the Modern job. We need the money. And I'll telegraph Henderson that I want that job he offered me."

"And give up flying, Rip—when you love it so much?"

"Love flying?" he asked, facing her. "Caroline, there's just one thing in the world I love. That's you!" Then, almost apologetically: "I can't help it, Caroline. I love you."

He stood before her meekly, arms at his sides. She moved a little closer to him. "Rip, there're some people down the field running toward us. Quick—before they come!"

SHRINE HOSPITAL NOTES

[Continued from page 78]

GOING ON THEIR OWN

Zem-Zem, Eric, Pa., has taken a step by itself, and has had plans prepared for a hospital for crippled children, to cost approximately \$80,000.00, on ground donated by Noble Charles H. Strong. The present contract only calls for completion of half of the building, as there is not sufficient money at this time, to finish it in its entirety.

ENTERTAINMENTS GALORE

The woman's Auxiliaries of St. Paul and Minneapolis Unit arranged early in the season for a series of summer entertainments at the hospital and have been alternating all through the season, every other Saturday. Potentates McCartney and Kramer, Zuhrah and Osman, respectively, got together and arranged for Band concerts every other week through August.

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CHICAGO'S HUGE DONATION LIST

War has, apparently, been declared between the San Francisco and the Chicago units to see which may furnish the largest list of donations to the respective hospitals at these points. Chicago makes quite a respectable bid for consideration in the following:

Tebala Temple, Rockford, Illinois.....	\$1,500.00
C. B. Newcomb, Grand Rapids.....	1,000.00
E. E. Mills, Chicago.....	1,350.00
George W. Brady, Chicago.....	1,400.00
Drs. Clyde H. Warner and F. A. Poyner.....	2,600.00
G. S. Blakeslee & Co., Chicago.....	575.00
Medinah Temple, Chicago.....	44,392.40
Moslem Temple, Detroit.....	250.00
Gus A. J. Meyer & Wenthe, Chicago.....	24.50
Fairbanks Morse Co., Chicago.....	35.80
Illinois Masonic Orphans Home.....	25.00
Unknown.....	3.00
Mohammed Temple, Peoria, Illinois.....	2,500.00
Rathbun-Grant-Heller Company, Chicago.....	10.00
Board of Governors & Staff of San Francisco Unit.....	25.00
Arthur Blome, Chicago.....	10.00
Wm. J. Smith, Chicago.....	15.00
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Morton Salt Co.....	10.00
Dr. E. Perry Rice.....	50.00
Mrs. B. H. Moore, Chicago.....	3.75
K. R. Templeton, Chicago.....	50.00
Mrs. James H. Millard, Albany, N. Y.....	5.00
J. W. Snyder, Chicago.....	100.00
Mrs. Wm. P. Mellon, Detroit.....	15.00
Arthur W. Dreesbach, Chicago.....	3.50
Robert J. Daly, Chicago.....	16.00
Wm. C. Schmidt, Chicago.....	75.00
Rev. Robert Hoffman.....	3.00
C. J. Broughton, Chicago.....	50.00
Carl Mueller, Morton Grove, Ill.....	1,000.00
Mr. Woodruff, Chicago.....	20.00
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Gus A. J. Meyer, Chicago.....	15.00
E. A. W. Johnson, Chicago.....	200.00
Mrs. William P. Mellon, Detroit.....	2.00
Col. Chas. E. Jaques, Chicago.....	350.00
Oriental Shrine Band, Medinah, Chicago.....	276.00
Edward H. Wolk, Chicago.....	100.00
Capt. R. A. Connell, Co. A, Medinah Patrol, Chicago.....	250.00
Ansar Temple, Springfield, Ill.....	249.53
Alexander Hendry Co., Inc., Chicago.....	33.50
Geo. L. Marsh & C. E. Carlston, Chicago.....	46.20
Nobles of Auditorium & State Lake Theaters, Chicago.....	250.00
Wm. R. Johnson, Chicago.....	60.00
Arbuckle Bros., Chicago.....	20.16
Mark Shank, Chicago.....	3.00
John Behrmann, Chicago.....	36.00
Mrs. F. C. Hanis, Riverside, Ill.....	2.25
E. K. Bruce, Thornburg, Iowa.....	25.00
Central Teaming Co., Chicago.....	4.00
Jacob P. Armbruster, Chicago.....	300.00
Mrs. Arthur H. Vincent.....	10.00
Alabet Temple No. 31, Daughters of the Nile, Rockford.....	50.00
Adkins, Young & Allen Company, Chicago.....	45.00
Flossy Dental Mfg. Co., Evanston, Ill.....	28.50
Thomas J. Houston, Chicago.....	760.36
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Mrs. C. B. Nelson, Chicago.....	50.00
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NOW WALKS WITHOUT A CANE

It is gratifying to read the letters almost daily received by the various units. Parents give unstinted praise not only for the work that is done, but for the treatment that is extended in interesting and caring for the children. One mother writes: "We are deeply grateful to you for what you have done for our boy, Henry, and wish you to convey to your board our gratitude. Henry is getting along nicely without a cane and it certainly seems wonderful after all these years he had been so badly crippled."

NOBLE TORBETT RESIGNS

Noble M. R. Torbett, who has so admirably attended to the accounting work of the hospital board, finding the climate of Albany too severe, has resigned and returned to his home in Atlanta.

REACHES THE PEAK

The St. Louis Unit reported forty boys and girls as added to the list of discharged with appreciable improvement, and thirty-five admitted from the waiting list. This is the best monthly record to date. [Continued on page 88]

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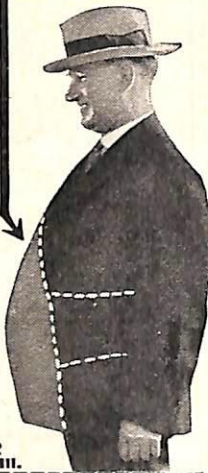
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SHRINE HOSPITAL NOTES

(Continued from page 87)

PLAYING WITH THE LEGION

The Chicago Unit is host now to a charge of the American Legion, Leedy Curl, orphan of one of the boys who went "over" being received there recently. Leedy arrived under escort of Mrs. Dorothy Bartholomew, state treasurer of the Florida auxiliary to the Legion, and was met at the train by Chairman Wade, Potentate E. Edwin Mills, Past Potentate Arthur H. Vincent, and Noble Arthur Jones of Medinah Temple, James Edward White, R. Patrick O'Reilly, Paul M. Kenny, Lester Benston and F. Burton Harrington of the "Forty and Eight" society of the American Legion. Charles W. Ardery, correspondent of the national society of the "Forty and Eight," represented Indianapolis, headquarters of the Legion. Leedy was escorted to the hospital by the committee and very encouraging reports concerning the probable result of treatment are at hand. This is the first case of the National Legion and the Shrine working together in the interest of a child of an ex-service man.

CAPACITY INCREASED

Already 45 children have been admitted to the Chicago unit, and the capacity of the hospital has been increased from 50 to 60 beds, according to an announcement made by Chairman Wade of the local Board.

Arabia Temple, Houston, has its own crippled children's unit, maintained by it exclusively and reports show splendid results are attendant on the treatment given. The entire second floor of the Baptist hospital is set aside for Arabia's pet project and in one month 40 children received attention. Dr. Judson L. Taylor serves as chief of staff and many prominent physicians and surgeons give their services without charge.

Verne Thorp of Kiowa, Kansas, aged five years, made the trip to Kansas City for hospital treatment without escort, his sole baggage being a bag of cookies. No vacancies being available and the immediate need for treatment urgent, the Shriners of Kiowa raised a purse for railroad fare, hospital charges and operation, and the parents started Verne on the road seeking recovery of health. The case is diagnosed as incipient infantile paralysis and hopes are entertained that the disease may be checked and an early return home made possible.

A clinic held at the Spokane Mobile unit was attended by many of the distinguished orthopedic surgeons of that section, among whom were Dr. Arthur Steindler, Professor of orthopedic surgery at the University of Iowa; Dr. Mitchell Langworthy, in charge of the Spokane unit; E. A. Rich, Tacoma, president of the Pacific Northwest Orthopedic society; Dr. Charles E. Eikenbary, Orthopedic hospital, Seattle; R. H. Dillehunt, in charge of the Portland unit. F. C. McTavish, Vancouver, B. C.

About 100 Shriners attended the meeting of the Sandpoint, Idaho, Shrine Club and listened to Dr. Mitchell Langworthy tell of the accomplishments of the Spokane unit. Past Potentate Henry Pierce, Chairman of the Board, was also present and spoke. Since 1924, 191 have been discharged and 250 clinic cases attended to. In all there have been 559 clinic visits. There is a waiting list of 52 and a capacity of 20, which is shortly to be increased to 24.

Zem-Zem Temple, Erie, has already received pledges from the membership in the sum of \$32,354, which is an extremely high average subscription. The hospital, fostered by Zem-Zem, is for crippled children but will be under the direction of that Temple in place of the Board of Trustees of the general movement.



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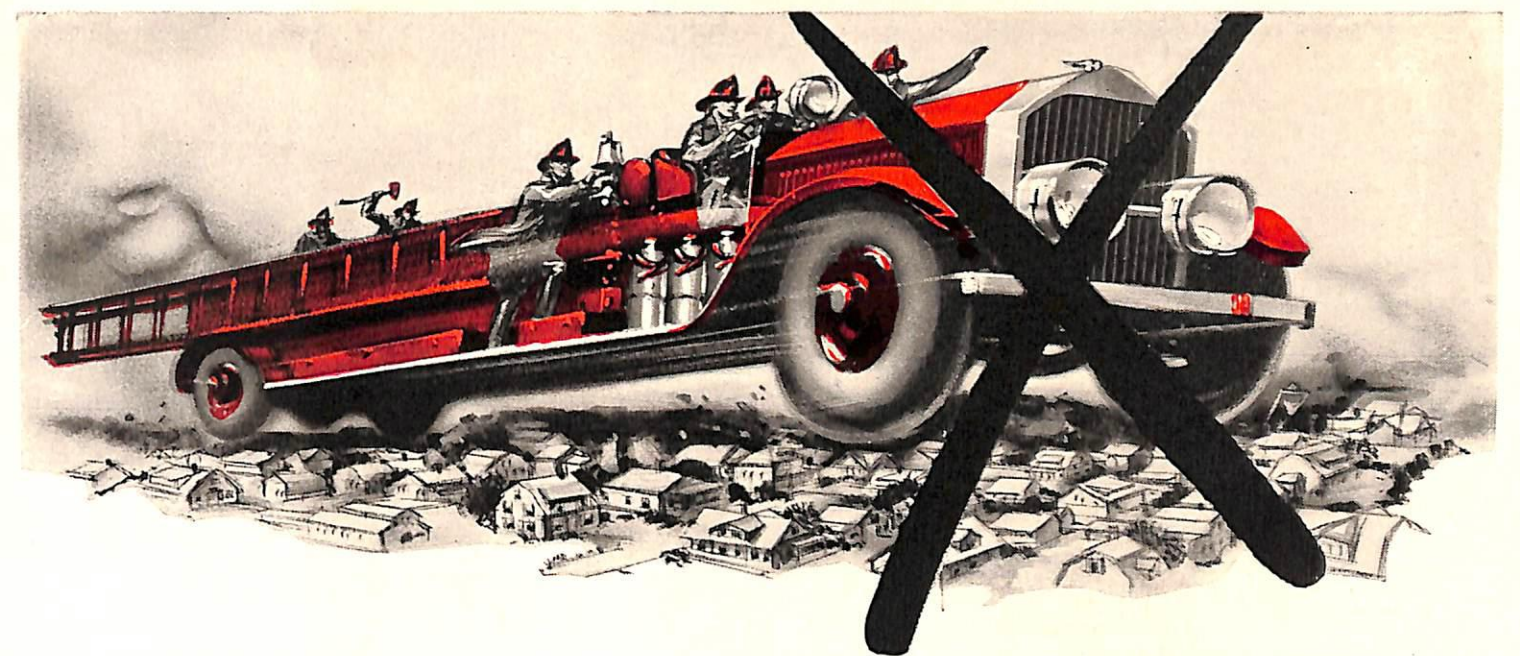
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No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—have a Camel!

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellow mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. You'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.